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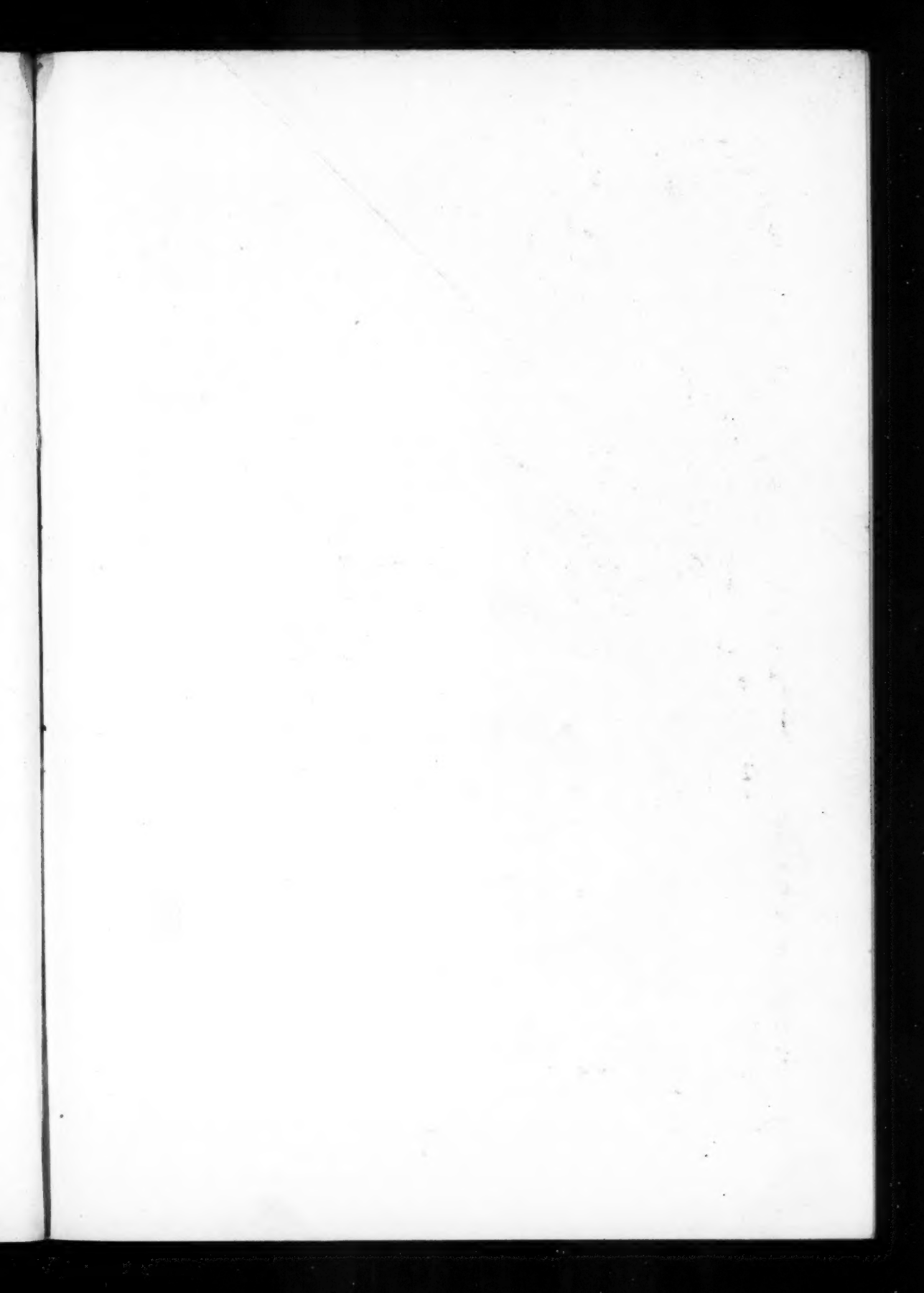
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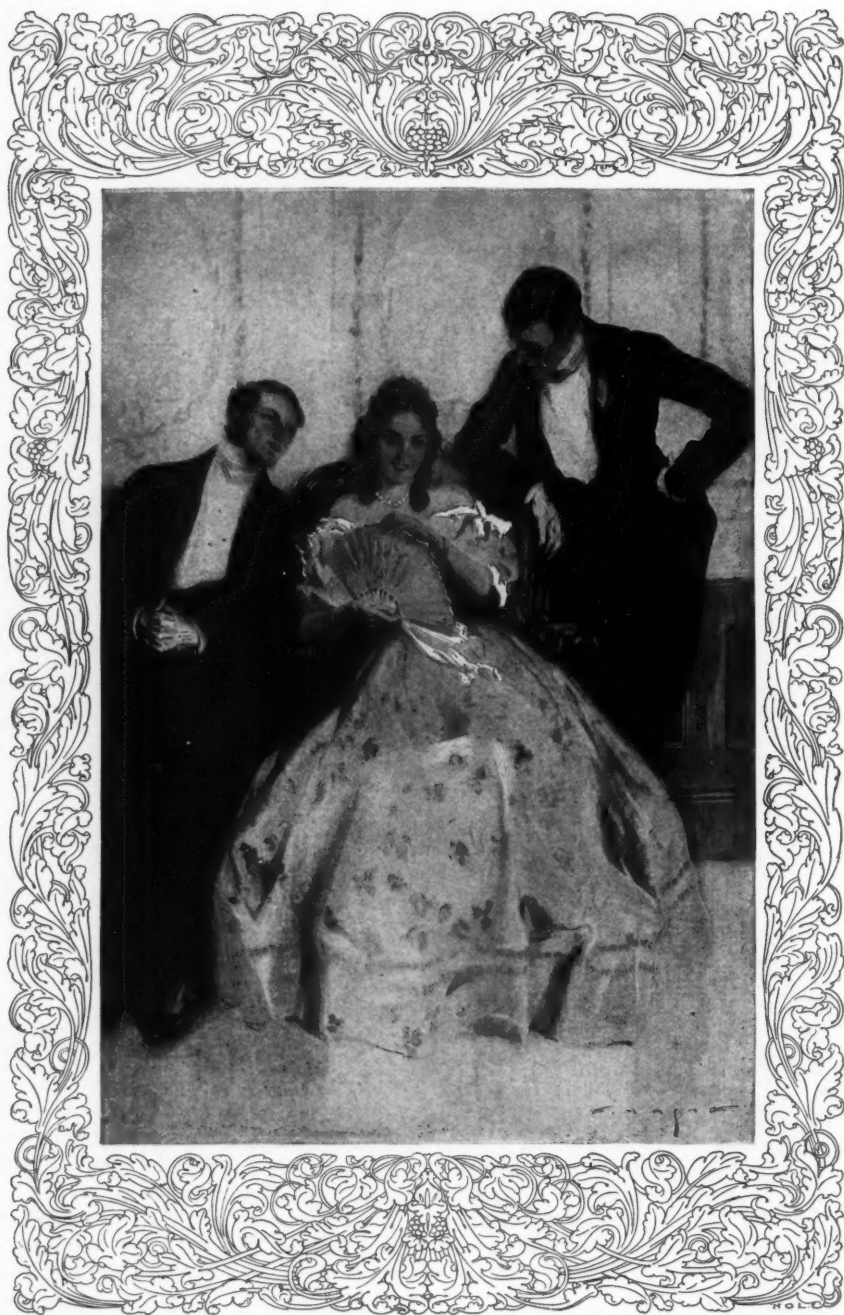
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# THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS



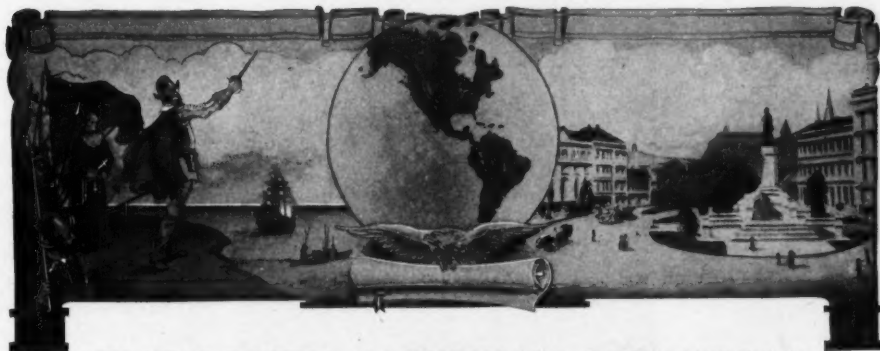
# THE READER

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

VOLUME IX

DECEMBER, 1906

NUMBER 1



## THE SOUTH AMERICAN SITUATION

*By Albert Hale*

"WE WISH NO VICTORIES BUT THOSE OF PEACE, NO TERRITORY EXCEPT OUR OWN, AND NO SOVEREIGNTY EXCEPT SOVEREIGNTY OVER OURSELVES, WHICH WE DEEM INDEPENDENCE."

SECRETARY ROOT AT RIO DE JANEIRO, JULY 31, 1906.

### III

## LITTLE GERMANY



IN 1825 a small colony of Germans was planted in South Brazil. It was located thirty miles north of Porto Alegre, a town lying at the upper end of the Lagoa dos Patos (Duck Lake), which lies close to the Atlantic coast for nearly one hundred and fifty miles. This little handful of Germans

had been uprooted from their native soil; some from along the Rhine, others from Pomerania or East Prussia. The time of their migration was coincident with the reactionary policy of the Holy Alliance. Yet these Germans were not actuated by any desire to escape European oppression or to acquire republican independence; they were brought over with the consent of a European monarchy and at the request of an American monarchy, to conquer by their industry a territory nearly virgin; they were planted in unredeemed

forest and meadow land, while their nearest neighbors were a few Brazilian farmers, who negligently cultivated what they needed and led their isolated lives, scarcely affected by the great changes in the world outside of them. And this was the beginning of Brazil's "Little Germany."

I had come down from Santos, the port in the state of São Paulo from which is shipped half the world's supply of coffee; the most progressive state of Brazil, which has only fifty thousand Germans, most of whom came there within the last few years, voluntarily and with no state aid. In São Paulo these Germans are energetic and prosperous, like those who have come and are to-day coming to our own United States. At Santos I was for the first time brought directly in contact with German activity in Brazil; here I took a steamer of the Cruzeiro do Sul (Southern Cross line) which skirts the coast to Montevideo and Buenos Aires, and carries on a local trade from point to point, while at the same time it works in harmony with German steamers between South America and Europe. It was a good little boat of nine hundred tons or so, built in Germany, manned with German officers (some Brazilian-German) and stewards, who

served German meals five times a day. The officers had signed a paper which declared them to be Brazilian citizens, but by no means called upon them to cease to be German subjects.

We passed out of Santos Bay at three o'clock on a fine summer afternoon in

February and skirted the shore all that evening; the next morning we put into the harbor of Paranagua, one hundred and thirty miles from Santos. Paranagua is a port for the mountain town of Curitiba, the capital of the state of Paraná. Paraná is a backward state which should be rich, but lacks the enterprise of her neighbor, São Paulo; there are only one hundred and twenty-five thousand Germans or Poles in Paraná, but they are a sluggish lot, and seem to have left their poetry and unrest behind them. In the late afternoon we anchored in the bay of São Francisco, which is the port for the town of Joinville, in the state of Santa Catarina; this state has

one hundred and seventy-five thousand Germans, but the railroads have not reached them, and they seem not to wish to be discovered. All day we hugged the coast, and were absorbed in its beauty. The sea and the landscape are both beautiful here; no words can describe the charm of water and mountain,



BISHOP KINSOLVING'S CHURCH IN RIO GRANDE



LUCIEN LEE KINSOLVING  
American Bishop to South Brazil

of green shore and still greener hill. Greece and Italy offer no more beauty than does Brazil along the shores of Paraná and Santa Catarina. We passed without stopping at the harbor of Itajaí, the port for the picturesque town of Blumenau, made famous in the stories of colonization schemes by its founder, Doctor Blumenau, who controlled it after 1850, and claimed that his namesake was a veritable Garden of Eden. Blumenau no longer thrives as a colony: though it still retains its beauty, the inhabitants are content with what nature gives them.

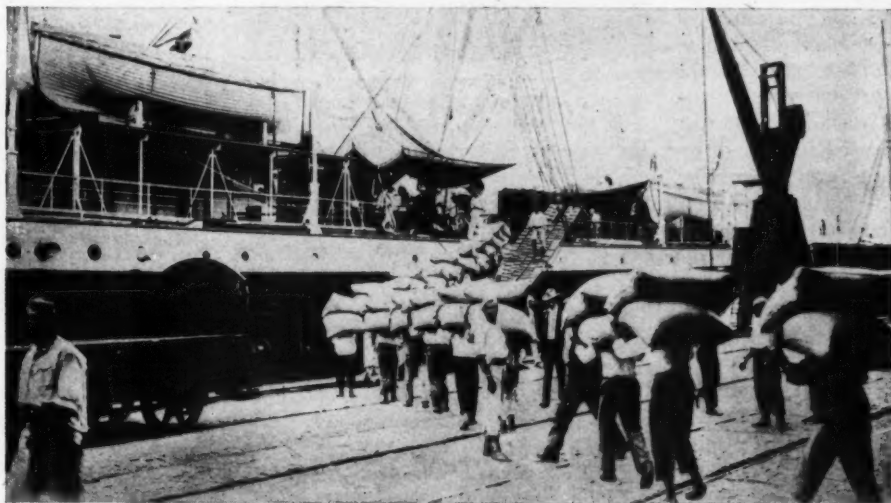
Trade has languished, and about all we carried was hardwood railroad ties and barrels upon barrels of *yerba maté*, gathered by the natives here for natives farther south in Uruguay or Argentina to suck through their *bombillas*. The steamer made me think of a trip along the Rhine, everything was so German; even the conversation was polyglot as it is on

a Rhine boat, excepting that Portuguese took the place of English. We had a dear old Brazilian baronesa, who talked convent French and told us stories of Brazil "befo' the wah," which meant before the republic, when the empire was in full bloom. She was a royalist, but only in memory; things used to be better then, she said, but she would not want to change back

again to the monarchy; she was patriotic enough to want the country to go on as it had begun, one of the group of American republics; yet—with a sigh—the old aristocracy was dead. "Did she have her title still?" I asked. Of course, she did. Had it not been given to her family by authority of the emperor, and did she not bear it herself by all legal warrant? Nothing could deprive her of it, and as for her children—well, they were all republicans, so the title would die with her. Then there were other Brazilians who, for the first



GERMAN HOSPITAL, SAO LEOPOLDO



LOADING COFFEE AT SANTOS

time, traveled on really first-class coasting steamers and were always marveling at the luxury of the cabins, the neatness of the linen, the abundance of the table, all so new. And Germans, too, some Brazilian-born who talked German, but had nothing in common with their kin from across the sea; others were commercial travelers, who practised their Portuguese or chatted chiefly of bad trade, or hoped that something would happen to stir up the sleepy country, so that somebody would want to buy something. I had to repeat many times that I was a Yankee wandering in unfamiliar paths; only the captain knew anything about New York, and he said that the harbor there was poorly managed, and that the navigator had a hard time of it. The others thought of the United States as we think of Kamchatka.

The next day we anchored off Florianopolis, historically called Desterro, the capital of the state of Santa Catarina, on an island a few miles off the coast. I could not help recalling Italy, in this sun-kissed spot; here were the same blue sky, the same green hills, the little fishing fleet in the bay and the brown-skinned natives busily doing nothing all day long. As one goes farther southward in Brazil the negro blood becomes less evident, and the native, however brown his skin, shows a cuticle almost as clear as that of the Portuguese or Italian immigrant. The Portuguese do much of the coasting labor, because they prefer the sea, and cling to the ports and harbors so long as they work for themselves and are not employed on the contracts in the coffee estates or the public works farther north. It was

so comfortable to be lazy in the sleepy little town. I could find nothing to do but to sit in the shade and saturate myself with the beauty of the mountains across the channel. I found one man who spoke English, the agent for the (English) Western Telegraph and Cable Company, which has a station there; and he listens to the news of the world as it passes him, south to Buenos Aires or north to Rio, himself untouched by politics or plebiscites.

Then for three hundred and fifty miles we steamed the next two days out of sight of the coast, which loses its mountains toward the lower end of Brazil, and is similar to the sandy hills of Maryland and Virginia. Opposite me now was the Lagoa dos Patos, not unlike Chesapeake Bay in size and contour; we passed the latitude of Porto Alegre at the north end of the lake, and at the south end we turned the corner as at Cape Charles, and after maneuvering about the crooked channel till a little pilot boat leisurely came out to show us the way over the shifting sands, we

dropped anchor before the wharves of Rio Grande, in the state of Rio Grande do Sul, where are two hundred and fifty thousand Germans. Rio Grande is the frontier port of South Brazil, not far from the border of Uruguay; a sand-bleached, wind-blown, busy, clean and healthful town of fifteen thousand inhabitants. I was rowed ashore by a Portuguese; I had my bags carried through the main streets by a Brazilian German, who spoke both languages, and I landed finally at the Hotel Paris, kept by the widow Kleine, who came from Silesia: I was in the heart of Little Germany.

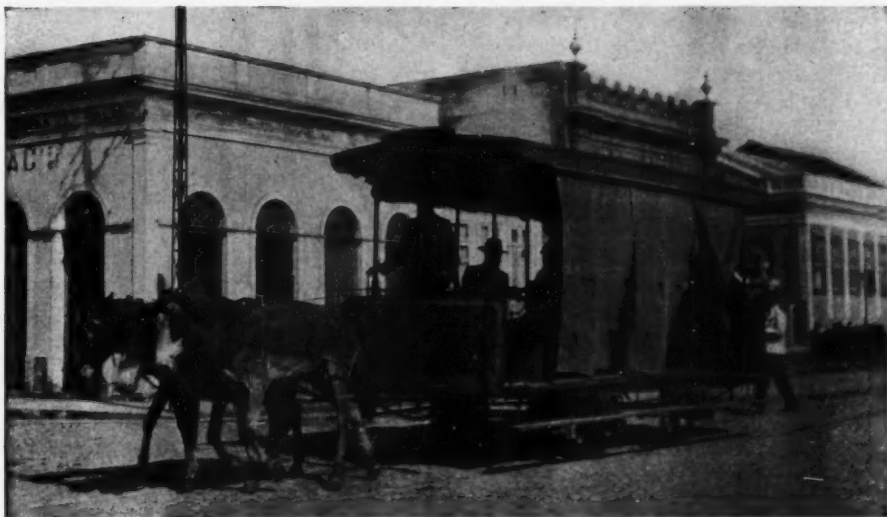


LOCOMOTIVE RUNNING BETWEEN TAQUARY  
AND SANTA MARIA



LOCOMOTIVE RUNNING BETWEEN PORTO  
ALEGRE AND SAO LEOPOLDO





STREET CARS IN PORTO ALEGRE

One sees nothing of the life of the colonists in the city of Rio Grande; in fact, there are few Germans there. The trade is largely in the hands of Brazilians, although some of the big shipping houses show German names, and the banking interests are English. The town has recently heard of the United States because an American engineer had just contracted for the improvements of the harbor so that steamers of at least moderate draught may enter and leave at all times. The channel now is shallow, and it is not unusual for vessels to lie outside at anchor for days before they venture to come in to the docks.

Once within the shelter of the lake the harbor is commodious enough for all purposes, and it will need only dredging to make the docks accessible for coastwise and ocean-going steamers; and Rio Grande will then be one of the finest harbors and busiest shipping ports on the Atlantic. The town was therefore agog with American enter-

prise when I reached it, yet nobody could tell whether or not the contract would ever be consummated. The Brazilian government seems loth to spend so much money—nine million dollars—in the extreme south, fearing that the state of Rio Grande do Sul, which has always been turbulent, and not only fosters the malcontents of Brazil, but also gives refuge to the revolutionists from its neighboring republic of Uruguay, may become too powerful and independent for the central government away off in Rio de Janeiro. Besides this obstacle, Porto Alegre, the largest city in the state, and its capital,

is jealous of Rio Grande and sneers at the project; Porto Alegrians would like to make themselves the commercial center and build a railway from their water front to Torres, which



X INDICATES BRITISH CONSULATE, RIO GRANDE

is a small Atlantic port about one hundred and twenty-five miles to the northeast—just as likely a scheme as if Baltimore should send all its freight to

Wilmington or to New York. "That is Brazilian human nature," so Bishop Kinsolving said to me. The bishop—Lucien Lee Kinsolving—is our American Protestant-Episcopal missionary bishop to South Brazil. For fifteen years Rio Grande, Porto Alegre and all the adjoining country have known and loved him, and they have admired, too, his stalwart, sincere and earnest Americanism. He has worked not alone to spread the modern gospel, but also to advance the ideas of sane and wholesome living, and his results are enough to stir the pride of every one who understands and advocates our ideals of citizenship and government. He has in Rio Grande a seminary for the education of Brazilian candidates for the ministry, and the enthusiasm with which they follow his teaching compensates him and his small band of co-workers for their isolation away from their northern homes. The form of ceremony of the Episcopal service seems to meet a sympathy in the hearts of these Brazilians; they recognize the ritual through their Roman Catholic inheritance, and they find opportunity for personal participation which is not offered by the Roman Catholic church. Never before did I so realize the truth of the aphorism that cleanliness is next to godliness. Bishop Kinsolving is a clean man, and he has taught the natives to take a morning bath! And he is, moreover, so morally pure and clean that they see the wisdom of following his example in that respect as well. The Brazilian nature seems to have lost what we know is essentially existent in the Anglo-Saxon soul—a moral sense. They simply do not understand what we mean by scrupulous honesty, and to try to explain a New England conscience to a native would be like demonstrating a problem in Euclid to a child. Yet at bottom there is a thirst for moral teaching which only protestantism can satisfy; it preaches responsibility to both God and man; Romanism in South America seems never to have gone beyond

preaching a hidebound devotion, a jesuitical adherence to the earthly church.

By one of the graces of fortune these missionaries have been able to minister to the needs of the half-abandoned German colonists, many of whom are descended from Lutheran ancestry, and who still retain their loyalty to the German creed; to them there is a familiarity in episcopalianism which at once attracts them. Many and many a marriage, baptism or burial have these good men solemnized; many a thank-offering have they received from grateful colonists who had hitherto been compelled to be satisfied with the civil ceremony, which in Brazil is alone legal. They had slipped away from any churchly adherence until the bishop came. At his suggestion I went one day to Pelotas, one hour and a half by rail from Rio Grande. It is a funny little road, narrow-gauge, single track, and runs two trains each way a day. Three times a week the passenger travel is so heavy that a through train runs all the way to Bagé, twelve hours distant. I did not dare to ask how far it was—twelve hours being the limit of travel in Brazil—nor could I secure a time-table, *horario*, as they call it; this is a sacred document reserved for general managers; ordinary passengers may look at it behind a glass plate on the wall, but the one in the station in Rio Grande was so dirty that the distance was illegible. I went first class, of course, in a car the like of which I have seen only on some lost and forgotten road in Florida. A second-class car is nothing but a couple of benches lengthwise, and is matched, perhaps, by a fourth-class coach on a local train in Germany.

Pelotas is a bustling city which is heavily interested in the cattle business. The river between here and Rio Grande is lined with stockyards and slaughter-houses; the meat is consumed in relatively local markets, and the hides go abroad; but in their system of killing and preserving there is a great deal lost besides the





AT THE SALLY-PORT, PORTO ALEGRE



A HALT BEFORE A TYPICALLY GERMAN COTTAGE

squeal, and the odors on the outskirts of the town reminded me powerfully of the Bridgeport district in Chicago. Although Pelotas is Brazilian, the German mixture crops out in many places. Occasionally a German name on a sign is seen, and here and there is a tradesman's bench about as it must have been in Germany years ago. But as I left the center of the city and touched the outskirts I began to feel that the nationality was changing. I found a little tavern with the sign "Gasthaus für Colonisten"; the proprietor was speaking German to several rough-looking men, and he welcomed me kindly when I asked if I could find some one to take me into the country. "Yes," he said, "a young fellow named Schmidt is going out soon and will take you." So I ordered a bottle of beer—local-brewed beer is cheap here among the Germans—and talked to his wife. She was a poor, scrawny woman from the interior, with three or four children of the creeping and inquisitive age, who ate scraps off the floor; one put his sticky finger in my eye. They all talked a withered German, and the woman said

she could speak only a little Portuguese; she had no use for it unless she came to town.

Then Schmidt came and gladly allowed me to partake of the seat in his wagon and to go as far with him as I might wish. For an hour we rumbled along through a flat and somewhat sandy country that still retained a connection with the town; but the road was rough and I grew tired, for the wagon had no springs. The wagon was primitive, drawn by two horses with harness of small chains; at the side was the little revolving hand-brake quite common in all Germany to-day; it was, in fact, a German wagon, but, young Schmidt said, made in Brazil after a pattern long popular and unchanged since the first model had been introduced here fifty years ago. This is true of most things, too. The colonists do not like

new things, as a rule; what is good enough for the father and mother is good enough for the son and daughter. It is the same with plows and other implements. They do not grow much grain; chiefly their products are vegetables and garden truck for themselves and to sell in Pelotas.



GODDESS AND EX-SLAVE

"Have you been to Germany?" I asked Schmidt. "No. I am a Brazilian citizen and can vote, but we don't vote often here. Nobody takes an interest in politics. But lately the Germans have been aroused because they wish a better education. The schools are no good at all. Have you been to Germany?" I told him some of my experiences in Germany, but all the time I was wondering what distinction he made between Germans born in Germany and those of German blood born in Brazil; by Brazilian he sometimes meant a native of Portuguese descent, sometimes a citizen of Teutonic origin; I found out later on that Teuto-Brazilian and Luso-Brazilian were the terms used to express this difference. Schmidt, a Teuto-Brazilian, could read and write German very well, but this was not true of a large proportion of the colonists.

We came now to a wayside place called "Tres Vendas" (Three Shops), a popular cross-roads tavern at which the colonists gather from various directions, passing to and from Pelotas. We took breakfast (midday meal) here with several peasants. It was one of the most primitive meals I ever ate. I have visited railroad camps in Mexico and Central America; chance once threw me into a "cracker" home, miles from nowhere in Georgia; I have sat as a guest at a farmer's table in Central Germany, but never was I at a meal where so little formality was observed. I have read in Wallace of the peasants' houses in Russia, and unavoidably my mind recalled the pictures he gives of the animalism of their lives. I

was seated with these well-to-do German colonists in South Brazil, eating a meal that cost me about fifty cents (one and a half milreis), yet everything was cooked and served in one pot—I nearly said eaten from it, but I acknowledge that each had his own plate, and each helped himself as best suited him, with fingers chiefly, or by means of a big ladle if the food was too hot or too liquid; fingers and a knife seemed the only handy utensils, although I did secure a fork for myself. The food was brought in by a bare-legged woman followed by a scraggy dog and a nearly naked little girl; she finally lugged in a

big coffee-pot, and we all helped ourselves to a hot, black brew with the sugar already in it. I could not follow the conversation, as it was largely on local affairs and mixed with Brazilian terms expressive of things about them; it was also a somewhat archaic German, such as one might expect from a settlement cut off for years from intercourse with the more living and cosmopolitan speech. After the meal I took



A PEDDLER BETWEEN RANCHES

a nap—took it literally in the stable, for the horses were munching their hay in one end of the room, the few rude cots made of undressed poles and covered with straw being the only beds for those who might be compelled to pass the night there under a roof. Washing facilities I saw none, and a napkin I supplied from my own handbag.

At one o'clock we started off again. The country now changed, and became more rolling, with heavier wooded hills and rich intervening meadow land, and the road was rockier and harder. The



PORTO ALEGRE FROM THE HARBOR

The spires are those of the Igreja nostra Senhora dos Dolores

seat was quite as comfortless, but I tried to forget it by carrying on an interrogative conversation with my companion. This is what I learned from him: That there are only a few of the genuine colonies left to-day: most of them are now *ex-colonies*, because the land has been divided among the settlers and each owns his own piece of ground; but the old habits of common work are preserved, so that in many ways there is still a communistic relationship among them. They live largely by themselves, retaining many of the old German family customs, with singing associations and housewarming jollifications. German is always the natural language, and they mingle little and intermarry less with Luso-Brazilians; but occasionally such Brazilians take part in their social life, and then,

as a matter of courtesy, Portuguese is spoken. For five hours the horses jogged on through a beautiful country so like Upper Saxony that I felt I might be in the old world, excepting that nowhere could I see the pretty villages, or snug farms, or hospitable wayside inns and modest church spires which from any rise of ground in Germany announces that man has not only spread out into every nook and corner, but also availed himself of every opportunity. Schmidt lived in Santa Elena, a colony fifty years old, but it consisted of only one main street, with one or two side lanes; the houses were low, of two or four rooms, unprovided with any comforts or luxuries, and affording only such protection and necessities as the simplest family life demands. Between colonies the land seems unused; in



"GERMAN" PEASANTRY, ON THE EDGE OF A SOUTH BRAZILIAN "MESA"

Bamboo poles for guiding cattle

some places it has never been tilled, in spots one can see that it has been broken. But I did not find, what is so general in the United States, mile after mile of farms, acre after acre of waving wheat and corn, or pastures filled with grazing cattle; they do not exist. It must be remembered that this region is, at the most, scarcely fifty miles from the ocean, and has been inhabited over fifty years, and that these colonists came with all the inducements a government could offer them to spread and multiply. The latter they have done; no fault can be found with them on that account; the families are large, but they do not spread out; a mile or so from any village the land is still unoccupied, and their wants are nearly as few and as easily supplied as was the case when they first came over. Neither should they be compared with many settler communities that have scattered themselves with us in New York state, in Pennsylvania or in Iowa. All of these migrated to the United States on the wave of some great emotion, religious or political, and they made the best of their opportunities; primitive they may be, but they are clean, morally and physically; they insist on a sound education and they are thrifty; they may finally disband, because they have outlived their emotion, and their descendants, therefore, have acquired the nervous energy of those about them. These Brazilian Germans migrated solely to improve their material condition; this they probably have done, and at the same time they have escaped from that militarism which so many Germans dread; but they have not returned to the Lord the talents He entrusted to them.

They found as fair a land as nature can furnish man; the latitude is that of southern California, and the climate during summer can be compared with that of our middle west; during winter it is not so rigorous, because they seldom have frost and never ice and snow. On the

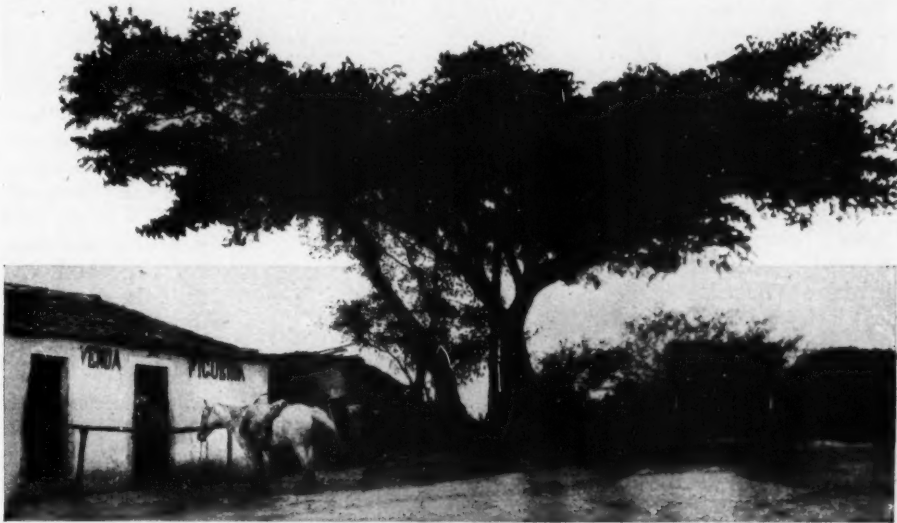
higher plateaus of Santa Catarina and Paraná, farther north, the winters are less mild.

I spent one night at the country store of a man named Pielke. He himself was the third generation on this spot; his son, twenty-three years old, was the fourth. They both spoke Portuguese with the few local Brazilians who came to trade; but by choice and at home they spoke German. Everything was sold in this place, as in a backwoods grocery with us; most of the manufactured goods were German. On the floor I saw a plow made in Germany, but from an American pattern. I asked him if he sold many of them. "No," he said, "they are not used much. I got this just to try it, but the people prefer their own kind of plows, such as they used before they came over. Business is dull anyhow. Very few newcomers arrive, and the country is not growing. Some go back to Germany, but very few remain there. They come back home to Brazil again; they like it here better." His wife invited me to a really good supper with the abundance of a prosperous German farmer's table. The Pielkes were the aristocrats of the neighborhood. One incident, unusual in Brazil I thought, aroused my curiosity. In a small room on the other side of the house sat two men at a separate table; I noticed that they were negroes and I asked Pielke why they were there. "Oh," he replied, "we don't associate with negroes as do the Brazilians. I have to accommodate them, but we Germans won't have anything to do with them socially." Pielke's was a good place to study this little world. My bed was in a tiny room in a shed containing five others like it; there was no window in it, no furniture beyond the bed, a chair and a candle, and the floor was mother earth. Early in the morning a woman with her charming daughters drove by in a two-wheeled springless cart hitched to a balky mule; they were all sociable, and joked



about going bathing in the brook back of the house. Pielke said that this was the usual way of taking a bath. At morning coffee I met a thoroughly intelligent native-born German, who encouraged me to tell him how the Germans in my own country grew in numbers and increased in vigor and activity; he was interested in the differences, and more than once declared that the case was otherwise in Brazil. On the table was a phonograph—the only thing American besides myself he had ever seen; probably he thought that we produced nothing but talking ma-

try. Toledo came from the class which has produced Pineiro Machado, one of the senators from the state of Rio Grande do Sul. Machado is in jest called by those who know our politics "the Mark Hanna of Brazil," because he makes a business of politics, advocating and adopting the newer ways (without graft and boodle, however) of getting votes. He tries to make Brazilians interested in state and national questions, and to cast their votes not necessarily for the party or for the machine—and South America knows well what a "machine" is—but for the candi-



THE NOONDAY REST AT THE SHOP IN THE SHADOW OF ITS OWN FIG TREE

chines, yet he was relatively well informed; he asked me about the Russian-Japanese war, and he seemed to be alive to affairs in the greater world. Living near by and a frequent visitor at "the corner store" was a Luso-Brazilian named Toledo, who had been educated in London; he was one of the few I met who associated on familiar terms with the German colonists, and his motives were public-spirited, for he had been instrumental in promoting road construction, in fostering the growing demand for education, and he showed a genuine ambition to improve his coun-

date who will do the most good for the electors. His influence in the nation, and especially in the south, is substantial, and it is probable that if he has his way he will control his state and Brazilianize the Germans there so that the "German vote" will become as important as it is with us in Wisconsin.

The villages I passed on a ride with a second Schmidt whom I met all seemed to me not unlike simple Mexican villages. My second Schmidt was better educated than the first and had really been to Germany, where his mother had been born. His fa-

ther had been born and raised in Santa Catarina, where the mother had lived; the family had gone to Germany, but returned to Brazil and located in Rio Grande do Sul, because the climate and the land were better here. The father had feared military service in the old country, but the son had rather liked it, and told me that in his opinion it would be a good thing for Brazilians; they needed such training to stir their sluggish blood.

"Would you like to be a German?" I asked. "Oh, no," he replied. "I am a Brazilian. Not many of us who go to Germany care to stay there. We prefer Brazil." Then I said, "Do you speak Portuguese?" "Sure," he answered. "Sometimes I'd rather talk it than German, and if I have to do business in town I have to speak it; they'd get ahead of me if I didn't show that I could trade as well as they. The Brazilians," he went on—there it was again, the confusion of terms, but I now knew that he meant the Luso-Brazilians—"don't do much farming; we Germans (*Colonisten*) are the farmers, and they do the trading. They are a lazy lot and wouldn't get much food if we didn't provide it for them. We don't mix with them much except in trade."

Schmidt told me that most of the colonists hereabouts were Lutherans, but that they had no real church; an itinerant pastor came to them every fourteen days, but it would be better for them if they had

regular service. "Are you a parson?" he asked. "You look like one. We all thought you were because only priests and those pastors in Rio Grande have clean-shaven faces. You belong to them, don't you?" "No," I replied. "I'm not a parson, but I am flattered that you think I am. Do you know those men in Rio Grande?" "No, but I've heard that they are good men. Every one likes them and thinks they are good men."

Now we stopped for luncheon under the biggest fig tree in South Brazil; I had bought some coarse rye bread, but he did not want beer to drink, so I shared with him his jug of cold *maté* (Paraguay tea), which was grateful and comforting. He said that the Germans drank it commonly, some preferring it to coffee. As we watched his sleek horses munch their fodder we were joined by a tramp, the only member of that fraternity I saw in Brazil. Schmidt offered him a portion, seemingly as a matter of course; the tramp took it, and while eating grumbled at his

luck, declaring that his work in the slaughter-houses had been dirty and poorly paid; he was going back to the farm, where he could be out of doors and get something to eat with less work. Schmidt told me that drink had been too much for the poor chap; he was no good; the colonists knew him for what he was worth. "There aren't many wanderers with us, nor do many colonists drink too much," he said.



GERMAN HOTEL IN SANTA MARIA



PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHAPEL, PORTO ALEGRE





PONCHO-DRAPED LOITERERS AT THE RAILWAY STATION

Soon after we started some Brazilian cowboys rode up and asked what price he wished for the hay with which his wagon was laden; they proffered less than he stated and the bargain was not completed. There seemed to be no market price, but Schmidt preferred to go to town, where he usually sold his produce. I left him here. I had had a good insight into German colonist life, and felt convinced of the truth of his statement that it was all similar to what my experience had given me. These colonists—and there are plenty more of them northwest of Pelotas—live apart and for themselves; they are slowly disintegrating, decreasing in numbers, and no new members come from outside to freshen their blood. As Toledo and Machado are exceptions to the rule, so are Pielke and Schmidt (number two) different from the great majority of Teuto-Brazil-

ians, who are sluggish, unprogressive and narrow. Unhappy they are not; on the contrary, they have sunk, after fifty years of experiment, into a content which is a combination of animalism and apathy. It is a saddening contrast to the energy displayed by the Germans in Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, and to that of the Swedes in Minnesota and Dakota, where industry is vitalized by contact with American life. The communism in South Brazil is not industrial, it is merely neighborliness; there is not, on the one hand, any highly organized socialism nor, on the other hand, any competitive struggle such as has spread the human race over our North American continent. There is only indifference.

But there are (ex-) colonies of another character in Rio Grande do Sul, and I must see these before I could feel entitled to pass secure judgment, so I journeyed



CROSSING THE "MESA"

up the Lagoa dos Patos to Porto Alegre. It is a placid sheet of water by no means to be compared to Lake Champlain, but rather of the nature of Green Bay, a sandy and piny shore with modest hills. The Cruzeiro do Sul line has a lake boat, German in every detail, built especially for this service, which voyages back and forth from Porto Alegre to Rio Grande, touching at Pelotas. The accommodation is as good as I have found between Norfolk and Washington, about the same kind of a trip.

I found Porto Alegre to be a prosperous city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, the Milwaukee of Little Germany; it is built around and over a hill close to the lake and extends back suburbanwise into the country. Emptying into the lake are five pretty rivers, navigable for small craft for miles toward the interior. The streets are broad, not so very well paved, and along them jog the old-fashioned mule cars owned about equally by German, Brazilian and English capital. To Porto Alegre come those Germans who have escaped the deadliness of their colonies, and half the business in Porto Alegre is in the hands of Teuto-Brazilians. These have their clubs, their *Kaffeeklatsch*, their *Gesang-* and *Schützen-Vereine*, and they try to make their social life similar to that of the *Vaterland*; but they do not enter national politics, and content themselves with local affairs. There are two classes of Germans here, and while both are disliked by Brazilians, each hates the other; one class is composed of native-born Germans, the other of European-born Germans who have within recent years migrated hither of their own accord; these latter look contemptuously upon the former, and call them "*Bauern*." They say, "Those Bra-



THE BEAUTIFUL BOULEVARDS OF DESTERRO

zilians are not Germans; they have no morals or culture, they have no German energy or education. Bah, why should we call them kin?"

The lack and need of a good common school education is the stirring problem

in South Brazil to-day. No wonder the colonists have forgotten the standards of their mother country. For years the Brazilian government pretended to teach them the rudiments, but the system was on paper only, and ignored in letter and in spirit; then the national government gave over to the state governments some of the higher educational institutions (there are no universities in Brazil), and schooling became worse than ever. Meanwhile the neglected German colonists had no schools in the real sense of the word; irresponsible teachers of any nationality or pretense would start private schools into which children could voluntarily gather, because there is no law of compulsory education in Brazil; and these teachers would take what money they could get, in exchange for which they offered, sometimes German, sometimes Portuguese, sometimes nothing at all. The parents preferred German, and therefore generation after generation acquired only this (locally) foreign language. To-day the earnest and patriotic Germans, both native and European born, are agitating and demanding a change. There must be some system, they cry, and the children must have uniform instruction; their program is something like the following: The first two years of school should be altogether in German; for the three years thereafter the instruction should be in both German and Portuguese, and from that time on all teaching must be in Portuguese. The state government seems so impotent that the Germans themselves are

taking the initiative, because their fears are aroused that they must create a desire for education and meet it or else the condition of the colonists will sink lower than it is now.

And this condition is bad enough. I visited German colonists' towns until I was convinced of the fact. North of Porto Alegre are San Leopoldo and Novo Hamburgo, one twenty-one, the other

to grow into one full-blooded German, such as can be seen in any similar village in Saxony. There is no life in the place; its industry has declined, partly through competition from abroad, partly through inanition at home, and its activities are only able to keep body and soul together. There is no society, no aristocracy, no culture; its one educated man is a Lutheran pastor who has turned storekeeper, be-



CROSS-ROADS "GENERAL STORE"—CONDUCTED BY GERMANS



A HOTEL ON THE COACH ROAD IN THE INTERIOR

twenty-seven and one-half miles away. San Leopoldo is a little *nest* of a place redeemed from monotony by a pretty stream that runs to Porto Alegre. Over it is a rustic bridge; the streets of the town are quiet and moss-grown. Once it prided itself on its six thousand inhabitants, and this number may be there still, but it would take two or even three of its anemic, flat-chested, thin-legged children

cause he was intellectually too lazy to try to elevate the people. Of themselves they have no initiative, but some years ago the Jesuits established on an attractive spot near the river a school which is commercially conducted, but does much to inspire a knowledge of life and progress. Four years ago, on a hill overlooking the town, a Franciscan sisterhood built a *Krankenhaus*. The sister who showed me about

the hospital had recently come from Trier (Treves); I asked her what were the prevailing diseases, and she replied, "Tuberculosis and anemia!" It was nearly incredible; in a climate not unlike that of west Texas such diseases could be traced only to reduced resistance and exhaustion. This hospital is completely modern and German in every detail. And even some financial aid came from home, the sister said, because their foundation was German.

The toy railway that had brought me from Porto Alegre to San Leopoldo was built thirty-five years ago by English capital to bring these benighted people into closer touch with civilization than had been done by the river down which their produce had hitherto been floated; but lack of energy, inability to get fresh blood, unprogressive conservatism and governmental restrictions have prevented the stockholders from becoming rich. It taps as fine a country with as fine a climate, as pretty a landscape and as productive a soil as any that can be found in the southern continent, but it may honestly be questioned whether to-day there is one more acre tilled than there was twenty years ago.

The railway ran to Novo Hamburgo, where the first German colony was founded in 1825. I went higher yet by mule-back over a road impassable by anything lighter than a springless cart, and lost myself in Brazilian Germany. For weeks there would be no Portuguese spoken here; I met the fourth generation of pure Teutons, and if I had stayed longer I might have witnessed the advent of the fifth. The inhabitants had drunk of nepenthe, Lethe had rolled over them, and it was Arcadia again, if happiness means unambition. "More asleep than Arkansas," I murmured to myself and rode slowly back to town. Here I met a real man. He was only a pleasant, hard-working German Lutheran pastor who had given twenty-five years of his life to a struggle among the colonists. He was a

cultured, dignified gentleman, the counterpart of many I have met in quiet little villages in Saxony. He invited me to his simple afternoon coffee with *Kuchen*, prepared by his gentle, equally cultured wife, and told me story after story of his efforts to arouse his flock to some realization of their ignorance. He would soon return to his native land on a pension, such as any other Lutheran pastor received, for he was a regular member of the Synod, and had to make his quarterly reports to the German home office. He now began to see some fruit from his own work because he had stirred the German government to help him, and he had started a good Protestant school for girls, where modern, wholesome living was taught.

"Are you an American?" he asked. "Yes, indeed," I replied. "I hope you are not one of the Missouri brethren," he continued; "they are the only (North) Americans I ever met." "Who are they?" I asked in my turn. "Don't you know?" said he. "Good men who recently came here, but reactionary, Calvinistic, who preach nothing but religion and tell the people that they need not learn anything or even try to do anything but to be saved. They are hurting me in my work of regenerating these people. They come from Missouri; where is that?" So this was all the Americanism that had percolated into Little Germany!

I must go higher than peasant life, I thought, if I wish to find any conception and knowledge of our big country, so I went to the newspapers. In Porto Alegre there is published probably the best German newspaper in Brazil, the *Deutsche Zeitung*, now in its forty-fifth year. Its German editor is ambitious and progressive, and his great desire now is to raise the educational standard of Rio Grande do Sul. He listened with interest when I told him of our public school system and about the stalwart Germans who had helped to build up the United States. "How fine!" he said. "We have no compulsory education law here and the peasants are stupid.



We need new blood; we do not grow; there has been no fresh migration to Rio Grande for twenty-five years. All the volunteer immigrants come to São Paulo, and just look at the difference! But I can get no direct news about the United States. I can't read English and I never see an American paper. Do you think I could exchange with some good German paper there? All the information I ever get comes from Germany—it may be that I should read a different story if I did not always see through German eyes." I wished that I might have stayed longer in Porto Alegre, because there was so much to study in the unusual mingling of two unrelated races. It reminded me of Strassburg twenty years ago, when Germans and French lived side by side, each preserving his own language and customs, each striving to gain dominance in business and society.

But I wished to gather more experiences and opinions by exploring farther inland. By a small river-steamer we reached Taquary, in the center of a rich and unfenced grazing country.

In the hills north of Santa Maria there are more (ex-) colonies, more of the sturdy, industrious Germans planted by the *Vaterland* to be a glory to the Teuton race; but I was done with romances. Here I met a world-traveled young fellow; the country was beautiful and rich, he said, and he knew he could make money by being industrious and by keeping his eyes open, but the Germans there—"Himmel! I despise them. They are stupid boors. They know nothing and never will know anything until they change their ways of living. Even the German consul despises them and avoids recognition of them when he is not forced to it by the duties of his office."

After this I hurried on to Santa Maria. I was glad to get away from so much ignorance. The glitter of the German settlement of South Brazil had worn away; their colonization here, as in Africa, had

been a failure. Unhindered and without competition, they had entered a nearly virgin soil, and after more than fifty years, even with state aid, they had not been able to perpetuate themselves, nor maintain their culture, nor their thrift, and this earthly paradise was still waiting for a better race to make worthy use of it. Such an instance as that of Daniel Boone in Kentucky, who hewed his way into a wilderness and betweenwhiles read ancient history and held debates on government, can not be found among the Little Germans.

The Teuto-Brazilian must be educated by outside forces, for he has no regenerative power within himself. The Brazilian National Government may do it; in this case these semi-foreigners might become an active influence working probably for good within the republic itself, loyal to the nation but proud as Texas of her statehood. The state government (Rio Grande do Sul, Santa Catarina, Paraná) may do it; in this case it will be under compulsion from the patriotic, ambitious and humane Brazilians and fresher Germans who, from their vantage in such centers as Rio Grande or Porto Alegre, can see what is necessary if this branch of the race is not to be buried as deep as the Aztecs. But in this case the State of Rio Grande do Sul may become an unwieldy factor in Brazilian politics; if Brazil does not advance the State may secede, and beyond that is the possibility of Germanization under territorial rule from Berlin. Or, as a third outcome, the German Government may demand the right openly or assume the right secretly, to educate the country along German lines, claiming as her reward the occupation of the land as German soil.

Which will it be? Thus I muse as I leave Bagé at six in the morning, this time by *diligence* for a forty-hour (forty-league), hard, rough, hot, dry, dusty ride to the frontier. I have left Little Germany now; German speech is not heard

or recognized, the land is again unmixed Brazilian, but this region is famous in South American history. Over it rode Garibaldi in 1840, learning his lessons of American liberty; for generations the patriots of three present republics, Brazil, Uruguay and Argentine, marched and fought here. To-day among its rocky hills and dry water-beds live nobody knows how many refugees tending their eternal cattle and whispering to themselves of coming opportunities to strike a blow for—booty, chiefly, because it is all a battle of sham principle in which the Outs wish merely to become the Ins, and the Ins try to prevent themselves from becoming Outs. It is like parts of New Mexico now, sandy or rocky; the streams are tiny in the dry season, torrents in winter. The *posadas* (wayside inns) are adobe huts, the *estancieros* (ranches) simple protections against the weather; nowhere a wind-mill or water pond, although water lies only a few feet below the surface. The stage coach is a Forty-niner and I amuse myself by recalling Mark Twain's "Roughing It." Occasionally we get out

to push up hill, or to relieve the eight or nine or ten mules and horses patiently following the leader ridden by our guide who knows every turn and twist of the unmarked road. We drink surface water sometimes after the horses have had their share; the night I spent at a tavern we had to catch and kill the chicken for our evening meal; I slept on the table and was displaced by the coffee at six o'clock in the morning. Of course I had not taken off my clothes, for the night was cold and I had only a thin blanket under me.


Another hot, dirty, sandy, primitive day through a country occupied for a hundred years. Away off in the distance is a pillar marking the Brazilian line; I begin to hear a word or two of Spanish, the *gauchos* (cowboys) are talking an intelligible language and a dog is called a *perro* not a *cao*. Tired and foot-sore, under a beautiful canopy of blue heaven and twinkling stars, we cross around Santa Anna do Livramento, we pass unchallenged over the frontier into Ribera. Everything in an instant becomes Spanish, and I am at last in Uruguay.

The fourth article in Mr. Hale's South American series will appear in the January number of *THE READER*. Its subject is "Uruguay," and in it is told the story of that buffer state lying between its giant neighbors, Brazil on the north and Argentina on the south—a little state of potential richness, held back and undeveloped because of its fatal Latin proclivity for politics, plots and revolutions—the never-ceasing battle between the Ins and the Outs.





# A Song for Christmas



HANT me a rhyme of  
Christmas —  
Sing me a jovial song, —  
And though it is filled with  
laughter,  
Let it be pure and strong

Sing of the hearts brimmed over  
With the story of the day —  
Of the echo of childish voices  
That will not die away. —

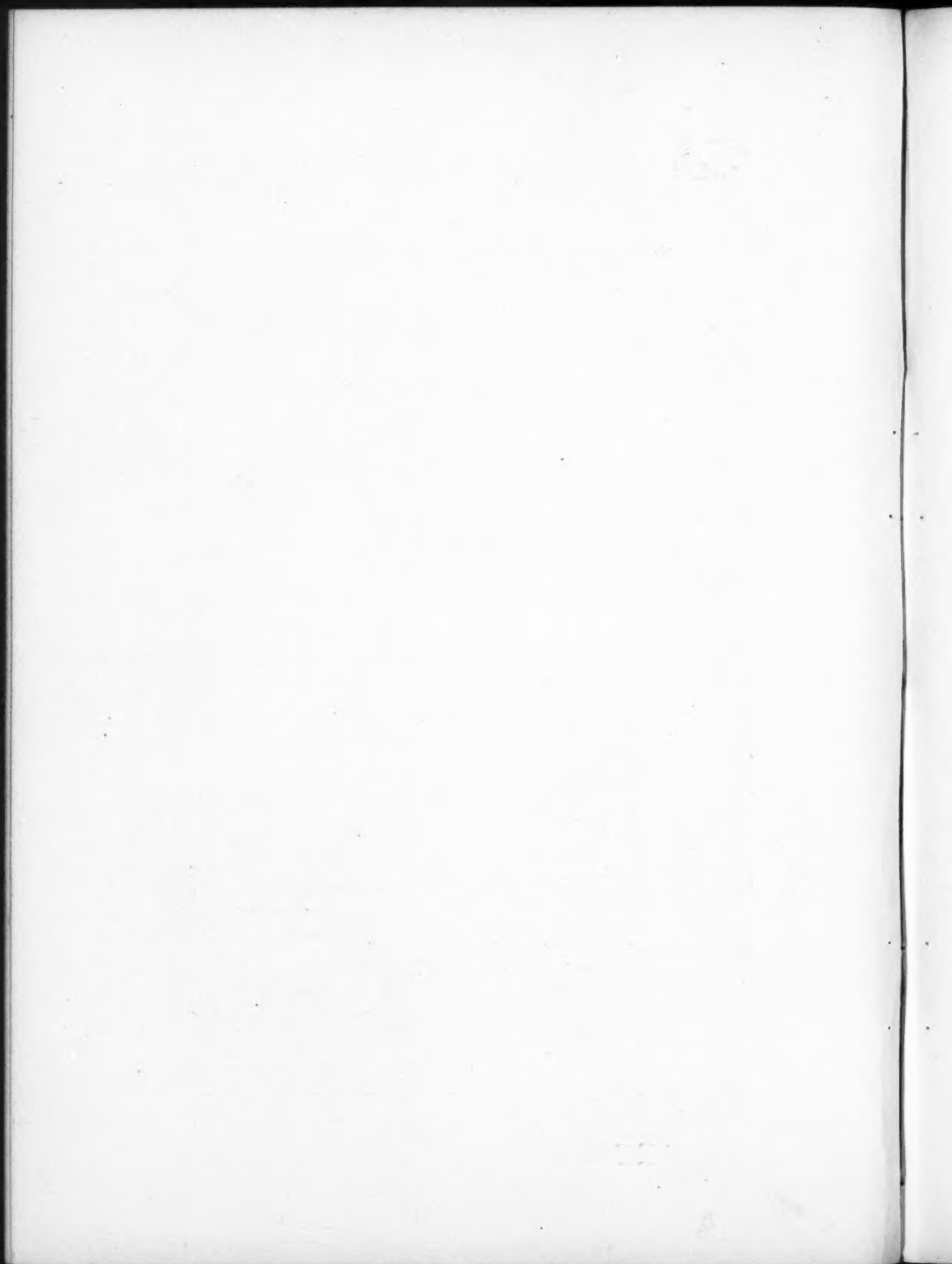
Of the blare of the tasseled bugle,  
And the timeless clatter and beat  
Of the drum that throbs to muster  
Squadrons of scampering feet.

But, O, let your voice fall fainter,  
Till, blent with a minor tone,  
You temper your song with the beauty  
Of the pity Christ hath shown,

And sing one verse for the voiceless;  
And yet, ere the song be done,  
A verse for the ears that hear not,  
And a verse for the sightless one.

For though it be time for singing  
A merry Christmas glee,  
Let a low, sweet voice of pathos  
Run through the melody.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



## THE ESSENTIAL SENSE

By Charles Belmont Davis

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVE OF MARGUERITE MONTMORENCI," ETC.

IN leaving the hotel porch after night-fall they had broken the oldest and most sacred tradition of the Leesburg Springs. The suggestion had come from Amy Burden as she sat with her *fiancé* in the blackest corner of the hotel piazza, and this piazza was noted throughout the South for its particularly black corners. The idea was conceived in a certain distrust of her lover's sporting blood, but it must be said, to the young man's credit, that if he winced at the proposition his chagrin was not apparent through the general blackness. Their escape had apparently been carried out most successfully and they were now seated side by side on the horse-block in the Baptist churchyard. The night was warm and cloudless and a little silver crescent of a moon hung just over the high chimney of the old brick church. In the distance, through the spreading branches of a sycamore grove, shone the dim rows of lights of the hotel, and from time to time there reached across the lawn to the young lovers the echo of a waltz from the ballroom, or a low-pitched melody from the negroes at the servants' quarters.

For some moments there had been silence between them. The young man held one of the girl's hands in both of his and at intervals gently pressed the long delicate fingers.

"I hope," said the girl, "that we will always be known as 'The Bopps.'"

"It *would* be pleasant," the lover replied, "but you know there are a whole lot of Bopps, and beyond the fact that I am engaged to you, I really don't think that I have ever done anything to deserve the title of 'The Bopp.'"

"I didn't say anything about 'The

Bopp' or 'The Bopps,'" the girl replied. "What I said was 'The Bopps.'"

Bopps nodded his head and said, "Oh!" It was a very weak imitation of a man who understands the meaning of what is being said.

"What I mean is this," said Miss Burden. "If a man, for instance, walks into a club, and another man says: 'Have dinner with me,' the first man must say: 'Thank you, I am dining with the Bopps.' I don't want him to say he is dining with Ned Bopps, or even Amy Bopps. I want that we and our home shall be known as 'The Bopps.' There must be no predominance; our friends must be the same and our personality must be single—never double. Our friends must love us for the mutual atmosphere we create—whether we are at home or visiting. If you ever hear a man say: 'I am going to the theater tonight with the Billy Wilsons,' you can be perfectly sure that the Billy Wilsons are all right. If he says: 'I am going with Billy Wilson and his wife, or Billy Wilson and Mrs. Wilson,' he had better stay at home—he will not enjoy himself."

Bopps shook his head. "I don't know them," he mumbled.

"Know whom?"

"The Billy Wilsons."

"Now, really, Ned," she said, "there are times when you are very aggravating. I don't know any Billy Wilsons either; they were just imaginary people."

Bopps raised her hand and kissed the tips of her fingers.

"Forgive me," he said, "but ever since you said 'yes,' I have been in a sort of haze, and all I can see is you, just you—whether you are with me or not. I love you so much—I think all day, and most

of the night, too, what I can do to show you how well I understand your sacrifice."

This time it was the girl that gently pressed the fingers of the man, and this covert act was followed by a long but pleasant silence. It was finally broken by the girl. "Come," she said, "we must go back to the hotel."

The man looked up into the innocent, pretty, pink and white face with its wonderful halo of yellow curls, then he glanced at the crescent moon, and, with a sigh, rose and followed Miss Burden down the path to the churchyard gate. It was at the girl's suggestion that he left her just before they reached the back piazza, and he watched her disappear alone in the shadows of the old building. But a moment later she appeared again in the lighted doorway of the hotel, turned suddenly and smiled at an unseen face in the darkness, and once more disappeared. Miss Burden, unseen by any one in the corridors, ran lightly up the stairway to her own room on the floor above.

Miss Leonore Craig—or, as she was known to her intimates and through the columns of the society journals, "Patsey" Craig—was a young woman of considerable beauty, splendid physical condition, and a wholesome love for games in the open rather than those played in the dark corners of hotel piazzas. She had long been a friend of Amy Burden's and was now her guest at the Leesburg Springs. The young women occupied adjoining rooms, and when Miss Burden stealthily opened her door on this particular night, she found the narrow bed occupied by her friend. Miss Craig had apparently interrupted her own preparations for the night by lying down on the bed and staring, wide-eyed, at the cracked, white-washed ceiling overhead.

"Well?" she asked, still staring at the ceiling.

Miss Burden walked over to the bureau mirror, and, holding up a candle, took a long deliberate look at herself in the glass. Then she put down the candle and tried

to undo a brooch at the back of the lace collar of her shirt-waist.

"Well," she said, "I have had him out in the Baptist churchyard."

"I hope you broke it off?"

"Do girls usually take men to churchyards on moonlight nights to break off engagements? I don't. Patsey, dear, will you never get used to the idea of my marrying Ned?"

"I will," said Miss Craig, "when I see the clergyman shake hands with you after the ceremony. I am not looking to you to marry into the nobility—even the American variety; but you are pretty, your position is fairly secure—that is, on the West side—and you have some money. As long as your engagement is not announced, I shall certainly not give up hope. I am your friend."

Miss Burden took off one of her patent-leather slippers and threw it with considerable force into a neat row of carefully treed shoes at the end of the little room.

"If you were really a friend, you would, instead of finding fault, spend your time trying to get used to him."

"I'll leave that to you after your marriage," snapped Miss Craig. "In the meantime, I am against Bopps, strong."

"Why?"

"Why?—for twenty reasons. Principally, he is wholly lacking in a sense of humor, and that, I claim, in the case of husbands, is the essential sense."

"I can cure that," suggested Miss Burden somewhat peevishly.

"No, you can't. You can cure a man of drink, perhaps, or the opium habit, or undisguised admiration for other women, but you can't cure him of a lack of humor."

"Perhaps I have enough for both?" There was a touch of irony in Miss Burden's voice.

Miss Craig, still lying on the bed, with her fingers interlaced under her head, smiled broadly. "Any girl who marries a man named Bopps has no humor to throw about foolishly." The speaker

suddenly shifted her position, so that she could look directly at her friend.

"Who is the man, anyhow? As a matter of fact, he is the only man at the Springs. I admit, it is something to carry off the one beau here, but for Heaven's sake, don't tote him any farther than the other girls can see you. He may be the only male at Leesburg Springs, but he's not the only man who lives in New York—at least he wasn't when I left it."

Miss Burden further disturbed the long row of shoes by bombarding it with her second slipper. Then, ironically:

"Suppose—I say, suppose I am in love with the man?"

Miss Craig smiled cheerfully. "You don't love Bopps," she said, "you pity him. It may be unconscious on your part, but that's what it is—pity. You are just as sorry for a man with a name like Bopps as you would be if he had been born without legs or had a fearful past and had asked you to reform him. You're sorry, but you're not in love. There always was a bit of the martyr about you. Do you remember the time you took up settlement work and the week you spent at the hospital? I only hope this affair will turn out as half-baked as your other charities have. You can resign from sanitary lodging-house boards and hospital visiting committees, but you can't resign from Bopps—not when you are Mrs. Bopps."

"Patsey," said Miss Burden, "you know perfectly well why I gave up those charities. The doctor said—"

"I certainly do know why you gave up those charities," interrupted Miss Craig, "and the doctor had nothing to do with it."

The argument promised to be long. Miss Burden sat down and tilted her chair against the wall at a dangerous angle. Miss Craig sat on the edge of the bed.

"You quit the hospital because Archie Brewster was in some crazy business with queer hours so that he could only call on you in the morning and that was when you

ought to have been at the hospital. The reason you dropped the settlement game was because your committee was called for the first time the day May Wilson was married to Joe Corcoran, and you said that considering the way you and Joe had played around together at Jamestown, it wouldn't do for you not to be at the wedding—committee or no committee. That's really the cause of all your trouble. You try to make yourself believe that you are naturally serious and a born settlement worker, while, as a matter of fact, you are as full of romance as an Adirondack canoe. If you must marry some one, do wait until you get back to town. Bopps is a case of propinquity."

"He lives in New York," suggested Miss Burden.

"In a way he does," corrected Patsey. "He lives in a boarding-house and he works in Paterson. I know all about him; he's an iron peddler."

"A what? You probably mean puddler, and he's not that. He has a very responsible position in an important brass foundry."

"I've no doubt it's very responsible," snapped Miss Craig—"but I understand it's not sufficiently responsible to trust him with a very large sum of money to take home on pay-days."

"We'll have quite enough," replied Miss Burden. "We have discussed it at length."

"Disgusting," said Miss Craig, rising from the bed. "What's the matter with Sam Ogden? Have you forgotten him entirely? I don't believe you and Sam have been separated forty-eight hours for the last two years. Has he no rights?"

"Well, if he has, it's all he has got and it's all he ever will have. I'm very fond of Sam, but he's just an idler."

"He's a very charming idler," said Miss Craig, "and he is very much in love with you." She crossed the room and opened the door into her own room. Then she turned to Miss Burden, who was nonchalantly swinging her stockinged feet.



"Amy, will you make me one promise?"

Miss Burden shook her yellow hair. "Perhaps," she mumbled.

"Don't announce your engagement until you get back to New York. The night you arrive I will have a dinner for you and Bopps and Sam. Please give Sam that chance."

"Sam Ogden," said Miss Burden doggedly, and looking directly into the empty space before her, "is just like all the other young men who play at making a living on Wall Street."

"There is just one difference between Sam and the other young men you speak of," said Miss Craig dryly. "Sam is in love with you and the others are not. Sam is sympathetic and amusing and has a sense of humor, and a cheap spirit of romance, which is just what you crave, although you will not admit it. Bopps has all the instincts of a Paterson commuter. He is sympathetic to you just now, because he loves you, but he has no sense of humor. If you marry him, you will regret it within three months, and in six months you will be in love with Sam Ogden. I know you for what you are."

"Notwithstanding which fact," answered Miss Burden tartly, "I am going to marry Ned Bopps."

The answer was an explosive bang caused by the slamming of a door.

## II

Like all newly wed couples who live in New York and are not blessed with unlimited means, the Bopps had been confronted with the eternal question—the choice between a high-ceiling, derelict apartment on Washington Square and a kitchenette flat in Harlem. They compromised on an apartment on a crosstown street, not far from Riverside Drive, with a restaurant on the ground floor. It was the original understanding that this arrangement was but temporary, but two years and more had passed and the Bopps still found themselves in the same apartment. The

drawing-room was a fairly bright little place when the sunlight came through the bow-window and its glow fell on the wall paper with the carmine roses and long green stems; but on this particular occasion there was no sunshine—it was raining in torrents; the drops beat against the panes, the windows rattled in their sashes and the wind whistled and howled its way through the narrow streets as if it was going to carry away the entire west side and dump it into the North River. Mrs. Amy Bopps, pretty of face and still slight of figure, stood at a window looking disinterestedly through the mist of the storm to the gray outlines of the towering apartment houses across the way. Miss Patsey Craig, who a little more than two years before had acted as her maid of honor, sat in a deep chair at the fireplace and rested her feet on the steel fender.

"You once remarked, Patsey," said Mrs. Bopps, still looking into the storm, "that Ned had all the characteristics of a Paterson commuter."

Miss Craig extended one foot and gave the coal grate a jarring kick with her heavy walking-boot. "Well?" she asked.

"Well, the Paterson part wasn't necessary. I've studied commuters and they all have the same characteristics, whether they go to Jersey, or Long Island, or up Westchester way. They all start the day by opening their watch and putting it on the breakfast table where the salt-cellar ought to be. Then they defy conversation by hiding behind the morning paper."

"One of these days," interrupted Miss Craig, "when the clergyman says: 'If any man can show just cause why they may not be joined together,' somebody is going to get up and tell the truth and acknowledge that the just cause is a morning paper held up by a carafe of water on the breakfast table."

Amy left her place at the window and the desolation of the storm outside and pulled up a low chair at the side of Miss



Craig in front of the fireplace. "What I object to most about commuters," she said, "is that they all believe they are traffic managers. If there is a crush on the 'L' platform, or a delay in the subway, or a fog on the North River, Bopps sits down and writes a long letter to the superintendent and asks him what he is going to do about it. My husband's sole topic of conversation every night when he gets home is ferry-boats; whether he caught *The Pittsburg* or *The Altoona* is really about the only thing that interests him. Why, the other day he came home positively in a nervous perspiration because *The Altoona* was going to be laid up for repairs. You might have thought he owned all the dry-docks in Hoboken."

Miss Craig turned in her chair to look at a high Dutch clock that stood in the corner. "What time does he get back?"

"At six—to the minute."

"Is that clock right?" asked Miss Craig.

"It is—regulating that clock is one of the best things Ned does. The winding takes place every Thursday night before he goes to bed. To hear Bopps pull on those chains you might think he was coaling up an Atlantic liner for the Orient."

Miss Craig put out her hand and laid it on Amy's arm. "You poor kid," she said. "Neither of us ever thought my prophecies at the Springs would really come true, did we?"

Amy pressed her thin pale lips into a straight line. "They haven't—not all of them. You said in six months I would be in love with Sam Ogden."

"Did I? Well, aren't you?"

"I certainly am not." Amy spoke with an air of much personal conviction.

"Well, you're in love with somebody—and it's evidently not Bopps from the way you play the piano. Women who love their husbands never play that way."

"How do I play the piano?"

"Well, the other day when I was lying down in the bedroom and you didn't know

I was listening, you played some music that ought to have been sterilized. It would have made a poetess of passion blush scarlet and knock off work for the day. It was awful!"

"I have not seen Sam Ogden more than half a dozen times since my marriage," Amy said, "and then only to say 'How-do-you-do,' or 'It's raining,' or 'It isn't raining.' He doesn't like me any more."

"He does—he told me so himself yesterday." Miss Craig looked up at her friend and found that the words were not without their result. A new color had come into the girl's face and a new light, or rather an old light, into her eyes.

For a few moments there was silence while the two girls looked down at the four shoes resting on the fender.

"I expect to see Sam to-night." It was Patsey who broke the silence. "He's going to a dance at the Wellmans'."

"Well?" asked Amy.

"Well, I'll tell him that he's foolish; that you're just as good a friend as you ever were and that he ought to come to see you to-morrow afternoon."

Amy interlaced her fingers tightly behind her head and looked up at the tinted ceiling. Miss Craig pulled herself out of the depths of the chair, and with her chin resting between the palms of her hands, sat looking at the burning coals in the hearth.

"All right," said Amy at last. "Tell him I'll be home to-morrow at five." And that was the last time Ogden's name was mentioned that afternoon.

It was unfortunate that on that particular Tuesday Bopps should have returned home with a really unusual bit of local news. He announced that the following Thursday evening he had to start on a short business trip to Pittsburg. It was an event of some moment, as it was the first occasion on which the firm had entrusted him with a mission of any import, and, incidentally, the first time he had left his wife over night since their wedding day. Of the latter fact it was

Amy who reminded him. On his way up town Bopps had secured several timetables and the after-dinner hours were devoted to arranging details of the coming trip. It was finally decided that he should take a through train, for which the last boat left Twenty-third Street ferry at five-fifty-five Thursday afternoon. Amy was to accompany him as far as Jersey City and then return to a modest home dinner or dine with Patsey Craig, while Bopps should take advantage of the dining-car *en route*. In all of this Amy pretended to take a pretty interest, but down in her heart she cared not at all. Her mind, even while she talked of trains and dining-cars, constantly reverted to the visit of Ogden the next day. Not for a moment did Amy admit to herself that she loved him or ever had loved him—he simply represented a life that was gone—and gone for good. He was the most conspicuous of several young men who had proposed to her, and any one of whom she now believed would have been preferable to Bopps. In the days of her engagement she had believed that these men would remain faithful to her, and from ardent lovers would crystallize into sincere, devoted friends. But in this she was quite wrong. The young men did not like her husband and stayed away. Bopps was fond of his slippers and his after-dinner briarwood pipe, and refused to go to places where a young married woman would naturally keep in touch with her old friends. From the very first she saw that the fight was a hopeless one, and so she settled down to be as good a housewife as her sense of humor would permit. But it must be said that this sense found shape in words only in the long talks with her one faithful friend, Patsey Craig.

Promptly at five o'clock the next day Ogden appeared, and for nearly an hour Amy and he stumbled through the rough-going of the new conditions, but at last the barriers were swept away and they reached the high perfect understanding of

the days that were. At ten minutes to six Amy glanced at the clock.

"In a few minutes Ned will be back," she said, "and before he returns I want to ask you a favor. I would ask it of no one else, because you are, perhaps, the one man who understands me and my whims. I am going to start Ned off tomorrow afternoon, but I will be back here about seven o'clock and I wish you would take me some place to dinner; that is, if you have no engagement or one that you can break. For a few hours I want you to be very nice and sweet to me, just as if you cared a great deal about me in a silly sort of way—just as if you cared so much that it was hard to talk of anything else but of how very much you—cared; as if it were very difficult not to put your arms about me and whisper to me all you felt for me; but, of course, you wouldn't put your arms about me because in your foolish way you must believe that I am so fine and good and beautiful that you wouldn't dare to touch the ends of my fingers."

"Of course, Amy," he said, "I understand. Where would you rather dine—Sherry's?"

The girl shook her head. "I'm afraid not—we would be sure to meet some one we know."

"There would be a chance," he said, "but it would be the same at the Waldorf or Martin's, and it is so much more conspicuous at one of the smaller places. It looks, then—as if you really were trying to avoid people."

There was silence, while the clock ticked off the few minutes that remained to them.

"I'll tell you what to do," he said. "Come to my place. There is only one other apartment in the house, and that's not occupied. The rest of the house is taken up with shops, and they are all closed at six o'clock. There's not a soul in the house at night except my servant and myself. What do you say?"

"Your servant?" she asked.

"Yes, but that's all right, Amy; I'll send out for the dinner and he can get everything ready and then go out himself. We can wait on each other."

For some moments the girl stood looking at him, but her eyes showed that he was very far from her thoughts. The clock began to strike the hour.

"All right," she said. "I'll be there, but I think you had better make it eight instead of seven. I'll have to come back here to dress. You'd better go now."

"It's awfully good of you," he said. "We'll have a fine time. I can't tell you how I appreciate it."

Amy did not answer him, but walked over to the window and stood looking out.

The following afternoon Amy and her husband left their home at an unnecessarily early hour, but Bopps was an ardent disciple of the "Better an hour too early than a minute too late" theory, and as a result they reached the ferry in time to take the five-twenty-five boat—just half an hour ahead of their schedule. On the way over Bopps was suddenly seized with an inspiration. "I'll tell you what we'll do," he said enthusiastically; "we'll dine at the station. I hate to think of you going back to the apartment and eating all alone; we've plenty of time."

For a moment the rail of the ferry-boat seemed to bob up and down before Amy's eyes, and the deck to heave under her feet as if she were on an ocean liner in a storm. Then everything became normal again and she was conscious that it was necessary for her to combat, and at once, her husband's horrible proposition. And just when everything had been so well arranged! In former years she had often been a guest at little supper and dinner parties at Ogden's rooms, and she knew that as a host he had no peer among her friends. All day she had been looking forward to the wonderful dinner he would have prepared for her, and now it seemed as if she must ruin it all by eating at a station restaurant—with Bopps.

"I simply won't think of it, Ned," she

said. "It would be an outrage. You told me only this morning how much you enjoyed those *table-d'hôte* dinners on the cars, and Katie has a nice little dinner waiting for me at home. And you know how it hurts Katie's feelings when I don't eat everything she cooks." As a matter of fact, Amy had planned on her return to tell Katie that she had suddenly been called away to fill a place at a formal dinner at Miss Craig's.

But Bopps was adamant—the nearer the boat got to Jersey City, the more enthusiastic he became over this farewell dinner *à deux*. As soon as the boat was docked he rushed Amy through the long station to the restaurant.

"Not time to sit down at a table," he said cheerfully. "We'll just climb up on stools at the instantaneous lunch counter and order something that's ready."

Amy accepted her fate as gracefully as she could and climbed nimbly on a high stool at the long counter, but in all her life she had never wanted so much to break out in unrestrained tears.

"Just the thing!" exclaimed Bopps, looking over the menu. "And something you are very fond of, Amy,—chicken fricassee with home-made dumplings."

Amy cast one fleeting look of reproach at the grinning negro waiter as he dashed off after the chicken. All the strength seemed to have gone out of her back, and for a moment she feared she was going to double up like a jack-knife. It was Bopps' voice that brought her back to the real situation.

"Those crullers down there, Amy, under the cover,—to finish off with, eh?"

Amy glanced down the long counter and saw a pile of crullers a foot high; under other glass covers there were pyramids of pound cakes, stacks of sandwiches in greased paper wrappings, and many quarters of many kinds of pie. She wondered at what point Bopps' desire for restaurant food would fail him.

The smiling waiter returned and placed before them two great plates of chicken

fricassee. The chicken appeared to Amy to be all legs and the dumplings as large as grape fruit. Over it all was a most generous supply of heavy yellow gravy.

"One portion would have been enough for two," said Bopps, holding himself.

"For two," said Amy—"for two armies."

Bopps chuckled at her little joke. "And, George," he called to the waiter, "two glasses of milk—cold."

Amy was picking ostentatiously at a small bone.

"What's the matter, dear," he said. "Don't you care for the dumplings?"

Amy cut into a great mass of dough. "I don't think I am feeling very hungry," she said.

"Now don't tell me you are going to be ill," Bopps said between bites.

Two tears forced themselves into the girl's eyes. The situation had far exceeded her sense of humor. Bopps looked up just in time to see his wife dab her handkerchief into both eyes.

"Poor little woman," he said—"please try to enjoy your dinner. I'll be out to Pittsburg and back before you know it."

In answer Amy only sniffed and blew her nose rather violently. Throughout the rest of the dinner Bopps watched her with much solicitude, and the last chance only to feign eating was lost to her. He had not only made her devour a great part of the chicken and dumpling but a huge slice of lemon meringue pie, for which on other occasions she had, unfortunately, expressed her partiality.

But at last the most unhappy meal of her life came to an end, and Amy followed her husband to the train gate.

"Now don't be miserable," he said by way of farewell, "and don't worry about my giving up dinner on the train. I enjoyed our little party very much."

When Amy arrived at her apartment she found a large purple box waiting for her. She carried it into her room and opened it when she was quite sure that she was alone. She laid the flowers on her

dressing-table—they were the first she had received since the day of her wedding. There had been days when purple boxes had been so plentiful that she had regarded them as her natural due; there had been days when her vanity had even rebelled against writing a note of acknowledgment. These were the thoughts that came to her as she stood in front of her mirror with the bunch of damp violets and orchids pressed against her cheek. Half an hour later, when she was dressed, she explained her departure, as she had planned to do, to her two servants. She would see Patsey Craig the next day and tell her what she had done, and thus secure herself against the only source through which her husband might know where she had really dined.

Ogden received her at the door of his study, and she went alone into his own room to take off her cloak. It was the same room she had known as a girl two years before, when she had gone there as one of several well-chaperoned girls. As a married woman she wondered that the bachelor apartment still held the same fascination of mystery for her. At the mirror she carefully arranged her hair and pinned the bunch of violets at her waist and then walked slowly about the room, looking for new faces among the photographs of Ogden's friends. There were several of groups in which both she and Ogden appeared, and, with one exception, he had been standing, in every instance, at her side. The one exception was the picture of her wedding party. She picked the photograph up and looked at it carefully under an electric light. Then she walked back to the mirror. The face was just the same, but the difference between the stiff, high-necked satin wedding-dress with its absurd veil and the low-cut dinner gown she wore now, made her smile pleasantly at the woman in the mirror. For some moments she stopped to look at her reflection. Her black chiffon gown with its steel spangles made a fine foil for the full white throat and the firm, well-round-



ed arms, the pink cheeks and the hair piled high on the well-poised head.

"Do hurry up, Amy," Ogden called from the outer room, "the dinner is getting cold." His voice recalled her to her position and the absurdity of any attempt on her part to eat another dinner, but she went in and took her place at the little table. It was almost as it used to be—better, perhaps, for, instead of places for six or eight, the table was now set for only two—the one man that really counted for the moment—and herself. Such light as there was came from the four candles on the table; the cloth was almost hidden by American Beauty and Bride roses lying on a bed of smilax, scarcely leaving space for the wonderful china and glass on which Ogden so justly prided himself. Amy glanced about the little room and smilingly recognized the heavy hangings, the mezzotints, the sporting prints, the broad marquetry desk and the mahogany side-board, on which there were many decanters and two silver chafing dishes with their wicks burning brightly.

She drew the chair close to the table, and, resting her elbows on either side of her plate, held her face between both palms. Between the shaded candles Ogden looked across the smilax and the roses at the delicately tinted cheeks, the small, straight nose, the smiling lips, the golden curling hair, the ivory throat and arms.

"Well?" she asked.

Ogden smiled. "Well," he said and raised his glass.

The girl nodded and, reaching across the narrow table, touched her glass to his.

"To you!" he said.

"To you, too," she answered, "and to the days that were." For a few moments there was silence, while Amy looked down at the square piece of toast and the caviar on her plate. Then she put down her fork and smiled whimsically at her host. "I suppose I ought to cry, or try to eat this, or—to do something, but instead I am going to tell you just what happened. Bopps forced me to eat a terrible dinner

with him at the Jersey City depot about an hour ago. I don't feel as if I could ever look food in the face again. He forced fricassee chicken and dumplings and lemon pie down my throat the way a child feeds a pet crocodile. It's no use, Sam, I can't eat anything."

Ogden did not attempt to conceal his disappointment. He and his servant had worked hard over this dinner, and it had promised very well.

"Nothing?" he asked.

Amy shook her head. Her eyes were becoming a little misty and Ogden saw that such humor as there might have been in the situation for her had disappeared entirely. She picked up one of the long-stemmed beauty roses and pressed it with both hands to her lips, which had suddenly become white and straight.

"It almost seems," she said, "as if he might have let me have this one hour of pleasure."

Ogden got up and started to walk around the table to her side, but he stopped half way and leaned against the desk. The girl interlaced her fingers behind her head and stared up at the ceiling, her face white and expressionless.

"There will be other days, Amy," he said.

"No, Sam, there will not be other days. It's no use trying to deceive one's self." Her voice sounded tired, and she apparently spoke without any feeling of anger or resentment. "If my love of pleasure were half as great as my fear of respectability, there might be many days in which Ned would have no part. I knew that I was going to regret this foolishness when I came here and I do already. Young women with morals should be more careful whom they marry."

"I do wish," Ogden said, "you would try to eat and drink something."

Amy shook her head. "I couldn't—the memory of Bopps and his dumplings is too evident. Ring for a cab, won't you? I must go back home."

"Please, Amy," Ogden begged, "don't go now."



"I have to, Sam," she said. "I just have to. I know it's hard on you, but I wanted to try an experiment and it has failed, that's all. If it hadn't been dumplings and lemon pie, it would have been Bopps in some other form. Please ring for the cab."

"You'll let me drive back with you?"

She shook her head. "I would rather go alone. You've been so good to me, please let me have my way once more."

When Amy got out of the cab she saw the lights from the living-room of her apartment and she knew that her husband must have returned. She had told her servants that they might go out for the evening, and she was sure that they would not return until very late. It was Bopps who opened the door of the apartment.

"Why, Ned," she said smiling. "This is a surprise. Why did you come back?"

"Well," he answered, helping her off with her cloak, "it was like this: Old Burton got back to the office after I had started. You know he has been away on a long trip. I suppose he didn't approve of the deal and so he wired me at Trenton to return and see him to-morrow. I got off and took the next train back. But I didn't expect you home so soon—Katie told me you had gone to Patsey Craig's to a dinner party."

Amy followed her husband into the living-room. Bopps stretched himself at full length in a morris chair by the side of the center table and picked up a book which he had been reading. Amy was standing in front of the fire with her hands clasped behind her. As Bopps found the page for which he had been looking, he glanced up as if conscious of the eyes that were turned on him.

"How did you find Patsey—all right?"

"I haven't seen Patsey," Amy said. "I didn't go there."

Bopps put down the opened book on the table. "You didn't go there," he repeated. "Why, where did you go?"

Amy half turned from him and the fingers of her right hand closed about a

little vase on the mantel-shelf. "I was dining," she said, "with a man I used to know. I dined at his apartment."

"Alone?" he asked.

"Quite."

Bopps sat up and put his pipe on an ash receiver on the table. "Why did you do this, Amy?"

"Why?" She picked up the vase she had been fingering and looked carefully at the hieroglyphics on it as if they would give her the reason. "I thought," she said quite dispassionately, "that a little excitement and pleasure would do me good. Don't worry, though—it didn't. I felt really very ill at ease all the time, and that dinner you forced on me at Jersey City had quite taken away my appetite."

Bopps put the palms of his hands together deliberately, so that the tips of his fingers touched each other.

"Can't you find pleasure in your own home?" he asked.

"Not very much," she said. She crossed over to a chair opposite her husband and sat with her elbows resting on her knees and her cheeks between her palms.

"Who was the blackguard?" he asked. "I want to see him."

"He isn't a blackguard; he's a very nice sort of boy. I invited myself to dinner, so you see it is quite unnecessary for you to see him. That is, unless you want to thank him."

"I don't understand you at all, Amy," he said.

The girl smiled. "I'm afraid you don't. You never did. It is not easy to explain to you, because if you haven't understood in two years, it is difficult to make you understand in a few words now." Her voice was without inflection, and she was speaking apparently to the lamp-globe on the center table.

"When I married you there were women who told me the way to hold a man was to keep him guessing, but what's the use if every time you ask him a riddle the



Drawing by Charlotte Weber-Ditzler

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**"WHAT A KID YOU ARE," SHE SAID TO THE BLUE EYES LOOKING INTO HERS**



man shakes his head and says: 'I give it up.' One trouble about you, Ned, is, you have no curiosity. Did you ever, for instance, notice this dress I have on?"

Bopps glanced at the black chiffon waist with the steel spangles and hesitated a moment before he spoke. "I—I don't know."

"Well, it's a handsome dress," Amy went on. "I bought it several months ago. It cost a lot of money and I thought it might please you. I wore it at dinner when we were alone here one night and you didn't notice it at all. It didn't even shock you. Really, Ned, it ought to have done that, but so far as you were concerned, it might have been a cotton shirt-waist."

"I work hard all day," Bopps protested, "and often I am tired at night and I can't understand how you expect me to notice everything. You know, after all, that I spend nearly all of my time working for you."

"That's just it, Ned; that's just it. I don't want you to spend all of your time working for me—I want you to squander some of it on me—just waste it on me foolishly. That's why I went out to dinner to-night. I wanted to hear some one say 'I love you.' I wanted to hear a man say that I looked well, that my dress was pretty. I wanted to see a man figuratively on his knees begging something of me; I wanted him to treat me as if I was made of a little finer clay than he was; I wanted to hear a man beg for a favor—not demand it. Since you married me have you ever looked at my calendar? No, I don't mean the calendar on the desk over there. I mean my calendar—the calendar every woman carries in her heart, with certain days marked in red on it. Wedding days, birthdays, Easter, Christmas and foolish anniversary days that should mean nothing except to you and to her."

"You know what I did at Christmas," he protested.

"I do, indeed," she said. "You gave me something which you could ill afford.

You told me so then, and you have told me of it many times since then. I should have been happier if you had given me a Christmas tree which you had dressed with your own hands—if you had only given me a stocking with a foolish toy."

Bopps got up and paced the floor, his hands clasped behind his back. "I don't know what you mean," he said, "I don't know what you mean." He glanced down at her, but she looked at him wide-eyed and as if he was something quite inanimate, as if he was a part of the furniture. The clock in the corner began to strike the hour, and for a few moments there was silence.

Amy got up and crossed to the door which led to her own room. "It's Thursday night, Ned," she said; "don't forget to wind the clock." She closed the door softly behind her and crossing the bedroom to her mirror stood listening, with her hands resting on the dressing-table. And then from the living-room came the sound of Bopps winding up the chains of the Dutch clock. Smilingly Amy looked at the face in the mirror before her. "What a kid you are," she said to the blue eyes looking into hers. "What a fool to talk to a man without a sense of humor."

With her knuckles still resting hard on the dressing-table she pressed her face close to the mirror and looked searchingly into the reflection of her own drawn white features, and for the moment she seemed to be looking into the eyes of all the girls she had ever known.

"What fools the most of us girls are," she whispered—"what dull, stupid fools! We think we are marrying men, but we're not. They're not real husbands—only janitors."

And then the face in the mirror suddenly became blurred. The girl's arms relaxed and she groped her way across the room, and throwing herself on the bed, pressed her wet burning eyes against the soft, cool linen. And from the outer room there came to her the sound of Bopps winding the clock.

## A MODERN MIRACLE

By Anne Story Allen

AUTHOR OF "MERRY HEARTS," ETC.

**A** LONG time ago, when I was very well and quite young, I used to think it would be a most delightful thing to have a diary, I think I called it a *journal*, that locked.

To inscribe the day's doings, your thoughts and feelings about them, your opinions of people; to pour out longings and heart-aches, and then to turn the key neatly on them all, and lay them away! It appealed to the secret, reserve side of me, and I meant some day to do it.

But I hadn't time then to do all the things there were to be done, let alone write any of them down. So the years slipped, galloped by.

Now I am too idle; there is nothing to write.

Of course, I can "inscribe"—I believe that was the word I used—my opinions of the people about me; but they are indifferent opinions.

My doctors, two gray-bearded torturers, who maltreat my poor back to the point of hysterical rebellion on my part, there's no particular idea I have about them, except an unholy wish that they would both fall dead while they are performing their evil rites. But others would spring up in their places. It is a waste of what tiny energy I still possess to "inscribe" a "longing" about them.

I put my "journal" away now. I hear them coming. Beasts! Torturers! Why can't they let me lie here and live, if I must, die if I can—without their assistance either way!



After a night of weakness and slowly vanishing pain, I "take my pen in hand"

—it is leaking badly, too. The gray-bearded ones yesterday brought a smooth-faced one with them, and the three of them went through a succession of manipulations that would have put thumbscrews and the rack on the list of incompetents. I have only a hazy idea what a rack was, but if it was anything more painful than the smooth-faced one's fingers as they played scales up and down my spine, then I take off my hat to the rack.

Of a sudden everything grew black, and it was a scratchy harsh black, not the soft nice black that it doesn't hurt to faint away into.

Then I heard one of the gray-bearded ones say: "Poor child, I don't believe her strength will stand it," and a voice close to my ear responded, "Throw that blanket over her, there's too much air."

I came out of the blackness into a soft gray that was restful and quiet. I whispered to the voice that had spoken last, "Let me stay here," and the voice answered, very softly, "You shall."

And it went on saying something to the other voices, and they grew farther away and murmured something about "coming to" and "in the library."

But I stayed still and quiet in the gray, and rested, and snuggled closer in it.

Then the sunlight came. There was Mandy, my maid, on her knees by me, and her dear old black face had two big tears on it.

I shut my eyes again, but the gray had disappeared and around from the head of my couch came the smooth-faced one.

I put out my hands to him and begged him not to play any more scales. "Of course not," he answered promptly, "once was enough, and you stood it well."



"Where is the gray?" I asked, closing my eyes again. "I wanted to stay in it." And I pushed away the glass he held to me.

He gave the glass to Mandy.

"Get her to take it," he said.



I've been too ill to see any one to-day, though mother came in a few moments.

"They consulted about you yesterday," she told me.

"If they'd only consulted!" I groaned.

"It seems that Lutzig and Braun are going to Germany; there's something going on there they're crazy to hear about. They've given you over to Dr. Varick."

Mother was trying to see if the bird in her new hat was at a pleasing angle.

"He's probably no worse than the others," I said wearily, "though he seemed so yesterday."

Mother let the bird alone and came around to my side.

"Alice," she said, "we must try to bear it."

I looked up at her.

"You're bearing it fairly well," I said.

"Now don't be sarcastic," she said. "You know, dear child, how I sympathize."

"Yes mother," I said. "I know how you sympathize."

"I think you should appreciate the fact that I have to leave your father and stay up North here with you."

"You don't need to," I said. "I'll give you back to father. I mustn't be selfish."

Then mother went away to her tailor's and a luncheon. Poor mother!

Then I sent a telegram to father: "Send for her. I want to be alone."

He will send.



My journal is taking to itself individuality. It is my confidante, my bosom

friend. I feel as if its name must be Celia. For once there was a girl named Celia that I loved. She was the only person, except Mandy, I ever could tell things to, and Mandy has always been my shadow; literally and figuratively, my large, fat, distorted, companionable shadow! One can always tell things to one's shadow.

But Celia died.

Why do I feel that she knows about my journal? Why do I feel that she knows about my poor battered back and aching spine? At times her little finger-tips follow the doctors' in their torture-journey, and their soothing is all that keeps me from crying aloud with pain and hopelessness.

For that is what is killing me!


I shall never walk again, never ride, never dance. Written down, the words look almost meaningless: Never walk—never ride—never dance! But when I whisper them to myself they are like the echoes of lost souls sweeping by me in vain search of some vanished earthly happiness.

Nev-er walk, nev-er ride, nev-er walk—nev-er ride! They beat themselves in a rhythm on my brain at night, and my brain takes it up and echoes it throughout my sleep.

Why need it have been? If Eleanor must have gone with us that morning, after she had said no, why did I offer her my horse and take, myself, old Hatter, who stumbles as naturally as he breathes. Why did I forget Hatter, stumbling, everything except the morning air, and the pink coats, and the cry of the hounds? Why did I jump? Why need I fall? God must have forgotten me that morning. He must have been looking out for the rest that took the fence so safely, then turned away, as a daring, foolish little creature on a big, half-blind horse leaped into the air gallantly, to fall—so ignominiously. As long as you live, dear little Celia-Journal, you will never know, I can never put in words,

the vision that flashed over me as we fell.

It was as if I saw that it might have been Eleanor, but it was I. Oh, God, it was I!




It is nice that I have a journal, and it is nice that I want to write in it.

Mother has gone South to-day. She will have her teas and luncheons, and the women that haven't been North this year will know all about the New York fashions and fads. And they all will ask about me, and mother will shake her pretty blond head and say: "Poor Alice, she takes it so hard!" Then they will talk about Eleanor's engagement to my cousin Hollis, and some of them will say to themselves, "Poor Alice!" again. And they won't know that I don't care; that I'm glad he is going to marry her.

It was I who broke our engagement, he who insisted it should not be broken. They wept at the plighting of their troth. And yet they were not to blame. Love goes whither it will.

The sun shines into my pretty room, and flowers scent the air. Mandy croons in a low chair as she mends some lace my impatient fingers have torn.


It is time for the new doctor. Stay very close to me, little Celia, with your tender touch.



The smooth-faced one is tall and broad. The others were stooped and narrow. The others gazed at me with gentle eyes of pity. He has a frank, clear glance that meets mine squarely.

It rains to-day. All morning on my window panes the rain-drops have pelted, and I have closed my eyes and have seen the woods with their dripping trees and wet glistening paths, and have breathed in the cold, damp, fragrant air of autumn storm.

No pain to-day!



Last night Mandy said Psalms to me as I tried to sleep. She repeats them fragmentarily, inaccurately, tenderly, hopefully.

"De Lord am my shepherd."

"I shall not want."


"Sho'ly goodness and mercy will foller me all my days."

"He shall cover thee with His feathers."

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night."

I made her say that over and over again, and the last one I remember was: "He shall give His angels charge over thee."

It seemed like a prophecy and a promise.



I wonder, little Celia-Journal, if you are one of the angels Mandy's psalm tells about. Surely your sympathetic spirit lives between these brown covers and flies to meet me when I unfasten this tiny padlock.

And Mandy is another angel, a nice, big, cozy, black angel, with room in her lap for a tired, aching head, and room in her heart for me and all my pains and tiresome moanings.

I told her as much this morning.

"Laws, honey, Miss Alice," she said, "I ain't a angel. I'm just yo' nuss and yo' maid. But if it'll accommerdate you or any them lil' pretty ideas o' yours, why Mandy'll be a angel fer yer."

And maybe the new doctor is an angel, a great big man-angel, with strong, broad invisible wings.

He floats in—walks in, I mean, and a touch of strength comes to me. I almost move sometimes to go to meet him. There is something remarkable about him, though he is far from the breezy, knock-



IT IS NICE THAT I HAVE A JOURNAL, AND IT IS NICE THAT I WANT TO WRITE IN IT

things-over kind, that you associate with people of exceptional vital force.

I almost laughed the other day while he was here. I thought this out suddenly, the man-angel part, and he looked up and caught me broadly grinning at him.

He smiled back.

"I was thinking how you'd look with wings," I said brilliantly, and could feel my face crimson.

He looked at me sharply for a moment, then the smile twitched again at the corners of his mouth.

"They'd be mighty convenient," he said, "when my horses get lame and the auto breaks down."

He finished a little powder and came over to me.

"Don't think too much," he said. "Read mush and rest and—*don't care.*"

He put his hand on my forehead.

"Cool as a cucumber," he said. "You're a plucky little girl."

And I said meekly, "Thank you," and cried a little when he was gone.

It's nice to have a big, kind man-angel around, but you miss him when he goes.



I sent for a lot of "mush" novels. They have come, and are in a row on the low book-stand at the side of my couch.

The man-angel picked one up to-day.

"O Tender Dolores," he read. "A woman has courage to send a book out with a title like that."

"And as likely as not she wasn't tender at all," I said. "Do they look mushy enough?"

"They'll do, I think," he answered.

"It seems an insult to one's brain," I complained.

"Your brain won't consider them an insult. Maybe they will serve as an air cushion. Your brain cells have been most uncommonly overworked these last months; they must feel good and bruised."

"They are numb, most of the time," I told him. "They wake up at intervals and howl."

"Next time they howl read this," he laughed, and threw "Dolores" on the couch.

So I read it and let its soft, sentimental waters lap about me, and really, like "Emma Jane," I "had no thoughts of any kind" for the rest of the afternoon.



Once a prince walked in his garden, and a wild rose lay at his feet. Its slender stem was broken; its petals drooped. He stooped and picked it up and held it tenderly.

"Here are flowers, prince," called the nobles and ladies about him. "Perfect flowers of beauty and rare perfume."

But the prince smiled and waved them away.

And they whispered among themselves: "He is thinking of the princess who lies helpless. Poor prince!"

But the prince carried the rose to his palace and the princess nursed it in a glass.

"My two wild roses!" whispered the prince-sweetheart.

And the princess-sweetheart kissed him and was happy.



There was a pearl, and it had no setting, and lovers of jewels passed it by.

But one lover saw it. He took it, casket and all, and soon a tiny band of gold encircled the pearl, and the lover wore it next his heart.

And once a soul lay bruised and crushed. A good saint came her way, and poured the wine of life out for her, and the bread of hope he broke for her.

And when the poor, bruised soul was healed, the saint—the good saint—went his way and—

Oh, little Celia-Journal, what are these thoughts that creep out from your brown covers and trace themselves in my handwriting on your pages? My little friend.

who died and left me, had strange fancies that she wove, in childish language, into a fairy carpet whereon we both would float in Happy Land. Since then I've never cared for fairy tales.

She died and left me. At any rate she died.



The two gray-whiskered, bent and narrow ones returned last week. To-day they came into my room like memories.

"Well," said one, "she seems to have survived our absence."

He looked for my approval of his jest. I tried to answer, but my heart was on my lips.

It meant—no big man-angel to give me life and courage; no one coming to the door, toward whom I make vain but involuntary effort to rise and greet. It meant no good saint, only two physicians, Lutzig and Braun, highly respected, and the most expensive in the city.

But the second, the one who does not rub his hands together, said:

"Are you satisfied, child? Is Varick doing well for you?"

And I answered:

"He is doing well for me."

After a while they went. To-day he came and is to come.

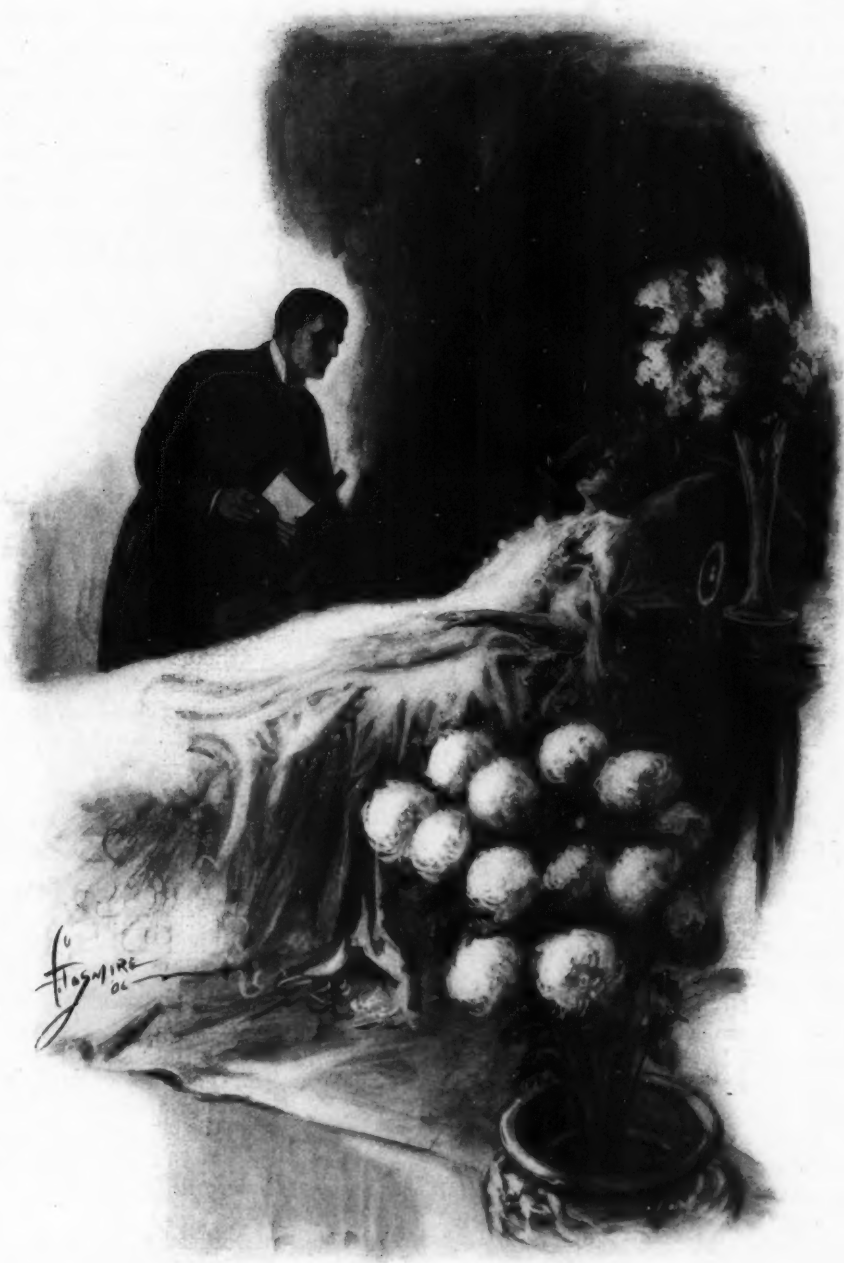
Truly when the gods threaten they do it oftentimes in play.

To-day I am much better. I shall never walk, but one can be almost quite well and never walk.



The days are fuller now. I read, so that my mind will not grow dull and self-centered. And I write letters home, to mother, and father, to Eleanor, and one or two to Hollis.

Their wedding comes this week. How glad I am they are to be happy. There is not a tiniest regret nor any thoughts of



THE MAN-ANGEL PICKED ONE UP TO-DAY. "O TENDER DOLORES," HE READ



them but those of love and good will. All lovers should be happy.

Mandy sits and croons again in the low chair and—here is the good saint of healing coming. You must hide, little Celia!

He sat and talked a while to-day.

I asked him what made him think of spines and hips and twisted bones to study about.

He had a sister once. A beautiful soul within a tortured body. As a boy he watched her grow more beautiful and more misshapen. He suffered with her; when she died he made a vow.

He sold all there was to sell, and went to college. He worked, did what there was to do to earn the money to finish his course; then came special courses, and so on.

"And now," I said, "you know her life-suffering was not in vain."

He looked at me quickly.

"I am glad I told you," was all he said.

But he took my hand as he left.

"Sometimes," he said slowly, "your eyes look like my sister's. Yet you do not suffer any more. That's over."

"So," I said, "I do not suffer any more."

"What is it then?"

"I wish sometimes that I were going to—to be like other women."

"Like other women? How?"

"I want to walk."

There was a dead silence. I heard him draw his breath quickly.

"But you will walk!"

I opened my eyes. I had not dared to look at him before.

"Don't," I said, faintly. "You must not. It only makes it harder."

"I heard," I went on. "I heard, the day you came. You all were in the room beyond these. The register was open. The words came through. But then, I knew before."

He leaned down and took my hand from my side where my heart beat in heavy throbs that hurt me.

"You said," I could hardly gasp the words, "you said, 'she'll never walk a step again.' I heard you."

His face changed. He still held my hand, and he sank on a footstool by me.

"Listen," he said very quietly, "I was speaking of another case, another case entirely. I said there was hope for you, I thought. But, unfortunately, you didn't hear that. I must have turned this way as I spoke of the other; she will never walk another step, poor soul!"

His eyes looked so truthfully into mine! Then he added:

"She is a woman old enough to be your grandmother."

I only looked at him.

He leaned closer.

"Don't you believe me?"

I shook my head.

A flood of color swept his face.

"I'm sorry," he said and started to rise. But I clung to his hand.

"I thank you, though," I said to him, "I know you meant—"

"Never mind what I meant—" he interrupted more roughly than I had ever heard him speak, and he laid my hand down on the cover, gently, and was gone.

Mandy says he will not be here for a week. I shall not need him, for the pain is gone. I almost wish—a week!



Four nights ago I slept badly. Poor Mandy was up and down all night waiting on a fretful, wakeful mistress.

"I'm goin' send for de doctor, if you carries on like dat to-night, Miss Alice, honey," she said next day. "He'll quiet you, sure 'nuff."

I was ashamed. It seemed, by daylight, as though I could have helped it, and when night came again, I lay quite still and counted sheep. But they grew so many! There were fields and fields of them!

Then my eyes opened wide, my hands twitched, and always those horrible crowding sheep looked at me with reproachful eyes.



THE TWO GRAY-WHISKERED, BENT AND NARROW ONES RETURNED LAST WEEK

Then Mandy moved toward the telephone, but I saw and stopped her.

"Is it such a dreadful thing," I asked her, "that I should be awake a few hours? I don't mind it in the least. Bring me a book."

Poor Mandy brought the book. I bade her sleep.

She answered "Yes, Miss Alice," in a heart-broken voice, and I flung the book aside and beckoned her to me.

"Say the Psalms," I whispered.

And she sobbed, in tearful relief, "De Lord am my shepherd, I shall not want."

I let her go on. But I do want, I do!



Last night the pain came back. I could

have stood it, only that I had had no rest.

But I told myself I did not need him—and I would not send.

Then Mandy crept away, and as I lay there moaning, little moans of pain and self-pity, there was a long stride across the floor, and a voice close to my ear.

I reached up my hands.

"Oh, good saint—" I began. Then I realized I was saying it aloud and I stopped.

He asked no questions, only called for hot water, fingered a needle swiftly, and a sharp little pain shot up my arm.

Then his hand smoothed the hair from my forehead, while grim pain and all its cohorts swept backward into oblivion; a softness crept to my pillows and heaviness to my limbs.



To-day he talked with me about the accident. He led me on to tell him how it happened, what I thought when I fell, and all the morbid horrid details that make of a catastrophe a vivid picture photographed on one's brain.

"Who picked you up?" he asked.

"Hollis," I told him.

"He is—?"

"My cousin. He was my fiancé."

"I did not know."

"There's nothing to know. He marries Eleanor next week."

"Eleanor?"

"The girl who rode *my* horse."

He looked at me soberly.

"Fate certainly had it up her sleeve for you," he said.

"One can't give up what doesn't really belong to one," I said. "The *horse* was mine."

"If you don't mind a bit more catechizing, do you remember what words you first heard after you fell?"

I smiled. I think it wasn't a pleasant smile.

"Mother was crying," I told him, "Never walk again!" she was almost screaming. 'Why, she might as well be dead.' I rather agreed with her."

He bit his lip.

"I shouldn't have told you literally," I said, reproaching myself. It is always a temptation to speak bitterly when I let myself talk of that time.

"That is just what I wanted—a literal account," he assured me.

"I felt," I went on, "as if earth and sky had met and I was in between them. Then mother's well-timed exclamation, then Mandy's weepings and calling on the Lord to spare me; then Hollis's scared looks when he came near me! Later his insisting that he should marry me, that a little thing like getting about as other women do wasn't going to make a cad of him; and finally Eleanor's confession, poor child, that they were getting up

their courage to tell me they'd fallen in love with each other when my little affair took place and closed their mouths. Oh, it all came in orderly sequence, but by the time I came North it was like a dreadful dream—the only part that was real was me."

And then he rose to go.

"Forgive the questionings," he said.

"They're over."



To-day a big, big bunch of roses came. The card read: "From an inquisitor."

I sent a line of thanks.

Oh, Celia-Journal, if I had not you to tell these things to!

Sometimes, after your small hands close my eyes to slumber, and I feel their soft caressings, the same touch that in childhood used to soothe me, it seems that suddenly, in their stead, firmer and longer fingers pressed my eyelids down and lay along my forehead.

It may be shame to any woman to think these things of any man who has said no word of love to her. But the fragrance of his roses sends a madness over me.

His voice, I hear it when he's far away, is striving and compelling and tender; and the sound of his step and the echo of his laugh are company for me when the days and the nights are long.

And if it be a shame for a woman to love, then shamed am I. A blessed shame!

And no one but you, little Journal, will ever know.



One day last week, when he came in, I made a movement as if to rise to meet him. He looked at me oddly.

"It seems so strange, even yet, to lie still and greet one's friends."

It was poorly thought up. He is my physician, and one does not run to meet the family doctor, as a rule.

"You have those impulses often, now that you are better, don't you?" he asked. "That is natural. It shows that nature is tapping away at the roots."

"I wish she'd tap a little harder," I said, "then I'd be on my feet. But truthfully, I can't say I feel it very keenly, except when you come."

Then I turned a bright scarlet.

But I plunged boldly on. "Ever since you first came," I found myself saying, "I have that queer feeling that I must get up. Have you been saying telepathically to me, 'Get up and walk, lazy girl?'"

To my surprise, he turned as red as I.

"Well, no, not exactly," he answered, "but I'd try it if I thought it would make you."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't, quite," I laughed.



His eyes are blue. Strange I have never known it.

Some day they will look on a woman as I have dreamed they looked on me.

Oh, blessed little Celia-friend. Can't you whisper through the silence and tell me how to take this love from my heart, where it aches and throbs and cries out in its loneliness? God loved you when he took you all too young to know a woman's heart-ache.



"I don't think you need me any more," he said to-day.

I took hold of the coverlet, and smiled back at him.

"Have I been such a troublesome patient that you are going to cast me off?"

"I'm not going to cast you off," he said. "I'm coming just the same, if I may. I hope I'm your friend now, and when I come you must forget I'm a physician."

"I'm under orders," I said. "I'll forget anything I'm told to."

He looked at me seriously. How blue his eyes are, dark blue, that turn almost black when he speaks so earnestly.

"I wish you would or could," he said.

Then he changed the subject.

What could he have meant? What does he want me to forget? It can't be Hollis. I have told him that plainly—too plainly, I thought, that he is nothing to me.

What can it be? My suffering? But I have nearly forgotten that, too. He must see how contented, how nearly happy I am when he is here. And surely he is not second-sighted to see my foolish complaints when he is not here. And not a word do I speak except to you, little brown book. Not even to dear dumb Mandy, who watches me with questioning looks.

I heard him talking to her the other day. Can he have suggested that I go South? Back to father and mother, to lie on a couch there and be pitied!



I called Mandy then.

"Did Dr. Varick say anything to you about me?" I asked her sharply.

Then I bethought myself that I was prying.

"I mean, Mandy," I said more gently, "did he think we'd better go home South—you and I?"

"Law, no, honey, he never said a single word 'bout us goin' away from here."

I've thought and thought.

Can it be that there is something yet untried, something that would hurt—torture me, and he does not dare to speak of it to me? Have I proved myself such a coward in pain? Ah, yes, I was a coward. But I am stronger. And if he would hold my hands tight, tight, I think, maybe, I could bear anything he told me to.

I shall ask him.



I ROSE AND WENT TOWARD HIM





More roses came to-day.

"To remind you of the South," the card said.

But I do not want to be reminded of the South. I want the North.

The snow is sifting down in fine white flakes, and opposite my windows the bare branches of a tree have taken on white blankets. I want it all, the North, the cold, the snow, even the helplessness of lying here, as long as everything is as it is; as long as the roses come to tell me about him; as long as his tall, strong figure stands in my doorway on the happy days of the week; as long as his voice calls, "Well, little Southerner!" and sets the blood tingling warm in my veins.

I want the North as long as all this is unchanged.

When the roses cease to come, when my doorway is forever empty, when I can not hear his voice, then the South, or any place to hide in!

I shall tear out these last pages. I have been reading them over. Will it hurt you, Celia-Journal, to tear these intimate confidences from you? Will you take back your sympathy, your understanding of me, if I do?



I asked him to-day. He seemed a little startled.

"Nowadays," he told me, "there always seems just one more thing to try, even when a case seems hopeless."

"And you are afraid it will hurt me too much?" I said.

He shook his head.

"I am afraid, sometimes, you will not respond."

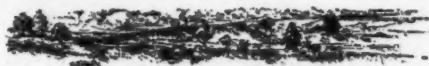
"If there is *any* chance," I said eagerly, "any chance at all—"

"Will you believe there *is* a chance if I tell you so?"

"I will," I said.

"Then I have gained that much," he said, almost as if to himself.

A chance!



If I could stand on my feet! If I could walk about the room, could greet him when he comes, could have the color of health on these pale cheeks—perhaps. They used to call me beautiful! Now my mirror shows a white, white face and dark, staring, hateful eyes. My hair looks dull and ugly, and my prettiest gowns are, after all, shapeless lounging robes, *invalid* dresses! Bah, how I hate the word!

And he is full of life and strength and magnetism. I draw from him! What could I give to him? Nothing, nothing! I tire of it all! The thinking, the tiny hopes, the swift dying of those hopes.

There is no chance. He only tried to comfort me. Yet I must believe him or my belief in God himself is dead.



They say the clouds are lined with silver, but it is not so. At least some light, light cloud may have a silver lining, but the blackest, thickest clouds, the clouds that wrap around and beat you down and try to smother you are lined with gold, pure gold, and set with diamonds of light.

Yesterday—it was yesterday, though my heart says it was a year ago—he came. He was nervous and ill at ease, and I rallied him on his restlessness.

"You have a bad conscience," I told him.

"If it were only my conscience," he said.

Then I was still, for I knew that something troubled him.

"Can you tell me?" I began.

"I must tell you," he said. "Will you listen carefully?"

Suddenly he sat down; almost across the room the chair was, but opposite my couch and where I could see him clearly.

"If I can help—" I murmured uneasily.

I was afraid.

"I love a woman," he began abruptly, "love her dearly." I heard his voice through rushing waters. "She is very beautiful, an angel for sweetness and gentleness."

"Why—why do you tell me?" I could hear my voice quavering out the foolish question.

"This woman," he went on, "is in the hands of a power that holds her a slave. It is wrong for her to submit to it. How can I tell her? How make her break her chains?"

*She is married, I thought.*

For a moment a cruel joy took possession of me. He could not have her. It would be wrong. If he asked me I should tell him so.

"Shall I tell her to throw off this accursed bondage? Shall I?"

He leaned toward me and I thought I was going to say "No, no, it would be wrong."

But I could not. Thank God. Even while I thought—

This is what I did say.

"Yes, tell her. Make her yours. *I want you happy.*"

"Alice!"

What did it mean? In that one speaking of my name the black cloud began to break, and one of its diamond lights twinkled through. I raised myself toward him.

"Alice, you are the woman. Can't you see? Don't you *know? Come to me!*"

He stood, but did not move. He stretched out his arms and I—ah, if I had been twice dead I think I should have come to life.

I rose from my couch and went toward him. I reached my haven. And the voice I love was in my ear, the arms I love about me.

Then his words, broken and breathless, came to me.

"My little girl! My little girl!"

He carried me back to the couch, and the gold of those black clouds wrapped us about.

I told him how I loved him, quite shamelessly; and I held his hand tight.

And finally I said: "And if you will hold me, I will have *anything* done to cure me. I *must* be well for you."

Then he laughed, but it sounded almost like crying.

"Have you forgotten, sweetheart, that you *walked* to me?" he said.

*I had forgotten.*



To-day we were married. It is only a week from that dark cloudy day, that turned such golden weather, but he would have it so.

And to-night we go aboard the ship that takes us across to Happy Land.

Ah, little Celia-friend, I've gotten back into that land where you and I once traveled. Only our journeys were in fancy.

This is real.



## TRUE AMERICAN CULTURE

*By Lewis Worthington Smith*



HIS is the age of short cuts to everything. Schemes for getting rich while the other man sleeps are no more numerous than schemes for attaining at a cheap rate to the blessings of general culture. This is but a natural outcome of the democratic spirit. In the first establishment of it among men, equality was but a matter of sharing alike in the privileges of the ballot. When it appeared that men still were not equal, the man who suffered most under the sense of the inequality discovered that the acquisition of a few more dollars would make him just as good as any man that walked the planet. Then that delusion vanished. In its place a large body of good Americans have established knowledge as the touchstone of personal worth. It is a good fetish. There are still several millions of people, perhaps, who could advance their idolatry one stage nearer to the religion of humanity by making it their object of worship. There are, too, some hundreds who bow before it with a too sincere devotion, for adoption of the cult of knowledge has some strange inconsistencies.

In the first place, we have countless thousands of devotees of the good and the beautiful and the inspiring who are accumulating facts industriously and rejoicing with pitiful innocence in the stores they gather. Of the scientist they learn that he had this difficulty, that he overcame that obstacle, that he established the truth of these deductions. Of the poet they learn that he was married early, that he wrote what the critics account his best poetry before he was forty, that in the immortal lines known to every one he tells us unmistakably that the world is a devil's smithy.

Now, it will forever be impossible to persuade some people that knowledge and intelligence do not constitute culture. Culture is but a state of mind for which knowledge is but a prerequisite, an experience for which intelligence is only the preparation and condition, a perception of the value of things for which things themselves but furnish the opportunity and the occasion. To learn how some delver into the hidden secrets of earth discovered a law of nature is not to be lifted up in spirit with the discoverer as he saw the vital consequences to flow from his long search for the elusive truth. To trace the devious course of human emancipation from the shackles of wrong and error is not to grow free ourselves. To know the meaning of some poet-prophet's message is not to take the divine fire to one's own breast.

Let those who must be content with the shadows of things get what joy of them they can, but let us not help to deceive them. Things, ideas, sentiments must always receive their value from the appreciative capacities of him who knows them, holds them, takes them to his heart. The light that never was on sea or land I half create myself or it does not glow for me at all. Perhaps it is enough, if I sometimes can make the man who stands beside me believe that I really see what he can never see, what he could never hope to understand.

## ON GETTING STARTED

By Osmer Lewis Shepard

"One for the money,  
Two for the show,  
Three to make ready,  
And Fo-o-our to go!"

IN this bit of child-rhyme is the quintessence of deliberative reluctance. It is a sort of fencing with the inevitable, and at the envoy's end, Fate ever cries, "I touch!" But it is more than this. The child, by its repetition, nerves himself for the doing of some rash deed, the bare thought of which afterward makes him shudder. It is thus at once a key for screwing up courage and a release-pawl of performance.

To juvenile onlookers, it is the best short story in the world. It has the element of suspense, an almost unbearable cumulation of horrified interest. The natural elocution with which it is always delivered heightens the effect. Then comes the climax, not in words, but in a thrilling action. We hold our breath—. The deed is done, and the lad scrambles to his feet, laughing. It is the happy ending. He is safe. Perhaps it was not such a foolhardy act after all.

Oh, for a like formula, suited to my adult needs! If I but had some strong, manly verses, vibrant with auto-suggestion, verses which would bear me forcibly up to the point of action; then, indeed, I might yet perform some useful work. Lacking such, I waste a good half of my time in trying to get started, and the other half in remorse for not having done so. Instead of swinging my arms, chanting a potent incantation, and jumping *in medias res*, I spend the hours in self-search for ability, argument with fears, and weak concessions to present ease. In the end, I have no better excuse to offer

for barren days than that given to the master of Christ's Hospital by a lad who had neglected to do his Latin exercises; "Sir, I had a lethargy!"

This lethargy is not, with me, so much a hatred of work as it is a sort of moral paralysis which forbids a beginning. "Wait a minute," is the prelude to a debate which too often ends with "What's the use?" This habit of questioning every impulse to action is the worst of all time-devourers. If it were only about important matters that I thus considered, it might pass for judicious preparation. But I fritter away the golden hour over petty tasks inseparable from decent living, little jobs which, if done promptly and habitually, require a few minutes only, but which, if made to wait upon deliberation, consume whole days.

For example, the will to shave and put on a fresh collar is lost in the thought that I neither intend to go out, nor expect visitors to-day. Again, it is too wet to hoe my beans, or too warm to expose myself. If I turn over a packet of unanswered letters, I find the first quite too recent to warrant so quick a transfer of the obligation. The next is just old enough, but it was so long coming that I must be revenged on its dilatory writer. The next has been neglected so long that I am now ashamed to answer it. And the next, which happens to be E—W—'s, is so good that I must wait until I am in a fine fettle of what he calls "cordial discursiveness." Thus, from morning till night, I argue down my obligations.

By far the most severe battle of all marks the day's beginning. What accomplished lie-abed does not recall Elia's eloquent treatment of the popular fallacy "That we should rise with the lark?" He

begins: "At what precise minute that little airy musician doffs his night gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalists enough to determine. But for a mere human gentleman—that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises—we take ten, or half after ten (eleven, of course, during this Christmas solstice), to be the very earliest hour at which he can think of abandoning his pillow. To think of it, we say; for to do it in earnest requires another half-hour's good consideration." Then follows his beautiful analysis of that deliberation, which with him, rare spirit that he was, partook of a melancholy preparation for death.

The trouble of dressing is, indeed, no small matter. So little a thing as a broken shoestring is sometimes sufficient cause of ten minutes' "good consideration."

Thus begins the interminable debate with insignificant duties. More days are lost by this matutinal hesitation than by any other cause whatsoever; for in a day's work, as in a foot-race, a good start is indispensable. It is the one who can "get away" with most dispatch, who loses no time in useless gyrations, that is most likely to make a clean finish. One little surrender to the demon of indolence in the morning, and you must wear his chains throughout the day.

Once up, the literary man who is responsible to no taskmaster but his own conscience, unless that conscience happens to be of unusual sensitiveness, continues the endless quarrel with work. He seizes upon any excuse that he may avoid a real beginning. He says, "I shall be able to work much faster if I first clean up my desk and put my papers in order." With the idea that he is facilitating matters, he tinkers up useless shelves and boxes. Then, his typewriter needs cleaning and oiling. About the time that is done, the mail arrives. He must look through it, of course, for anything needing prompt

attention. An hour later he awakes to realize that he has wasted the time over advertising circulars. It is then too late to think of work before dinner. The afternoon melts away as did the morning—the evening, likewise. Then, at last, if he has just a grain of self-respect, he begins, about 9 p. m., to work feverishly, and continues to scribble until midnight. At last, he again resolves to "get up early," and drops upon a troubled bed to dream of wasted years and unrewarded genius.

When such puttering becomes a fixed habit of mind, the schedule of life is broken; and, unless quickly repaired, one is in a fair way of becoming the driving slave of chronic idleness, that "Nurse of Naughtiness," as it is called by the melancholy Burton. Lazybones is aware of this, but he drones on, fearful of the day of reckoning which he knows will surely come.

When, I ask, does this idle fellow expect to accomplish that for which he came into the world? To-morrow.

To-morrow! O golden day! Then the birds will waken us early; the air will be fresh and clear; courage will be high and hope strong; thoughts will be free; the hand sure and the feet light. We shall then go to our work rejoicing, even as a strong man to run his course. It will be a fruitful time. The results of that day's activities will unfold through the coming years, forming, at last, the perfect blossom of success. Then will begin our sufficient excuse for having lived, the initial step of our justification.

To-morrow! Thou Baldric of Porthos, all glittering with rich embroidery when seen in front, but in the rearward view presenting only an expanse of shoddy material! What a flat, stale, unprofitable time was yesterday! What paralysis of good intentions marked thy hours! what ineffectual efforts to make a worthy beginning! what weak struggles to shake off the ponderous daymare of lethargy. *Anathema sit!*



"Let that day be darkness;  
 Let not God regard it from above.  
 Neither let the light shine upon it.  
 Let darkness and the shadow of death  
     claim it for their own;  
 Let a cloud dwell upon it;  
 Let all that maketh black the day terrify  
     it."

In childhood, each day was in itself a sufficient friend. To-day was then to us all that we now hope for the morrow. We accepted it as wholly beautiful when it came, nor turned disdainfully from the present time to ask a better. Even in our little bedtime prayer, "Now I lay me," there was no hint of a petition for the next day's happiness. We knew that it would be but another to-day, and all to-days were happy.

Happy, indeed! Who can forget the quiet exultation of his little person in the balmy airs of spring and the life-giving warmth of summer? Who can erase childhood memories of the intoxicating charm of the winter fireside? Over all, over every hour of both winter and summer, was the mysterious glory of a new world. Everything was so interesting! Any box might contain undreamed-of treasures. Any block of wood, if split apart, might reveal a wonderful secret. Every bush was a burning bush. The winds whispered; the birds talked. Day unto day uttered speech, and night unto night showed knowledge. Yesterday was blotted out by the joyful activities of the present. To-morrow was left unreservedly to God. To-day was the time of delight, and it was very long.

It is the memory of those happy years that makes the present seem so mean in comparison. Now, we are unable to decide upon any time as propitious when it has arrived. We no longer perceive the reality of to-day. Every morning brings its own cares; why should we think of starting new ones? We are deafened by the clamor of our restless souls. We no longer hear the winds and the birds speak

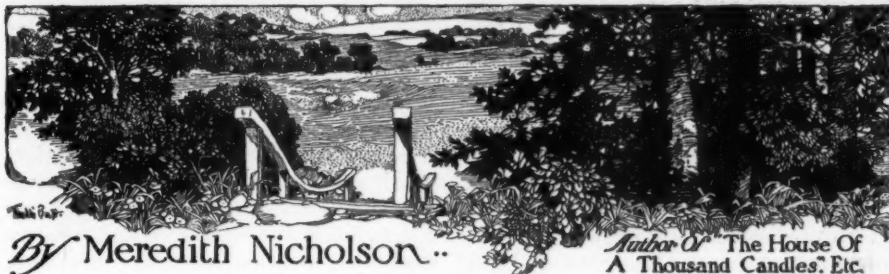
to us. Every box now contains only common things, or at best, but sad mementoes of happier times. And it is this very remembrance of a time when we were not so troubled that inclines us to project fondly into the future a hope of its renewal. To-morrow, we say; ever, to-morrow!

When was it we first let go of the rich life in the present (the only real life we have) and began to look forward to something better yet to come? When, in fact, did we begin to die? It was at that moment in which we first knew regret for yesterday. Since then we have been waning gradually, and have become, at last, so moribund that we are awake to nothing save the promise of an eternity in which to make up wasted time, forgetting that we must again become as little children if we would enter into that inheritance.

The years pass. We manage, somehow, to keep out of the poorhouse. Yet, we are always sighing for some artificial stimulus like the child-rhyme, that will nerve us up to our full duty and give a finish to our half-hearted endeavors. It is only as we near the end that we discover that the simple quatrain, which we thought we had outgrown, is an epitome of our whole life.

"One for the money," has been ever our first consideration. We have held it steadily in mind from the day our struggles began. "Two for the show," has been a close second in our hearts. We have striven to make as much display as possible with the money we have acquired, and sometimes, if ours has proved insufficient, with other people's. A time comes, at last, when we begin to sicken of it all, and then, "Three to make ready." Money no longer satisfies; show disgusts. Readiness is the thing for us. Readiness for what? To go! "And Four to go!" And we are gone! Let us hope that we shall experience the happy anti-climax of childhood, and find that it is not such a terrible thing after all.

# THE PORT of MISSING MEN



## CHAPTER V

### A LOST CIGARETTE CASE

*He's gone, and who knows how he may report  
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?*

—MILTON.

THE man clenched Armitage about the body with his legs while he struck a match on a box he produced from his pocket. The suddenness with which he had been flung into the kitchen had knocked the breath out of Armitage, and the huge thighs of his captor pinned his arms tight. The match spurted fire and he looked into the face of the servant whom he had seen in the room above. His round head was covered with short, wire-like hair that grew low upon his narrow forehead. Armitage noted, too, the man's bull-like neck, small sharp eyes and bristling mustache. The fitful flash of the match disclosed the rough furniture of a kitchen; the brick flooring and his wet inverness lay cold at Armitage's back.

The fellow growled an imprecation in Servian; then with ponderous difficulty asked a question in German.

"Who are you and what do you want here?"

Armitage shook his head; and replied in English:

"I do not understand."

The man struck a series of matches

that he might scrutinize his captive's face, then ran his hands over Armitage's pockets to make sure he had no arms. The big fellow was clearly puzzled to find that he had caught a gentleman in water-soaked evening clothes lurking in the area, and as the matter was beyond his wits it only remained for him to communicate with his master. This, however, was not so readily accomplished. He had reasons of his own for not calling out, and there were difficulties in the way of holding the prisoner and at the same time bringing down the men who had gone to the most distant room in the house for their own security.

Several minutes passed during which the burly Servian struck his matches and took account of his prisoner; and meanwhile Armitage lay perfectly still, his arms fast numbing from the rough clasp of the stalwart servant's legs. There was nothing to be gained by a struggle in this position, and he knew that the Servian would not risk losing him in the effort to summon the odd pair who were bent over their papers at the top of the house. The Servian was evidently a man of action.

"Get up," he commanded, still in rough German, and he rose in the dark and

jerked Armitage after him. There was a moment of silence in which Armitage shook and stretched himself, and then the Servian struck another match and held it close to a revolver which he held pointed at Armitage's head.

"I will shoot," he said, again in his halting German.

Something in the fellow's manner made Armitage laugh. He had been caught and he did not at once see any safe issue out of his predicament; but his plight had its preposterous side and the ease with which he had been taken at the very outset of his quest touched his humor. Then he sobered instantly and concentrated his wits upon the immediate situation.

The Servian backed away with a match upheld in one hand and the leveled revolver in the other, leaving Armitage in the middle of the kitchen.

"I am going to light a lamp and if you move I will kill you," admonished the fellow, and Armitage heard his feet scraping over the brick floor of the kitchen as he backed toward a table that stood against the wall near the outer door.

Armitage stood perfectly still. The neighborhood and the house itself were quiet; the two men in the third-story room were probably engrossed with the business at which Armitage had left them; and his immediate affair was with the Servian alone. The fellow continued to mumble his threats; but Armitage had resolved to play the part of an Englishman who understood no German, and he addressed the man sharply in English several times to signify that he did not understand.

The Servian half turned toward his prisoner, the revolver in his left hand, while with the fingers of his right he felt laboriously for a lamp that had been revealed by the intermittent flashes of the matches.

"You will go to that corner," he said, when the job was done, and translated for his prisoner's benefit with a gesture of the revolver.

"Anything to please you, worthy fellow," replied Armitage, and he obeyed with amiable alacrity. The man's object was to get him as far from the inner door as possible while he called help from above, which was, of course, the wise course from his point of view, as Armitage recognized.

Armitage stood with his back against a rack of pots; the table was at his left and beyond it the door opening upon the court; a barred window was at his right; opposite him was another door that communicated with the interior of the house and disclosed the lower steps of a rude stairway leading upward. The Servian now closed and locked the outer kitchen door with care, and backing away toward the inner door with his revolver still pointed at Armitage's head he began calling lustily up the narrow stair-well in Servian, changing in a moment to German. He made a ludicrous figure, as he held his revolver at arm's length, craning his neck into the passage, and howling until he was red in the face. He paused to listen, then renewed his cries, while Armitage, with his back against the rack of pots, studied the room and made his plans.

"There is a thief here! I have caught a thief!" yelled the Servian, now exasperated by the silence above. Then, as he relaxed a moment and turned to make sure that his revolver still covered Armitage, there was a sudden sound of steps above and a voice bawled angrily down the stairway:

"Zmai, stop your noise and tell me what's the trouble."

It was the voice of Durand speaking in the Servian dialect; and Zmai opened his mouth to explain.

As the big fellow roared his reply Armitage snatched from the rack a heavy iron boiling-pot, swung it high by the bail with both hands and let it fly with all his might at the Servian's head, upturned in the earnestness of his bawling. On the instant the revolver roared loudly in the narrow kitchen and Armitage seized the brass lamp and flung it from him upon

the hearth, where it fell with a great clatter without exploding.

It was instantly pitch dark. The Servian had gone down like a felled ox and Armitage at the threshold leaped over him into the hall, past the rear stairs down which the men were stumbling, cursing volubly as they came.

Armitage had assumed the existence of a front stairway, and now that he was launched upon an unexpected adventure, he was in a humor to prolong it for a moment, even at further risk. He crept along a dark passage to the front door, found and turned the key to provide himself with a ready exit; then as he heard the men from above stumble over the prostrate Servian he bounded up the front stairway, gained the second floor, then the third, and readily found by its light the room that he had observed earlier from the outside.

Below there was a smothered confusion as Durand and Chauvenet sought to grasp the unexpected situation that confronted them. He hurriedly turned over the packets of papers that lay on the table. They were claims of one kind and another against several South and Central American republics, chiefly for naval and military supplies, and he merely noted their general character. They were, on the face of it, certified accounts in the usual manner of business.

Armitage snatched up the coat which Chauvenet had so carefully placed on the back of his chair, ran his hands through the pockets, found them empty, then gathered the garment tightly in his hands, laughed a little to himself to feel papers sewn into the lining, and laughed again as he tore the lining loose and drew forth a flat linen envelope brilliant with three seals of red wax.

Steps sounded below; a man was running up the back stairs; and from the kitchen rose sounds of mighty groanings and cursings in the heavy gutturals of the Servian as he regained his wits and sought to explain his plight.

Armitage picked up a chair, ran noiselessly to the head of the back stairs, and looked down upon Chauvenet, who was hurrying up with a flaming candle held high above his head, its light showing anxiety and fear upon his face. He was half-way up the last flight, and Armitage stood in the dark, watching him with a mixture of curiosity and something, too, of humor. Then he spoke—in French—in a tone that imitated the cool irony he had noted in Durand's tone:

"A few murders more or less! But Von Stroebel was hardly a fair mark, dearest Jules!"

With this he sent the chair clattering down the steps, where it struck Jules Chauvenet's legs with a force that carried him, howling lustily, backward to the second landing.

Armitage turned and sped down the front stairway, hearing renewed clamor from the rear and cries of rage and pain from the second story. In fumbling for the front door he found a hat, and, having lost his own, placed it upon his head, drew his inverness about his shoulders, and went quickly out. A moment later he slipped the catch in the wall door and stepped into the boulevard.

The stars were shining among the flying clouds overhead and he drew deep breaths of the freshened air into his lungs as he walked back to the Monte Rosa. Occasionally he laughed quietly to himself, for he still grasped tightly in his hand, safe under his coat, the envelope which Chauvenet had carried so carefully concealed; and several times Armitage muttered to himself:

"A few murders, more or less!"

At the hotel he changed his clothes, threw the things from his dressing-table into a bag, and announced his departure for Paris by the night express.

As he drove to the railway station he felt for his cigarette case, and discovered that it was missing. The loss evidently gave him great concern, for he searched and researched his pockets and opened



his bags at the station to see if he had by any chance overlooked it, but it was not to be found.

His annoyance at the loss was balanced—could he have known it—by the interest with which, almost before the wall door had closed upon him, two gentlemen—one of them still in his shirt sleeves and with a purple lump over his forehead—bent over a gold cigarette case in the dark house on the Boulevard Froissart. It was a pretty trinket, and contained, when found on the kitchen floor, exactly four cigarettes of excellent Turkish tobacco. On one side of it was etched, in shadings of blue and white enamel, a helmet, surmounted by a falcon, poised for flight, and, beneath, the motto *Fide non armis*. The back bore in English script, written large, the letters "F. A."

The men stared at each other wonderingly for an instant, then both leaped to their feet.

"It isn't possible!" gasped Durand.

"The emblem is unmistakable," replied Chauvenet. "Good God, look!"

The sweat had broken out on Chauvenet's face and he leaped to the chair where his coat hung, and caught up the garment with shaking hands. The inner lining fluttered loose where Armitage had torn out the envelope.

"Who is he? Who is he?" whispered Durand, very white of face.

"It may be—it must be some one deeply concerned."

Chauvenet paused, drawing his hand across his forehead slowly; then the color leaped back into his face, and he caught Durand's arm so tight that the man flinched.

"There has been a man following me about; I thought he was interested in the Claibornes. He's here—I saw him at the Monte Rosa to-night. God!"

He dropped his hand from Durand's arm and struck the table fiercely with his clenched hand.

"John Armitage—John Armitage! I heard his name in Florence."

His eyes were snapping with excitement, and amazement grew in his face.

"Who is John Armitage?" demanded Durand sharply; but Chauvenet stared at him in stupefaction for a tense moment, then muttered to himself:

"Is it possible? Is it possible?" and his voice was hoarse and his hand trembled as he picked up the cigarette case.

"My dear Jules, you act as though you had seen a ghost. Who the devil is Armitage?"

Chauvenet glanced about the room cautiously then bent forward and whispered close to Durand's ear:

"Suppose he were the son of the crazy Karl! Suppose he were Frederick Augustus!"

"Bah! It is impossible! What is your man Armitage like?" asked Durand irritably.

"He is the right age. He is a big fellow and has quite an air. He seems to be without occupation."

"Clearly so," remarked Durand ironically. "But he has evidently been watching us. Quite possibly the lamented Stroebel employed him. He may have seen Stroebel here—"

Chauvenet again struck the table smartly.

"Of course he would see Stroebel! Stroebel was the Archduke's friend; Stroebel and this fellow between them—"

"Stroebel is dead. The Archduke is dead; there can be no manner of doubt of that," said Durand; but doubt was in his tone and in his eyes.

"Nothing is certain; it would be like Karl to turn up again with a son to back his claims. They may both be living. This Armitage is not the ordinary pig of a secret agent. We must find him."

"And quickly. There must be—"

"Another death added to our little list before we are quite masters of the situation in Vienna."

They gave Zmai orders to remain on guard at the house and went hurriedly out.



## CHAPTER VI

## TOWARD THE WESTERN STAR

*Her blue eyes sought the West afar,  
For lovers love the Western star.*

—LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

Geneva is a good point from which to plan flight to any part of the world, for there at the top of Europe the whole continental railway system is easily within your grasp, and you may make your choice of sailing ports. It is, to be sure, rather out of your way to seek a ship at Liverpool unless you expect to gain some particular advantage in doing so. Mr. John Armitage hurried thither in the most breathless haste to catch the *King Edward*, whereas he might have taken the *Touraine* at Cherbourg and saved himself a mad scamper; but his satisfaction in finding himself aboard the *King Edward* was supreme.

Shirley Claiborne and Captain Richard Claiborne, her brother, were on deck watching the shipping in the Mercy as the big steamer swung into the channel.

"I hope," observed Dick, "that we have shaken off all your transatlantic suitors. That little Chauvenet died easier than I had expected. He never turned up after we left Florence, but I'm not wholly sure that we shan't find him at the dock in New York. And that mysterious Armitage, who spent so much railway fare following us about, and who almost bought you a watch in Geneva, really disappointed me. His persistence actually compelled my admiration. For a glass-blower he was fairly decent, though, and better than a lot of these little toy men with imitation titles."

"Is that an American cruiser? I really believe it is the *Tecumseh*. . . What on earth were you talking about, Dick?"

Shirley fluttered her handkerchief in the direction of the American flag displayed by the cruiser and Dick lifted his cap.

"I was bidding farewell to your foreign suitors, Shirley, and congratulating myself that as soon as *père et mère* get their sea legs they will resume charge of you, and let me look up two or three very presentable specimens of your sex I saw come on board. Your affairs have annoyed me greatly and I shall be glad to be free of the responsibility."

"Thank you, Captain."

"And if there are any titled blackguards on board—"

"You will do dreadfully wicked things to them, won't you, little brother?"

"Humph! Thank God, I'm an American!"

"Yes, dearest," mocked Shirley. "Oh, my large brother, I have a confession to make. Please don't indulge in great oaths or stamp a hole in this sturdy deck, but there are flowers in my stateroom—"

"Probably from the Liverpool consul—he's been pestering father to help him get a transfer to a less gloomy hole."

"Then I shall intercede myself with the President when I get home. They're orchids—from London—but—with Mr. Armitage's card. Wouldn't that excite you?"

"It makes me sick!" and Dick hung heavily on the rail and glared at a passing tug.

"They are beautiful orchids. I don't remember when orchids have happened to me before, Richard—in such quantities. Now, you really didn't disapprove of him so much, did you? This is probably good-by forever, but he wasn't so bad; and he may be an American, after all."

"A common adventurer! Such fellows are always turning up, like bad pennies. If I should see him again—"

"Yes, Richard, if you should meet again—"

"I'd ask him to be good enough to stop following us about, and if he persisted I should muss him up."

"I shan't; but please don't be violent!"

Do not murder the poor man, Dickie, dear,"—and she took hold of his arm entreatingly—"for there he is—as tall and mysterious as ever—and me found guilty with a few of his orchids pinned to my jacket!"

"This is good fortune, indeed," said Armitage a moment later when they had shaken hands. "I finished my errand at Geneva unexpectedly and here I am."

He smiled at the feebleness of his explanation; and joined in their passing comment on the life of the harbor. He was not so dull but that he felt Dick Claiborne's resentment of his presence. He knew perfectly well that his acquaintance with the Claibornes was too slight to be severely strained, particularly where a fellow of Dick Claiborne's high spirit was concerned. He talked with them a few minutes longer, then took himself off; and they saw little of him the rest of the day.

Armitage did not share their distinction of a seat at the captain's table, and Dick found him late at night in the smoking-saloon with pipe and book. Armitage nodded and asked him to sit down.

Dick Claiborne was a good deal amused at finding himself sitting beside Armitage,—enjoying, indeed, his fellow traveler's hospitality; but Armitage, he was forced to admit, bore all the marks of a gentleman. He had, to be sure, followed his sister about, but even the young man's manner in this was hardly a matter at which he could cavil. And there was something altogether likable in Armitage; his very composure was attractive to Claiborne; and the bold lines of his figure were not wasted on the young officer. In the silence, while they smoked, he noted the perfect taste that marked Armitage's belongings, which to him meant more, perhaps, than the steadiness of the man's eyes or the fine lines of his face. Unconsciously Claiborne found himself watching Armitage's strong ringless hands, and he knew that such a hand, well kept

though it appeared, had known hard work, and that the long supple fingers were such as might guide a tiller fearlessly or set a flag daringly upon a fire-swept parapet.

Armitage was thinking rapidly of something he had suddenly resolved to say to Captain Claiborne. He knew that the Claibornes were a family of distinction; the father was an American diplomat and lawyer of wide reputation; the family stood for the best of which America is capable, and they were homeward bound to the American capital where their social position and the father's fame made them conspicuous.

Armitage put down his cigar and bent toward Claiborne, speaking with quiet directness.

"Captain Claiborne, I was introduced to you at Geneva by Mr. Singleton. You may have observed me several times previously at Venice, Rome, Florence, Paris, Berlin. I certainly saw you! I shall not deny that I intentionally followed you, nor"—John Armitage smiled, then grew grave again—"can I make any adequate apology for doing so."

Claiborne looked at Armitage wonderingly. The man's attitude and tone were wholly serious and compelled respect. Claiborne nodded and threw away his cigar that he might give his whole attention to what Armitage might have to say.

"A man does not like to have his sister forming the acquaintances of persons who are not properly vouched for. Except for Singleton you know nothing of me; and he knows very little of me."

Claiborne nodded. He felt the color creeping into his cheeks consciously as Armitage touched upon this matter.

"I speak to you as I do because it is your right to know who and what I am, for I am not on the *King Edward* by accident but by intention, and I am going to Washington because your sister lives there."

Claiborne smiled in spite of himself.

"But, my dear sir, this is most extraordinary. I don't know that I care to hear any more;—by listening I seem to be encouraging you to follow us—it's altogether too unusual. It's almost preposterous!"

And Dick Claiborne frowned severely; but Armitage still met his eye gravely.

"It's only decent for a man to give his references when it's natural for them to be required. I was educated at Trinity College, Toronto. I spent a year at the Harvard Law School. And I am not a beggar utterly. I own a ranch in Montana that actually pays, and a thousand acres of the best wheat land in Nebraska. At the Bronx Loan and Trust Company in New York I have securities to a considerable amount,—I am perfectly willing that any one who is at all interested should inquire of the Trust Company officers as to my standing with them. If I were asked to state my occupation I should have to say that I am a cattle herder—what you call a cowboy. I can make my living in the practise of the business almost anywhere from New Mexico north to the Canadian line. I flatter myself that I am pretty good at it," and John Armitage smiled and took a cigarette from a box on the table and lighted it.

Dick Claiborne was greatly interested in what Armitage had said, and he struggled between an inclination to encourage further confidence and a feeling that he should, for Shirley's sake, make it clear to this young stranger that it was of no consequence to any member of the Claiborne family who he was or what might be the extent of his lands or the unimpeachable character of his investments. But it was not so easy to turn aside a fellow who was so big of frame and apparently so sane and so steady of purpose as this Armitage. And there was, too, the further consideration that while Armitage was volunteering gratuitous information, and assuming an interest in his affairs by

the Claibornes that was wholly unjustified, there was also the other side of the matter: that his explanations proceeded from motives of delicacy that were praiseworthy. Dick was puzzled, and piqued besides, to find that his resources as a big protecting brother were so soon exhausted. What Armitage was asking was the right to seek his sister Shirley's hand in marriage, and the thing was absurd. Moreover, who was John Armitage?

The question startled Claiborne into a realization of the fact that Armitage had volunteered considerable information without at all answering this question. Dick Claiborne was a human being, and curious.

"Pardon me," he asked, "but are you an Englishman?"

"I am not," answered Armitage. "I have been so long in America that I feel as much at home there as anywhere—but I am neither English nor American by birth; I am, on the other hand—"

He hesitated for the barest second, and Claiborne was sensible of an intensification of interest; now at last there was to be a revelation that amounted to something.

"On the other hand," Armitage repeated, "I was born at Fontainebleau, where my parents lived for only a few months; but I do not consider that that fact makes me a Frenchman. My mother is dead. My father died—very recently. I have been in America enough to know that a foreigner is often under suspicion—particularly if he have a title! My distinction is that I am a foreigner without one!" John Armitage laughed.

"It is, indeed, a real merit," declared Dick, who felt that something was expected of him. In spite of himself, he found much to like in John Armitage. He particularly despised sham and pretense, and he had been won by the evident sincerity of Armitage's wish to appear well in his eyes.

"And now," said Armitage, "I assure

you that I am not in the habit of talking so much about myself—and if you will overlook this offense I promise not to bore you again.”

“I have been interested,” remarked Dick; “and,” he added, “I can not do less than thank you, Mr. Armitage.”

Armitage began talking of the American army—its strength and weaknesses—with an intimate knowledge that greatly surprised and interested the young officer; and when they separated presently it was with a curious mixture of liking and mystification that Claiborne reviewed their talk.

The next day brought heavy weather, and only hardened sea-goers were abroad. Armitage, breakfasting late, was not satisfied that he had acted wisely in speaking to Captain Claiborne; but he had, at any rate, eased in some degree his own conscience, and he had every intention of seeing all that he could of Shirley during these days of their fellow-voyaging.

## CHAPTER VII

### ON THE DARK DECK

*These are our realms, no limit to their sway,—  
Our flag the scepter all who meet obey.*

—BYRON.

“I am Columbus every time I cross,” said Shirley. “What lies out there in the west is an undiscovered country.”

“Then I shall have to take the part of the rebellious and doubting crew. There is no America, and we’re sure to get into trouble if we don’t turn back.”

“You shall be clapped into irons and fed on bread and water, and turned over to the Indians as soon as we reach land.”

“Don’t starve me! Let me hang from the yardarm at once, or walk the plank. I choose the hour immediately after dinner for my obsequies!”

“Choose a cheerfuller word!” pleaded Shirley.

They were silent for a moment, continuing their tramp. Fair weather was peopling the decks. Dick Claiborne was engrossed with a vivacious California girl, and Shirley saw him only at meals; but he and Armitage held night sessions in the smoking-room, with increased liking on both sides.

“Armitage isn’t a bad sort,” Dick admitted to Shirley. “He’s either an awful liar, or he’s seen a lot of the world.”

“Of course, he has to travel to sell his glassware,” observed Shirley. “I’m surprised at your seeming intimacy with a mere ‘peddler,’—and you an army officer.”

“Well, if he’s a peddler he’s a high-class one—probably the junior member of the firm that owns the works.”

Armitage saw something of all the Claibornes every day in the pleasant intimacy of ship life, and Hilton Claiborne found the young man an interesting talker. Judge Claiborne is, as every one knows, the best-posted American of his time in diplomatic history; and when they were together Armitage suggested topics that were well calculated to awaken the old lawyer’s interest.

“The glass-blower’s a deep one, all right,” remarked Dick to Shirley. “He jollies me occasionally, just to show there’s no hard feeling; then he jollies the *pater*; and when I saw the *mater* footing it on his arm this afternoon I almost fell in a faint. I wish you’d hold on to him tight till we’re docked. My little Californian is crazy about him—and I haven’t dared to tell her he’s only a drummer; such a fling would be unchivalrous of me—”

“It would, Richard. Be a generous foe—whether—whether you can afford to be or not!”

“My sister—my own sister says this to me! This is quite the unkindest. I’m going to offer myself to the daughter of the redwoods at once.”

Shirley and Armitage talked—as people will on board—of everything under the sun. Shirley’s enthusiasms were in

themselves interesting; but she was informed in the world's larger affairs, as became the daughter of a man who was an authority in such matters, and found it pleasant to discuss them with Armitage. He felt the poetic quality in her; it was that which had first appealed to him; but he did not know that something of the same sort in himself touched her; it was enough for those days that he was courteous and amusing, and gained a trifle in her eyes from the fact that he had no tangible background.

Then came the evening of the fourth day. They were taking a turn after dinner on the lighted deck. The spring stars hung faint and far through thin clouds and the wind was keen from the sea. A few passengers were out; the deck stewards went about gathering up rugs and chairs for the night.

"Time oughtn't to be reckoned at all at sea, so that people who feel themselves getting old might sail forth into the deep and defy the old man with the hour-glass," said Shirley dreamily.

"Pretty, and very creditable to your imagination! But I thought your fancy was more militant. Now, for example, you like battle pictures—" he said, and paused inquiringly.

She looked at him quickly.

"How do you know I do?"

"You like Detaille particularly."

"Am I to defend my taste?—what's the answer, if you don't mind?"

"Detaille is much to my liking, also; but I prefer Flameng, as a strictly personal matter. That was a wonderful collection of military and battle pictures shown in Paris last winter."

She half withdrew her hand from his arm, and turned away. The sea winds did not wholly account for the sudden color in her cheeks. She had seen Armitage in Paris—in cafés, at the opera, but not at the great exhibition of world-famous battle pictures; yet undoubtedly he had seen her; and she remembered with instant con-

sciousness the hours of absorption she had spent before those canvases.

"It was a public exhibition, I believe; there was no great harm in seeing it."

"No; there certainly was not!" He laughed, then was serious at once. Shirley's tense, arrested figure, her bright, eager eyes, her parted lips, as he saw her before the battle pictures in the gallery at Paris, came up before him and gave him pause. He could not play upon that stolen glance or tease her curiosity in respect to it. If this were a ship flirtation, it might be well enough; but the very sweetness and open-heartedness of her youth shielded her. It seemed to him in that moment a contemptible and unpardonable thing that he had followed her about—and caught her, there at Paris, in an exalted mood, to which she had been wrought by the pictures.

"I was in Paris during the exhibition," he said quietly. "Ormsby, the American painter,—the man who did the 'High Tide at Gettysburg,' is an acquaintance of mine."

"Oh!"

It was Ormsby's painting that had particularly captivated Shirley. She had returned to it day after day; and the thought that Armitage had taken advantage of her deep interest in Pickett's charging gray line was annoying, and she abruptly changed the subject.

Shirley had speculated much as to the meaning of Armitage's remark at the carriage door in Geneva—that he expected the slayer of the old Austrian prime minister to pass that way. Armitage had not referred to the crime in any way in his talks with her on the *King Edward*; their conversations had been pitched usually in a light and frivolous key, or if one were disposed to be serious the other responded in a note of levity.

"We're all imperialists at heart," said Shirley, referring to a talk between them earlier in the day. "We Americans are hungry for empire; we're simply waiting



for the man on horseback to gallop down Broadway and up Fifth Avenue with a troop of cavalry at his heels and proclaim the new dispensation."

"And before he'd gone a block a big Irish policeman would arrest him for disorderly conduct or disturbing the peace, or for giving a show without a license, and the republic would continue to do business at the old stand."

"No; the police would have been bribed in advance, and would deliver the keys of the city to the new emperor at the door of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and his majesty would go to Sherry's for luncheon, and sign a few decrees, and order the guillotine set up in Union Square. Do you follow me, Mr. Armitage?"

"Yes! to the very steps of the guillotine, Miss Claiborne. But the looting of the temples and the plundering of banks—if the thing is bound to be—I should like to share in the general joy. But I have an idea, Miss Claiborne," he exclaimed, as though with inspiration.

"Yes—you have an idea—"

"Let me be the man on horseback; and you might be—"

"Yes—the suspense is terrible!—what might I be, your Majesty?"

"Well, we should call you—"

He hesitated, and she wondered whether he would be bold enough to meet the issue offered by this turn of their nonsense.

"I seem to give your Majesty difficulty; the silence isn't flattering," she said mockingly; but she was conscious of a certain excitement as she walked the deck beside him.

"Oh, pardon me! The difficulty is only as to title—you would, of course, occupy the dais; but whether you should be queen or empress—that's the rub! If America is to be an empire, then of course you would be an empress. So there you are answered."

They passed laughingly on to other phases of the matter in the whimsical vein that was natural in her, and to which he

responded. They watched the lights of a steamer that was passing near. The whistles of the *King Edward* were shattering the air. Then the deck lights went out so suddenly it seemed that a dark curtain had descended and shut them in with the sea.

"Accident to the dynamo—we shall have the lights on in a moment!" shouted one of the ship's officers near by.

"Shall we go in?" asked Armitage.

"Yes, it is getting cold," replied Shirley.

For a moment they were quite alone on the dark deck, though they heard voices and low, sharp commands near at hand.

They had taken a few steps through the dark toward the main saloon, where they had left Mr. and Mrs. Claiborne, when Shirley was aware of some one lurking near. A figure seemed to be crouching close by, and she felt its furtive movements and knew that it had passed but remained close at hand. Her hand on Armitage's arm tightened.

"What is that?—there is some one following us," she said.

At the same moment Armitage, too, became aware of the presence of a stooping figure behind him. He stopped abruptly and faced about.

"Stand quite still, Miss Claiborne."

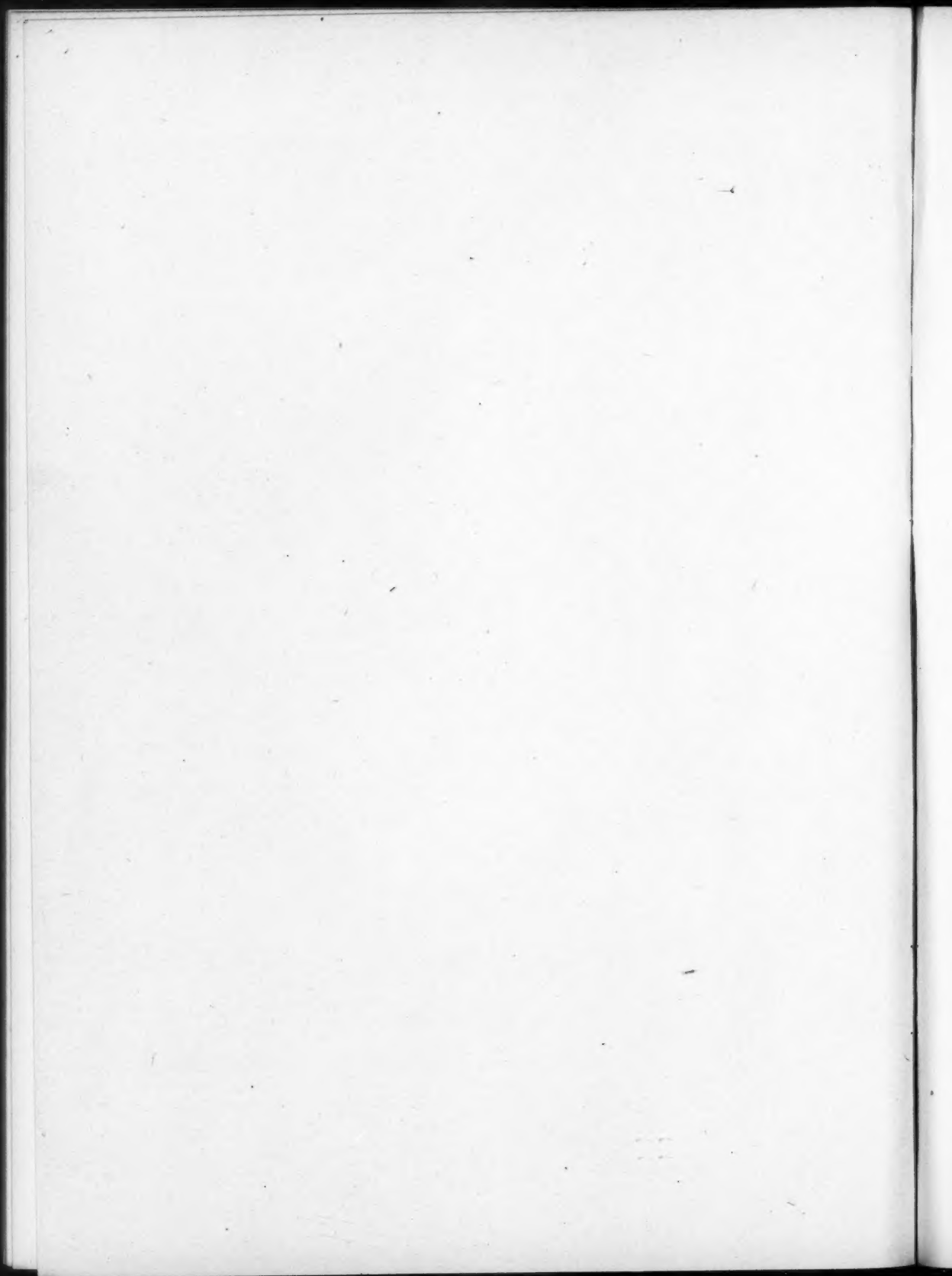
He peered about, and instantly, as though waiting for his voice, a tall figure rose not a yard from him and a long arm shot high above his head and descended swiftly. They were close to the rail, and a roll of the ship sent Armitage off his feet and away from his assailant. Shirley at the same moment threw out her hands, defensively or for support, and clutched the arm and shoulder of the man who had assailed Armitage. He had driven a knife at John Armitage, and was poisoning himself for another attempt when Shirley seized his arm. As he drew back a fold of his cloak still lay in Shirley's grasp, and she gave a sharp little cry as the figure, with a quick jerk, released the



Drawing by Arthur I. Keller

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ARMITAGE, AS THOUGH MASTERING A PHRASE THEY WERE TEACHING HIM,  
RAISED HIS HEAD



cloak and slipped away into the shadows. A moment later the lights were restored, and she saw Armitage regarding ruefully a long slit in the left arm of his ulster.

"Are you hurt? What has happened?" she demanded.

"It must have been a sea-serpent," he replied, laughing.

One of the ship's officers regarded them curiously as they blinked in the glare of light, and asked whether anything was wrong. Armitage turned the matter off.

"I guess it was a sea-serpent," he said. "It bit a hole in my ulster, for which I am not grateful." Then in a lower tone to Shirley: "That was certainly a strange proceeding! I am sorry you were startled; and I am under greatest obligations to you, Miss Claiborne. Why, you actually pulled the fellow away!"

"Oh, no," she returned lightly, but still breathing hard; "it was the instinct of self-preservation. I was unsteady on my feet for a moment, and sought something to take hold of. That pirate was the nearest thing, and I caught hold of his cloak; I'm sure it was a cloak, and that makes me sure he was a human villain of some sort. He didn't feel in the least like a sea-serpent. But some one tried to injure you—it is no light matter—"

"Some lunatic escaped from the steerage, probably. I shall report it to the officers."

"Yes, it should be reported," said Shirley.

"It was very strange. Why, the deck of the *King Edward* is the safest place in the world; but it's something to have had hold of a sea-serpent, or a pirate! I hope you will forgive me for bringing you into such an encounter; but if you hadn't caught his cloak—"

Armitage was uncomfortable. He was greatly surprised and more shaken than he wished Shirley to believe. The thing was disquieting enough, and it could not but impress her strangely that he, of all the persons on board, should have been the

object of so unusual an assault. He was in the disagreeable plight of having subjected her to danger, and as they entered the brilliant saloon he freed himself of the ulster with its telltale gash and sought to minimize her impression of the incident.

The attack had found Armitage unprepared and off guard, but with swift reaction his wits were at work. He at once sought the purser and scrutinized every name on the passenger list. It was unlikely that a steerage passenger could reach the saloon deck unobserved; a second cabin passenger might do so, however, and he sought among the names in the second cabin list for a clue. He did not believe that Chauvenet or Durand had boarded the *King Edward*. He himself had made the boat only by a quick dash, and he had left those two gentlemen at Geneva with much to consider.

It was, however, quite within the probabilities that they would send some one to watch him, for the two men whom he had overheard in the dark house on the Boulevard Froissart were active and resourceful rascals, he had no doubt. Whether they would be able to make anything of the cigarette case he had stupidly left behind he could not conjecture; but the importance of recovering the packet he had cut from Chauvenet's coat was not a trifle that rogues of their caliber would ignore. There was, the purser said, a sick man in one of the second cabins, who had kept close to his berth. The steward believed the man to be a continental of some sort, who spoke bad German. He had taken the boat at Liverpool, paid for his passage in gold, and, complaining of illness, retired evidently for the voyage. His name was Peter Ludovic, and the steward described him in detail.

"Big fellow; bullet head; bristling mustache; small eyes—"

"That will do," said Armitage, grinning at the ease with which he identified the man.

"You understand that it is wholly ir-

regular for us to let such a matter pass without acting—" said the purser.

"It would serve no purpose, and might do harm. I will take the responsibility."

And John Armitage made a memorandum in his note book:

"Zmai ———; travels as Peter Ludovic."

Armitage carried the envelope which he had cut from Chauvenet's coat pinned into an inner pocket of his waistcoat, and since boarding the *King Edward* he had examined it twice daily to see that it was intact. The three red wax seals were in blank, replacing those of like size that had originally been affixed to the envelope; and at once after the attack on the dark deck he opened the packet and examined the papers—some half-dozen sheets of thin linen, written in a clerk's clear hand in black ink. There had been no mistake in the matter; the packet which Chauvenet had purloined from the old prime minister at Vienna had come again into Armitage's hand. He was daily tempted to destroy it and cast it in bits to the sea winds; but he was deterred by the remembrance of his last interview with the old prime minister.

"Do something for Austria—something for the Empire." These phrases repeated themselves over and over again in his mind until they rose and fell with the cadence of the high, wavering voice of the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna as he chanted the mass of requiem for Count Ferdinand von Stroebe.

## CHAPTER VIII

"THE KING IS DEAD; LONG LIVE THE KING"

*Low he lies, yet high and great  
Looms he, lying thus in state—  
How exalted o'er ye when  
Dead, my lords and gentlemen!*

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

John Armitage lingered in New York for a week, not to press the Claibornes too

closely, then went to Washington. He wrote himself down on the register of the New American as John Armitage, Cinch Tight, Montana, and took a suite of rooms high up, with an outlook that swept Pennsylvania Avenue. It was on the evening of a bright April day that he thus established himself; and after he had unpacked his belongings he stood long at the window and watched the lights leap out of the dusk over the city. He was in Washington because Shirley Claiborne lived there, and he knew that even if he wished to do so he could no longer throw an air of inadvertence into his meetings with her. He had been very lonely in those days when he first saw her abroad; the sight of her had lifted his mood of depression; and now, after those enchanted hours at sea, his coming to Washington had been inevitable.

Many things passed through his mind as he stood at the open window. His life, he felt, could never be again as it had been before, and he sighed deeply as he recalled his talk with the old prime minister at Geneva. Then he laughed quietly as he remembered Chauvenet and Durand and the dark house on the Boulevard Froissart; but the further recollection of the attack made on his life on the deck of the *King Edward* sobered him, and he turned away from the window impatiently. He had seen the sick second-cabin passenger leave the steamer at New York, but had taken no trouble either to watch or to avoid him. Very likely the man was under instructions, and had been told to follow the Claibornes home; and the thought of their identification with himself by his enemies angered him. Chauvenet was likely to appear in Washington at any time, and would undoubtedly seek the Claibornes at once. The fact that the man was a scoundrel might, under some circumstances, have afforded Armitage comfort, but here again Armitage's mood grew dark. Jules Chauvenet was undoubtedly a rascal of a dangerous type; but who, pray, was John Armitage?



The bell in his entry rang, and he flashed on the lights and opened the door.

"Well, I like this! Setting yourself up here in gloomy splendor and never saying a word. You never deserved to have any friends, John Armitage!"

"Jim Sanderson, come in!" Armitage grasped the hands of a red-bearded giant of forty, the possessor of alert brown eyes and a big voice.

"It's my rural habit of reading the register every night, in search of constituents, that brings me here. They said they guessed you were in, so I came up to see whether you were opening a poker game or had come to sneak a claim past the watch-dog of the treasury."

The caller threw himself into a chair and rolled a fat, unlighted cigar about in his mouth. "You're a peach, all right, and as offensively hale and handsome as ever. When are you going to the ranch?"

"Well, not just immediately, if you don't mind."

"You're getting soft,—that's what's the matter with you! You're afraid of the spring zephyrs on the Montana range. Well, I'll admit that it's rather more diverting here."

"There is no debating that, Senator. How do you like being a statesman? It was so sudden and all that."

"John, I want you with us at the Secretary of State's push. Not many of the Montana boys get this far from home, and I want you for exhibition purposes. Say, John, when I saw Cinch Tight, Montana, written on the register down there it increased my circulation seven beats! You're all right, and I guess you're about as good an American as they make—anywhere—John Armitage!"

The function for which the senator from Montana provided an invitation for Armitage was a large affair in honor of several new ambassadors. At ten o'clock Senator Sanderson was introducing Armitage right and left as one of his representative constituents. Armitage and he

owned adjoining ranches in Montana, and Sanderson called upon his neighbor to stand up boldly for their state before the minions of effete monarchies.

Mrs. Sanderson had asked Armitage to return to her for a little Montana talk, as she put it, after the first rush of guests was over, and as he waited in the drawing-room for an opportunity of speaking to her, he talked to Franzel, an *attaché* of the Austrian embassy, to whom Sanderson had introduced him. Franzel was a gloomy young man with a monocle, and he was waiting for a particular girl, who happened to be the daughter of the Spanish Ambassador. And, this being his object, he had chosen his position with care, near the door of the reception-room, and Armitage shared for the moment the advantage that lay in the Austrian's point of view. Armitage had half expected that the Claibornes would be present at a function as comprehensive of the higher official world as this, and he intended asking Mrs. Sanderson if she knew them as soon as opportunity offered. The Austrian *attaché* proved tiresome, and Armitage was about to drop him when suddenly he caught sight of Shirley Claiborne at the far end of the broad hall. Her head was turned partly toward him; he saw her for an instant through the throng; then his eyes fell upon Chauvenet at her side, talking with liveliest animation. He was not more than her own height, and his profile presented the clean, sharp effect of a cameo. The very cameo-like perfectness of his dark features held Armitage's eyes; then as Shirley passed on through an opening in the crowd her escort turned, holding the way open for her, and Armitage met the man's gaze.

It was with an accented gravity that Armitage nodded his head to some declaration of the melancholy *attaché* at this moment. He had known when he left Geneva that he had not done with Jules Chauvenet; but the man's prompt appearance surprised Armitage. He ran

over the names of the steamers by which Chauvenet might easily have sailed from either a German or a French port and reached Washington almost as soon as himself. Chauvenet was in Washington, at any rate, and not only there, but socially accepted and in the good graces of Shirley Claiborne.

The somber *attaché* was speaking of the Japanese.

"They must be crushed—crushed," said Franzel. The two had been conversing in French.

"Yes, *he* must be crushed," returned Armitage, absent-mindedly, in English; then, remembering himself, he repeated the affirmation in French, changing the pronoun.

Mrs. Sanderson was now free. She was a pretty, vivacious woman, much younger than her stalwart husband,—a college graduate whom he had found teaching school near one of his silver mines.

"Welcome once more, constituent! We're proud to see you, I can tell you. Let me point out some of the lions—the old gentleman by that cabinet is the Baron von Marhof, the Ambassador from Austria-Hungary. He's a brother-in-law of Count von Stroebel, who was murdered so horribly in a railway carriage a few weeks ago."

"Ah, to be sure! I haven't seen the Baron in years."

"Then you knew him,—in the old country?"

"Yes; I used to see him—when I was a boy," remarked Armitage.

Mrs. Sanderson glanced at Armitage sharply. She had dined at his ranch house in Montana and knew that he lived like a gentleman,—that his house, its appointments and service were unusual for a Western ranchman. And she recalled, too, that she and her husband had often speculated as to Armitage's antecedents and history, and without arriving at any conclusion in regard to him.

The room had slowly filled and they

strolled about, dividing attention between distinguished personages and the not less celebrated works of art.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Armitage, there's the girl I have chosen for you to marry. I suppose it would be just as well for you to meet her now, though that dark little foreigner seems to be monopolizing her."

"I am wholly agreeable," laughed Armitage. "The sooner the better, and be done with it."

"Don't be so frivolous. There—you can look safely now. She's stopped to speak to that bald and pink Justice of the Supreme Court,—the girl with the brown eyes and hair,—have a care!"

Shirley and Chauvenet left the venerable Justice, and Mrs. Sanderson intercepted them at once.

"To think of all these beautiful things in our own America!" exclaimed Shirley. "And you, Mr. Armitage,—"

"Among the other curios, Miss Claiborne," laughed John, taking her hand.

"But I haven't introduced you yet—" began Mrs. Sanderson, puzzled.

"No; the *King Edward* did that. We crossed together. Oh, Monsieur Chauvenet, let me present Mr. Armitage," said Shirley, seeing that the men had not spoken.

The situation amused Armitage and he smiled rather more broadly than was necessary in expressing his pleasure at meeting Monsieur Chauvenet. They regarded each other with the swift intentness of men who are used to the sharp exercise of their eyes; and when Armitage turned toward Shirley and Mrs. Sanderson, he was aware that Chauvenet continued to regard him with fixed gaze.

"Miss Claiborne is a wonderful sailor; the Atlantic is a little tumultuous at times in the spring, but she reported to the captain every day."

"Miss Claiborne is nothing if not extraordinary," declared Mrs. Sanderson with frank admiration.

"The word seems to have been coined for her," said Chauvenet, his white teeth showing under his thin black mustache.

"And still leaves the language distinguished chiefly for its poverty," added Armitage; and the men bowed to Shirley and then to Mrs. Sanderson, and again to each other. It was like a rehearsal of some trifle in a comedy.

"How charming!" laughed Mrs. Sanderson. "And this lovely room is just the place for it."

They were still talking together as Franzel, with whom Armitage had spoken below, entered hurriedly. He held a crumpled note, whose contents, it seemed, had shaken him out of his habitual melancholy composure.

"Is Baron von Marhof in the room?" he asked of Armitage, fumbling nervously at his monocle.

The Austrian Ambassador, with several ladies, and led by Senator Sanderson, was approaching.

The *attaché* hurried to his chief and addressed him in a low tone. The Ambassador stopped, grew very white, and stared at the messenger for a moment in blank unbelief.

The young man now repeated, in English, in a tone that could be heard in all parts of the hushed room:

"His Majesty, the Emperor Johann Wilhelm, died suddenly to-night, in Vienna," and gave his arm to his chief.

It was a strange place for the delivery of such a message, and the strangeness of it was intensified to Shirley by the curious glance that passed between John Armitage and Jules Chauvenet. Shirley remembered afterward that as the *attaché's* words rang out in the room Armitage started, clenched his hands, and caught his breath in a manner very uncommon in men unless they are greatly moved. The Ambassador walked directly from the room with bowed head, and every one waited in silent sympathy until he had gone.

The word passed swiftly through the great house, and through the open windows the servants were heard crying loudly in the court below for Baron von Marhof's carriage.

"The King is dead; long live the King!" murmured Shirley.

"Long live the King!" repeated Chauvenet and Mrs. Sanderson, in unison; and then Armitage, as though mastering a phrase they were teaching him, raised his head and said, with an unction that surprised them, "Long live the Emperor and King! God save Austria!"

Then he turned to Shirley with a smile.

"It is very pleasant to see you on your own ground. I hope your family are well."

"Thank you; yes. My father and mother are here somewhere."

"And Captain Claiborne?"

"He's probably sitting up all night to defend Fort Myer from the crafts and assaults of the enemy. I hope you will come to see us, Mr. Armitage."

"Thank you; you are very kind," he said gravely. "I shall certainly give myself the pleasure very soon."

As Shirley passed on with Chauvenet Mrs. Sanderson launched upon the girl's praises, but she found him suddenly preoccupied.

"The girl has gone to your head. Why didn't you tell me you knew the Claibornes?"

"I don't remember that you gave me a chance; but I'll say now that I intend to know them better."

She bade him take her to the drawing-room. As they went down through the house they found that the announcement of the Emperor Johann Wilhelm's death had cast a pall upon the company. All the members of the diplomatic corps had withdrawn at once as a mark of respect and sympathy for Baron von Marhof, and at midnight the ballroom held all of the company that remained. Armitage had not sought Shirley again. He found a

room that had been set apart for smokers, threw himself into a chair, lighted a cigar and stared at a picture that had no interest for him whatever. He put down his cigar after a few whiffs, and his hand went to the pocket in which he had usually carried his cigarette case.

"Ah, Mr. Armitage, may I offer you a cigarette?"

He turned to find Chauvenet close at his side. He had not heard the man enter, but Chauvenet had been in his thoughts and he started slightly at finding him so near. Chauvenet held in his white-gloved hand a gold cigarette case, which he opened with a deliberate care that displayed its embellished side. The smooth golden surface gleamed in the light, the helmet in blue and the white falcon flashed in Armitage's eyes. The meeting was clearly by intention, and a slight smile played about Chauvenet's lips in his enjoyment of the situation. Armitage smiled up at him in amiable acknowledgment of his courtesy, and rose.

"You are very considerate, Monsieur. I was just at the moment regretting our distinguished host's oversight in providing cigars alone. Allow me!"

He bent forward, taking the outstretched open case into his own hands, removed a cigarette, snapped the case shut and thrust it into his trousers pocket,—all, as it seemed, at a single stroke.

"My dear sir," began Chauvenet, white with rage.

"My dear Monsieur Chauvenet," said Armitage, striking a match, "I am indebted to you for returning a trinket that I value highly."

The flame crept half the length of the stick while they regarded each other; then

Armitage raised it to the tip of his cigarette, lifted his head and blew a cloud of smoke.

"Are you able to prove your property, Mr. Armitage?" demanded Chauvenet furiously.

"My dear sir, they have a saying in this country that possession is nine points of the law. You had it—now I have it—wherefore it must be mine!"

Chauvenet's rigid figure suddenly relaxed; he leaned against a chair with a return of his habitual nonchalant air, and waved his hand carelessly.

"Between gentlemen—so small a matter!"

"To be sure—the merest trifle," laughed Armitage.

"And where a gentleman has the predatory habits of a burglar and house-breaker—"

"Then lesser affairs, such as picking up trinkets—"

"Come naturally—quite so!" and Chauvenet twisted his mustache with an air of immense satisfaction.

"But the genial art of assassination—there's a business that requires a calculating hand, my dear Monsieur Chauvenet!"

Chauvenet's hand went again to his lip.

"To be sure!" he ejaculated with zest.

"But alone—alone one can do little. For larger operations one requires—I should say—courageous associates. Now in my affairs—would you believe me?—I am obliged to manage quite alone."

"How melancholy!" exclaimed Chauvenet.

"It is indeed very sad!" and Armitage sighed, tossed his cigarette into the smoldering grate and bade Chauvenet a ceremonious good night.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



## DECEMBER MAYING

*By Sinclair Lewis*

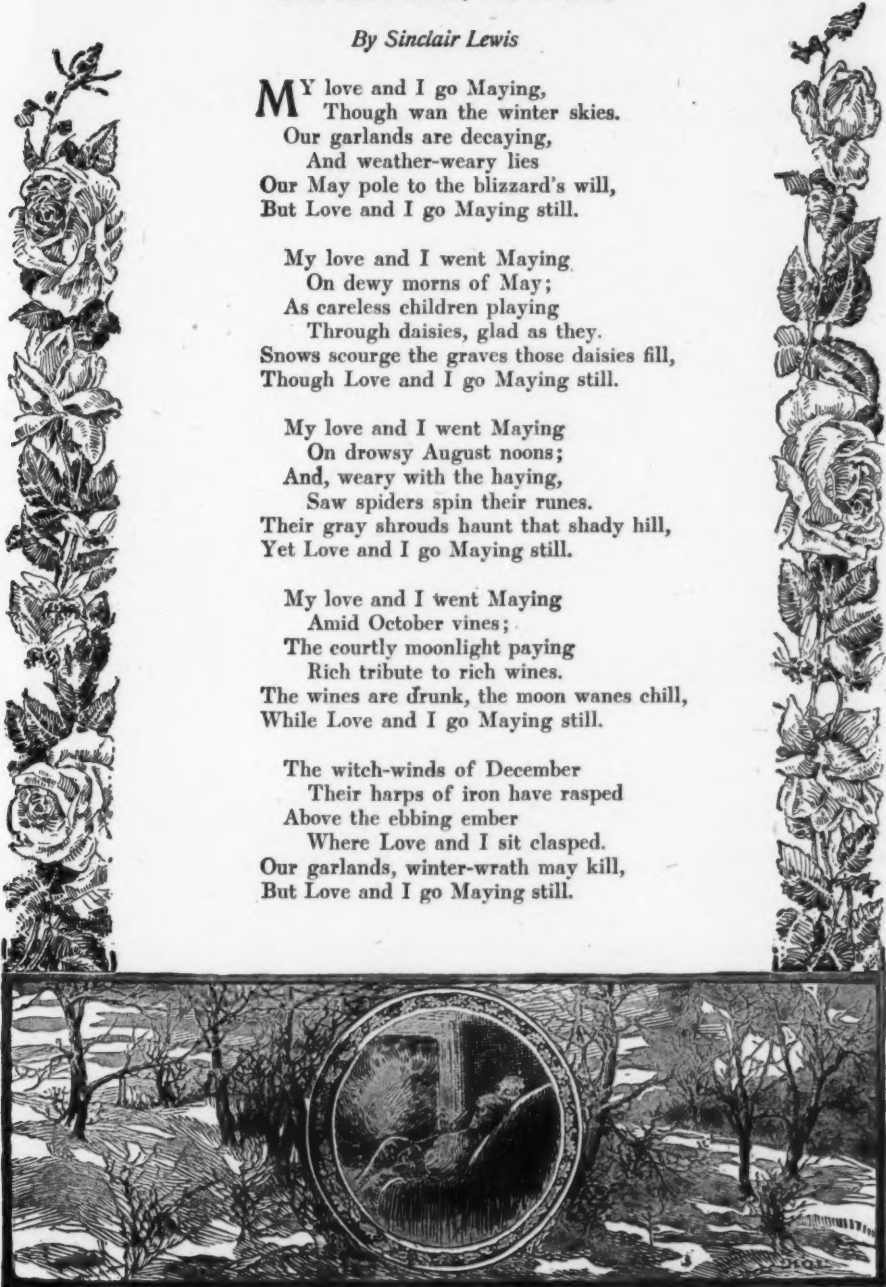
**M**Y love and I go Maying,  
Though wan the winter skies.  
Our garlands are decaying,  
And weather-weary lies  
Our May pole to the blizzard's will,  
But Love and I go Maying still.

My love and I went Maying  
On dewy morns of May;  
As careless children playing  
Through daisies, glad as they.  
Snows scourge the graves those daisies fill,  
Though Love and I go Maying still.

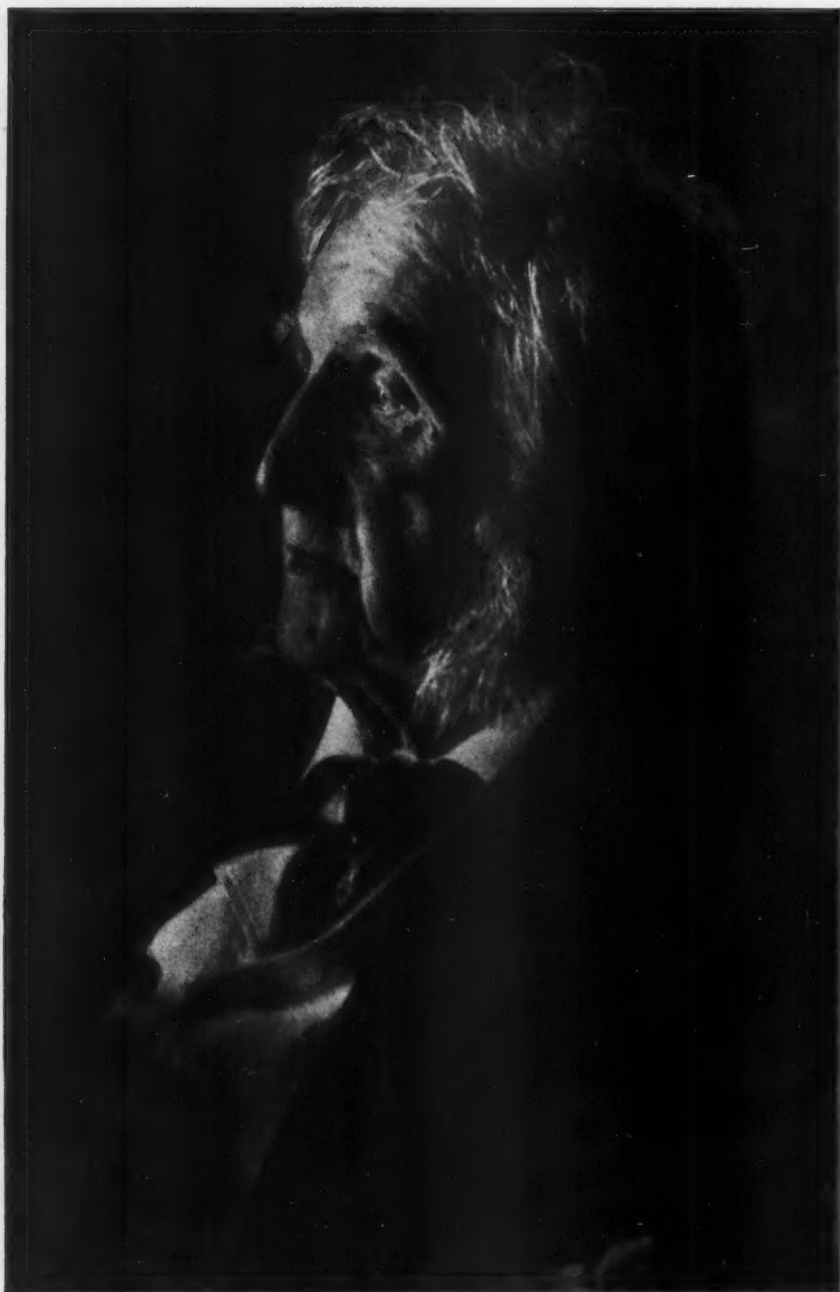
My love and I went Maying  
On drowsy August noons;  
And, weary with the haying,  
Saw spiders spin their runes.  
Their gray shrouds haunt that shady hill,  
Yet Love and I go Maying still.

My love and I went Maying  
Amid October vines;  
The courtly moonlight paying  
Rich tribute to rich wines.  
The wines are drunk, the moon wanes chill,  
While Love and I go Maying still.

The witch-winds of December  
Their harps of iron have rasped  
Above the ebbing ember  
Where Love and I sit clasped.  
Our garlands, winter-wrath may kill,  
But Love and I go Maying still.







DONALD G. MITCHELL

—IK MARVEL—

"The sunset time and the afterglow are those 'best years' "

## THE BEST YEARS

By Emerson G. Taylor

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE REVERIES OF A BACHELOR"



HE best years of a man's life," say the chroniclers. Not boyhood, we think they mean, for that is merely cloudy sunrise; not old age, for that is merely dim twilight. "The best years" are when men are making their names and fortunes, fighting for what they need and desire, subtly planning, boldly attacking, tearing down, patiently building up. Strong, the strength of the world is measured by them; weak, the world's weakness is what they have put into it. There are perhaps some two score of these "best years" out of the psalmist's allowance, the time when a grown man is achieving his purpose, and some there are who say that they are the only years that count at all. Is it so?

Artists aver that the whole beauty of the landscape is revealed only in the afternoon. I never study the serene and beautiful face of age—all old faces are both beautiful and serene—without feeling that in the sunset time and the afterglow are those "best years," which popular philosophy limits to the heat and the burden-bearing of the day. If to be old is merely to rest with folded hands, popular philosophy is right; but to be old is not to rest. To be old is to be born again. It is another life, motivated more by love than hate, more by self-effacement than by ambition, more by catholic charity than by headlong zeal. Not rest, but the exerting of exquisite influences; not the end of the day, but the beginning of starlight. But if the old men see visions, so the young men dream dreams; and what value greater than the realization of dreams resides in the achievements of the years of power? After all, is the serenity of age sweeter than the activity of prime? Is either more to a man than his youth?

Is not all of it splendid? Yes, if one lives with joy in the spirit of each successive chapter. The happiest youth is he that rejoices to live in those dream-days of question and brave aspiration. The grown man elbows a place for himself, man-fashion, in a crowded world—can he believe that youth or age are richer than his vigorous middle life? And if in the eyes of this portrait, say, there is happiness that the traveler has come to his own place; if there is peace and gentle joy in the old face, it is because, uphill and down, in dream-days and days of doing, there has glowed in the heart the spirit of a boy and that of a man. "The best years of his life"—not youth, not manhood, not old age, but every year, since the joy and strength of each is bound up inseparably with the joy and strength of all the rest.



LAWTON

"When at the front, in swiftest death, you met  
The patriot's doom and best reward in one"

## THE HOME VOYAGE

*By James Whitcomb Riley*

General Henry W. Lawton—Fell at San Mateo,  
December 19, 1899

**B**EAR with us, O Great Captain, if our pride  
Show equal measure with our grief's excess  
In greeting you in this your helplessness  
To countermand our vanity or hide  
Your stern displeasure that we thus had tried  
To praise you, knowing praise was your distress:  
But this homecoming swells our hearts no less—  
Because for love of home you proudly died.  
Lo! then, the cable, fathoms 'neath the keel  
That shapes your course, is eloquent of you;  
The old flag, too, at half-mast overhead—  
We doubt not that its gale-kissed ripples feel  
A prouder sense of red and white and blue,—  
The stars—Ah, God, were *they* interpreted!

In strange lands were your latest honors won—  
In strange wilds, with strange dangers all beset;  
With rain, like tears, the face of day was wet,  
As rang the ambushed foeman's fateful gun:  
And as you felt your final duty done,  
We feel that glory thrills your spirit yet,—  
When at the front, in swiftest death, you met  
The patriot's doom and best reward in one.  
And so the tumult of that island war,  
At last, for you, is stilled forevermore—  
Its scenes of blood blend white as ocean foam  
On your rapt vision as you sight afar  
The sails of peace, and from that alien shore  
The proud ship bears you on your voyage home.

Or rough or smooth the wave, or lowering day  
Or starlit sky—you hold, by native right,  
Your high tranquillity—the silent might  
Of the true hero—so you led the way  
To victory through stormiest battle fray,  
Because your followers, high above the fight,  
Heard your soul's lightest whisper bid them smite  
For God and man and space to kneel and pray.  
And thus you cross the seas unto your own  
Beloved land, convoyed with honors meet.  
Saluted as your home's first heritage—  
Nor salutation from your State alone,  
But *all* the States, gathered in mighty fleet,  
Dip colors as you move to anchorage.

## TRUE AMERICAN HUMOR

By Frank Crane



TRUE American humor is funny. That is wherein it differs from all other brands.

There are many degrees of humor, ranging from the Indian's little joke of roasting a white man at the stake, to—the *Boston Transcript*. But not much of it is funny. Some of it, as the colored supplement, even makes you mad.

The Frenchman is witty. His *mot* is vastly more intellectual, subtler, keener than the American joke. But it isn't funny; it produces only an agreeable glow among the thought-lumps.

The Germans are comic. Nothing exists more deliciously absurd than *Simplicissimus* and the *Fliegende Blätter*. But, at bottom, one laughs at them as one laughs at the hunch-back-and-bandy-leg stage make-up.

As for the Englishman's sense of humor, the only thing funny about that is the claim that he has it.

If you ask me to be more explicit, and to define exactly what I mean by American humor, my sole reply must be—Mark Twain, that's all.

There are some deep cosmic reasons, however, why real humor is indigenous to these shores. In the first place, the American is born unafraid. No hoary institutions stifle him, no upper classes smother him. All Europe is subconsciously afraid of somebody else, socially, politically or morally. The European has to consult his "Who's Who" to see whether to laugh or not; the American laughs anyhow. Then, Americans are remarkably sane. No sane person takes himself too seriously. For humor is the result of a sense of proportion. It is an appreciation of the perspective in things. It is a recognition of the valuelessness of minor details. If a man is serious about everything, he had as well be serious about nothing. Crazy folk in the mad-house laugh at everything; crazy folk out of the mad-house elevate all the trivialities of life to the dead level of solemnity. The true American can afford to be much in earnest about a few things, because most things amuse him.

Genuine humor is only pervasive among a people thoroughly grounded in democracy. The valet laughs at his master's wit, and the British tradesman is convulsed at my lord's pleasantry; but they explain afterward that while it was funny, it was not what you might call "darn funny." Humor is only possible among equals. And lastly, American humor is the bright side of Puritanism. Hence, it is clean.

What I have here said is not to be refuted by an appeal to our colored supplements and comic operas and stock of mother-in-law and goat jokes. These are not samples of American humor; they are merely indications of a quenchless thirst, an endless demand for which there is no adequate supply. When the boarder passed up his coffee-cup for a third helping the landlady icily remarked, "You must be very fond of coffee." To which he replied, "I should think so, from the amount of slops I have to drink to get any."



# BETTY AND THE CHERUBS



by Leigh Gordon Gilmer

I

FROM MISS BETTINA WARREN TO MISS MARJORIE BROWNE

“WALTHAM, September 15, 1904.

“YOU’LL doubtless marvel much, my blessed Marjorie, though not more than I marvel myself, when I tell you that I, Bettina Warren, your frivolous, flirtatious Betty, ‘being of sound mind and disposing memory,’ though you mightn’t imagine it, have pledged myself to wed at short notice—not my cousin Billy, as you’ll instantly surmise, nor yet Lester Kent or Archie Hubbard—but a staid and sober widower, eighteen years my senior and the fond father of a trio of angel children (‘Cherubim’ Billy irreverently dubs them) aged respectively eight, five and three. Think of it, Marjorie! I can picture myself in sundry pretty Madonna poses with—say the cherubic youngest; I might even manage with two; but three is distinctly what Billy would style ‘de limit.’ Fancy looking like an eleemosynary institution on parade whenever one went out for a walk! And fancy me, Betty the *insouciant*, the dashing, binding up cut fingers and stubbed toes; administering catnip or hive syrup or

whatever it is they give infants; inculcating moral precepts and crooning lullabies—and fancy how Billy and the rest would guy me! I simply couldn’t stand for it, *cherie*; I’ve neither taste nor talent for maternal stunts and I said so frankly.”

“I suppose I’m a horrid, selfish little beast and all that, but I really don’t care for children—I never did, you know; I’m young and full of the *joie de vie* and I can’t see why I should bind myself to the treadmill for life, even for Regis’ sake. Of course you’ll argue that I don’t really love Regis (Regis Kendall, of Trent and Kendall—and a most eligible *parti* but for the olive branches) or I’d be willing to make the sacrifice for him; but I do love him, Marjorie, truly I do, with all my selfish, sordid little soul. If it were only anything else—dogs, now, or horses (you know how I dote on horses. I fairly worship Gaygirl, the little mare Billy’s been letting me ride and which would have been mine, had I elected to become Mrs. Billy. I’m frantic for father to buy her for me, but the price Billy’s put upon her is pro-

hibitive—sheer spite, of course!). If Regis had a weakness for pit-games or pet monkeys or a dancing bear, I might e'en make shift to put up with it, but children (and I fancy they're the typical *enfants terribles*!) to be cared for and brought up in the way they should go—just think what it would mean. It would entail upon me the giving up of dinners, dances, bridge, the theater, every form of amusement in fact, in order that I might spend my evenings with them in the nursery; I'd have to arbitrate their quarrels and mend their stockings; I'd be supposed to dress and train and mother them and to exercise some sort of supervision and control over their conduct.

"And there's something else—something I'm almost ashamed to confess even to you, dear. I'm jealous of them—horribly, bitterly jealous of those three poor little motherless babies. I'm just mean and small and narrow enough to want my husband's whole heart, his undivided devotion; I can't bear to share his affection even with his children, his—and *hers*. Don't you see that they'd be a perpetual reminder that I must inevitably hold second place in his affection, that he'd loved another woman before he ever thought of me? Don't you see how they'd come between us and spoil all our joy in life and each other?"

"I didn't try to pretend, Marjorie. I just told Regis the truth—that I loved him with all my heart, but that I was only a foolish, frivolous butterfly; that I wasn't big and fine and generous enough to devote myself and my life to his children; and that he must make choice between them and me. (It seems horribly cold-blooded, set down in black and white, doesn't it?)

"I was thoroughly ashamed of myself all the while and I think it was a shock to Regis to find me so ignoble; but he only said that he quite saw my position, and that he would take the matter under careful consideration before he came again. There followed a week of struggle and

suffering for us both. But yesterday Regis ran down from Marshfield to say that he had made his choice; that he found he couldn't give me up; and that he had arranged to have his sister take charge of the children at the old Kendall homestead. He added that this would eliminate the possibility of their annoying me—that I need never even see them unless I liked. (I suppose it's characteristically feminine that I should have been a trifle disappointed in Regis for making the concession, though of course in a way it was a tribute.) But he didn't at all relish the rôle of unnatural father; his face was positively haggard, Marjorie. I knew what the struggle between love and duty had meant to him; knew that he had sacrificed the latter to the former, and knew what the sacrifice had cost him—but—despise me if you will!—I accepted it. I know he despises himself for yielding, but I think he really cares for me, Marjorie, though I don't quite see how he can; and so (love's a very potent factor in our actions after all!) he compounded with his conscience and accepted my ultimatum.

"We're to be married in October—the fourth. I want you for maid of honor, though it's to be the quietest of home affairs. You'll need only a simple organdie—but we can discuss all that when you come, as I wish you to at once. There are worlds of things to talk over; you must help me plan my trousseau and all the details of the wedding, so write me that you'll come immediately, like the dear you are. Can't you make it Thursday next? Write or wire me and I'll meet you at the station. Meantime believe me, as ever,

"Thine, BETTINA."

## II

FROM MRS. REGIS KENDALL TO MISS MARJORIE BROWNE

"MARSHFIELD, November 2, 1904.

"Yes, Marjorie mine, I'm happy—that is, as happy as this 'sorry scheme of

things' in which we're impotent factors permits. I don't suppose—do you?—that any one is ever unqualifiedly happy except on the instalment plan. Of course we have our supreme moments, our hours of uplift and rapture; but when it comes down to plain, every-day, continuous-performance happiness, it simply isn't on the bills.

"Regis is a dear, of course, and I'm more idiotically in love with him than ever—but, Marjorie, he's eating his heart out for his children and even having me doesn't quite compensate him for their loss. His conscience tortures him for deserting them, as he construes it, though he goes to see them weekly—he's never asked me nor have I ever offered to accompany him on his visits to Beechwood. He doesn't complain—he never even speaks of them; but by a thousand little signs and tokens I can see how he misses and yearns for them. After all, they are his, his own flesh and blood—and it's I who am the interloper. Their right to him is equal to, if not greater than mine. I realize all this; I know my duty perfectly but I simply haven't the courage to rise up and do it.

"Regis ought to have married Margaret Trent. I see it now. Every one said they were made for each other, and I'm very sure she would have suited him infinitely better than your poor, silly, empty-headed little Betty, who has been spoiled and petted, flattered and indulged until the small good originally in her composition has shrunk to sheer selfishness. Margaret would have done her full duty by the children and found the duty a pleasure—she's made like that; she'd have been the most perfect of wives, the best of mothers and an ideal helpmeet for Regis—but, Marjorie, she wouldn't, she *couldn't* have loved him better than I. Don't you see, dear, that it's just because I love him so, because he's so utterly and entirely all in all to me that I can't bear to share him with these other claimants to his affection? I thought I loved him, Marjorie, before we were married, but I didn't know the meaning of the word then. I know now.



"YESTERDAY REGIS RAN DOWN FROM  
MARSHFIELD"

"And yet—such is the perversity of human nature—though I would cheerfully give my life *for* him, I can't somehow seem to be able to give that life *to* him and his children. How am I, a spoiled girl of nineteen without an idea above a card

party or a cotillion, fitted to assume the fearful responsibility of directing three little lives? Theoretically it seems simple enough, but in practice it's quite another story. To the making of a good mother infinite wisdom, infinite patience and infinite tenderness are requisite—and I'm short on all three. If I undertook the care of Regis' cherubs I'm sure I should shortly brand myself the typical cruel stepmother, for when they got on my nerves (as they speedily would) I should probably slap them individually and collectively, and when the trio shrieked in concert I'd be morally certain to 'whip them all soundly and put them to bed.' . . . So perhaps I'd best go on as I've begun, though I know I'm making my husband sin against his conscience and consequently feel as if I were compounding a felony. Life with Regis, under present conditions, 'were Paradise enow,' but fancy, Marjorie, a Paradise shared with three small seraphs with lusty lungs and sticky fingers! I can't have them—and I won't! So there!

"Like Tennyson's strong-minded Princess, 'for mine own part I would that children grew on trees'—only the frost would be likely to nip them if it devolved on me to pluck them off. Herod's my pet hero at present—his methods were commendable, if something sweeping. . . . Oh, I know I'm horrid and inhuman and abnormal and all that; I realize that I'm lacking in the domestic graces which from time immemorial have been considered the insignia of true womanhood; but I was born so; I can't help it—and I don't care!

"Your miserable (though happy)

"BETTY."

### III

MRS. REGIS KENDALL TO MISS MARJORIE BROWNE

"January 2, 1905.

"I hasten to advise you, sweet Marjoram mine, that your lengthy lecture was received in the proper spirit and with all

due meekness. I admit the truth of all you say; and I won't even hint that 'it were easier to tell twenty what were good to be done,' etc. But honestly should you, now *should* you, Marjorie, really relish having wholesale maternity thrust upon you when you were pretty certain that the 'burden of the honor' would prove too much for you? Should you fancy suddenly finding yourself 'the mother of your country'? I don't believe you'd revel in it. No more do I, but—well, since I'm on the subject (the one subject I've been able to think of lately), I might as well afflict you with the whole story.

"To begin with, I'll admit I'm a horrid, heartless little wretch but (like a certain personage) I'm not perhaps so black as I'm painted. At any rate my conscience (or whatever corresponds to a conscience in my erratic make-up) tormented me constantly after I'd forced Regis to choose between his children and me. I tried to drown its reproaches in a praiseworthy attendance on the funereal functions Marshfield construes as gayeties; I danced and dined, entertained and was entertained *ad nauseam*; yet all the while that troublesome conscience kept on pricking me—pretty sharply sometimes when I allowed myself to see that Regis was growing sterner and sadder day by day.

"And as the Christmas season drew on, I could see that it was getting harder for him. Christmas is so essentially the children's holiday and I could guess what a delight it had been to Regis always to make it a happy time for his little ones. I knew perfectly that he couldn't bear to think of spending Christmas away from his babies—for the first time in their little lives; and I knew quite well that he would scarcely be able to bring himself to desert his bride of three brief moons. I could see how he was being torn by internal conflict; but I wasn't generous enough to waive my rights, or to ask him either to take me to them or to bring them to me for Yuletide; so we were both about as miserable as it's possible for two happy people to be.

"Regis brightened a bit when I showed him some little things—the merest trifles—I'd ordered for the cherubs, and offered to help him select his own gifts for them; and he was grateful out of all proportion when I at last found grace to suggest that he go to them for Christmas Eve, returning by a midnight train for Christmas day with me. But, unluckily, the very day before the holidays, there came an imperative telegram which made it necessary for him to hasten to the opposite side of the state to transact some important business—business which might be settled in an hour or two or which, with the perversity of matters in general, might drag along for a fortnight. Poor Regis' distress was palpable, and I didn't like to think of the children's disappointment. As for myself, I felt it would serve me quite right for my selfishness should I find myself compelled to spend the holidays alone in this great barrack of a house.

"The day after Regis left was a long, lonely one for me. I found an unlimited amount of my own society anything but exhilarating; I tried to interest myself in tying up my holiday offerings in fascinating packages liberally adorned with holly and red ribbon; but it was no use. The thought that though I'd ordered my

husband a recklessly extravagant gift (for which he probably wouldn't care in the least) I was withholding from him the one gift he most desired made me thoroughly wretched. It's not a pleasant thing to be small and selfish and mean—and to know it.

"As dusk drew on, too restless to sit alone in the big empty house, I put on my jacket and tam and went out for a solitary stroll. The roseate afterglow yet lingered faintly; the air was cool and crisp; the trees and shrubs wore ermine mantles and the landscape was one vast glitter of silver and crystal; there was a distant sound of bells across the snow—an ideal setting for scenes of Christmas cheer. But I was conscious only of feeling cross, homesick and generally horrid.

"At length, moved by a desire

to feel myself in touch with something more nearly human than the snow-clad pines and larches on the lawn, I turned toward the stables, thinking to look in upon the fat, sluggish carriage pair which had belonged to Regis' mother, and which, though rather uninteresting as a rule, were at least alive and amenable to human kindness. As I opened the stable-door and stepped inside a familiar sound, a soft, seductive little whinny fell upon my ear. A great wave of homesickness and longing



"GAZING WISTFULLY AT ME ACROSS THE HALF-DOOR WAS MY PRECIOUS GAY GIRL"



swept over me—it so reminded me of Gay-girl—you can't think how I've missed her all these weeks! I tried to ascribe the cordial greeting to Dot or Dolly, though neither of those portly equines is given to welcoming me with any particular enthusiasm, though they always greedily gobble the dainties I proffer. But as I advanced, again came the familiar whicker, soft and

her pretty crest. In that instant, Marjorie, I realized, as I hadn't quite done before, just what the past three months had meant to my husband. If I had so pined for a



"THE LOOK ON REGIS' FACE WAS REWARD ENOUGH FOR ANYTHING"

seemingly close at hand. I glanced quickly about—and there, gazing wistfully at me across the half-door of an adjacent loose-box, was Gaygirl, my precious Gay-girl, with her white-starred forehead and her big, beautiful eyes, which I always insisted held human intelligence. In an instant my arms were about her neck and I was sobbing my hungry heart out against

soulless, dumb thing like Gaygirl, how must he have yearned for his children? On the instant I made a resolve—but I mustn't anticipate. Just at this juncture, James stepped up with a deferential touch of his hat and a distinctly sheepish expression of countenance.

"'Beg parding, ma'am,' he ventured, 'but you wasn't to see the mare till Christ-

mas morning. 'Is hown horders, ma'am.'

"Marjorie, that blessed old dear of a husband of mine, in addition to the sables I surmised he'd ordered, had bought the little mare (at a pretty long price, James told me—Billy can be horrid when he likes) as a Christmas surprise for me. He had remembered a casual wish of mine, while I—Marjorie, I felt like a thief!

"Early next morning I had a wire from Regis. He would get through with that troublesome business at a late hour that evening, barely in time to make the last train for Marshfield. He did not speak of the children or their inevitable disappointment, but I read between the lines.

"When Regis, tired, cold and dejected, got in that evening (Christmas Eve) I omitted to mention the result of a lengthy telegram I had sent the previous night. We got through our late supper somehow (I was so nervous and excited that I liberally peppered my tea). Afterward, when Regis was comfortable in lounging robe and slippers, I sprung my surprise. With due regard for dramatic effect, I chose the moment when he had leaned wearily back in his chair and given himself over to musings presumably melancholy to throw open the door of an adjoining apartment,

whence all sorts of queer sounds had been proceeding for the past half-hour. Instantly three little figures, as if hurled from a catapult, launched themselves through space and landed in an indiscriminate mass in the arms of their startled father. The look on Regis' face, when to the obvious 'Favver, we're here!' of the youngest cherub was appended the less obvious 'And we've come to stay' of the eldest, was reward enough for anything.

"Now don't fancy, Marjorie, that I imagine it's to be plain sailing henceforth—a case of 'living happily ever after' and all that. I know that it's much easier to yield to a sudden generous impulse than to later live up to the obligations that impulse involves. I realize the gravity of the undertaking and my own unfitness therefor. I know there'll be moments (many of them) when my patience will wear thin; I know I shall make mistakes and fall short of the standard I've set myself. It's very possible that I shan't succeed in doing my whole duty by my husband's children (I'm sadly fallible, I know)—but, please God, I mean to try.

"A happy New Year to you, dear, and a world of love and good wishes from

"Your devoted, "BETTY."



## CONTEMPORARY FICTION

By Gilbert K. Chesterton

AUTHOR OF "VARIED TYPES," ETC.

OUR grandmothers (or some of them) said that the growth of novel reading was dangerous. Our grandmothers were quite right. They made out of it a rigid and wrong generalization; they applied it to cases to which it does not apply; they put it consistently and entirely upon the wrong grounds; but they were quite right. The novel has become almost a positive evil; because it has become so powerful and so universal. Of course the evil of it is not any of the clumsy things commonly said against it. The evil is not that fiction is fictitious. Even those who originally objected to fiction never really objected to it on the ground that it was fictitious. The grandmothers who forbade novels often permitted fairy tales. There is a good English phrase which is alone enough to prove that old women loved romance if possible even more than young women. When we wish to describe a thing as being especially wild and poetical we call it "an old wives' fable." There is a great deal of history, a great deal of information mixed up with the romance of Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather." There was never any blot or stain of information about the tales of a grandmother. If the grandmother disliked novels it was not because they were too fictitious, but because they were not fictitious enough. They might excite the young not because they were imaginative but because they were exact. The fire of the fairy tales was remote, like the fire of the stars; the fire of the novels was close to actuality and might burn down the house. But even in the fairy tales there were the elements of all fictitious romance. We think it very snobbish and modern when a novelette describes an under-kitchenmaid who capti-

vates a duke. It may be snobbish but it is not modern. It is only the story of *Cinderella*.

If our ancestors feared the growth of fiction, it was not because they objected to anything fictitious. It was because they felt a subconscious certainty that the novel would swallow up everything else. And the novel has swallowed up everything else. A man writes a novel now who in any other age would have written something else and written it better. The man who in ancient Greece would have written a good epic now writes a bad novel; his novel is bad because it is epic. The man who in Elizabethan England would have written a good drama now writes a bad novel; his novel is bad because it is dramatic. The man who in the somber crises of the seventeenth century would have written a good pamphlet now writes a bad novel. His novel is a bad novel because it is a good pamphlet.

But the novel has been mainly noxious in abolishing the two extreme forms of human literature. The point may be put shortly thus. The old epics and dramas were religious; that is, they were concerned with man as man, with the difference between him and the beast, between him and the angel. The novel has abolished this study; for the novel is wholly concerned with the difference between one man and another. In the days when men saw the devil and saw the angel they saw clearly that third and strange thing, man. Now we see nothing but man and so do not see man at all; we only see men. This old sense of human solidarity had its complete expression in the middle ages, but it lingered on even until the time of Shakespeare. *Hamlet* is (unfortunately for himself) an individual; but *Hamlet* is

also Man. But two hundred years before "Hamlet" was written a play appeared the name of which was the very title and subject of all medieval writing. The play was called "Everyman."

The old epic dramas, we say, were religious. That is they were impersonal. But while the old utterance on religion was impersonal, the old utterance on politics was highly personal. Our fathers were either very theoretic or very practical. The modern novel steers between the two. The novelist can utter universal opinions and then say afterward that they are not his opinions. The novelist can satirize particular people and then say afterward that they are not particular people. The writer of a previous time was called upon to show more intellectual courage. If he made a cosmic generalization, it had to be what we now call a dogma.

If he made an individual psychological study, it had to be what we now call a criminal libel. When the old writer studied one individual soul, it was an individual soul who really existed and who might hit him back. In short, the old literature consisted mainly of very impersonal poetry or of very personal pamphlets.

It was concerned with man or it was concerned with a man. The modern novel is concerned with the subtle and delicate difference between one man who does not exist and another man who does not exist. The novel has come in as a relief from strenuousness; it is a way in which a man can avoid making up his mind about the universe and avoid making up his mind about the man next door. He can create an imaginary world in which he can maintain doctrines that he could not really defend and triumph over individuals whom he could not really overcome. This is the real peril of the thing called fiction; it is used as a mere sink or dust bin for all the emotions which were once and still ought to be poured into public life. Men are mentally cowardly and dare not put them

into religion; men are politically cowardly and dare not put them into politics. So they put them into novels and all these essential emotions are drained away like a river to the sea, without affecting the world at all. Think what we have lost through the fact that the psychological insight which dissects *Roderick Hudson* or *Richard Feverel* can not be applied to Mr. Chamberlain or President Roosevelt. The thing would be impossible now; it would be called "personal." We have actually reached so insane a condition that we use as an expression of contempt the word "personal," which is the highest and most mystical of the attributes of God.

This general weakness in the position of fiction must be stated first if we are to form any kind of fair estimate of contemporary fiction. In contemporary fiction there is an enormous number of bad novelists; but it must not be assumed that because a man is a bad novelist he is a fool. He is forced by the modern world to put his conceptions and his personality into one particular shape; and perhaps that shape does not suit him. This enables us to clear away whole cartloads of characteristic modern writers. Miss Marie Corelli is not a novelist; but she is not a fool. She is a demagogue, like Mr. Chamberlain and many other people who are certainly capable and possibly useful. Her ideas look trite and tiresome when they are considered as literature. So do the ordinary politician's ideas look trite and tiresome if they are considered as literature. But we need think none the worse of Mr. Chamberlain and Miss Marie Corelli because they only say things that have been said before and say them with a crusading fervor. The whole of human society would go to pieces if there were not a large number of people filled with a flaming and passionate attachment to truisms. A good politician must be madly in love with truisms. A good judge or lawyer must lie awake at night and think of the loveliness of truisms. A good police-

man must comfort himself with truisms as he watches alone under the stars. But literature is not the place for truisms; therefore it is not the place for demagogues or for Miss Corelli. But let us always remember that when we thus exclude such writers we are not excluding them from a high degree of human intelligence, but only from the particular business of novel writing. And that particular business of novel writing is so universal an intellectual business to-day that they are hardly to blame if they have happened to adopt it. The mistake is still the same; the mistake is in supposing that any one who had any kind of ideas or any sort of mission must write a novel. This mistake enables us to cover for the purposes of the present discussion a fair number of the most popular modern novelists at any rate in England. Miss Corelli is not a novelist; she is a great journalist and would be well worth a good salary on any paper in the world. Mr. Hall Caine is not a novelist; he would be supremely eloquent and successful as a great non-conformist popular preacher, like Dr. Parker or the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. When we pass to more cultured and perhaps more dignified writers the case is still the same. Mrs. Humphry Ward is not properly a novelist. That is to say, she would never have been a novelist or anything like a novelist except in a special age of novels. She might have been the head of a *salon*, a center of culture and conversation; she might have been a writer of charming semi-philosophical letters, in the manner of the eighteenth century. In our own time she might have been, if she had had good luck, a lady abbess, or if she had had bad luck, a lady lecturer. But she has no romantic element about her; she has no basic instinct to tell tales.

When we have put these and many more clever people on one side there remains in the modern world the mass of true fiction; of work really done from a natural im-

pulse of narrative and the desire to show the human soul as it is, alive and in the act of leaping. With one or two exceptions this active fiction consists of revivals. Revivals are of many kinds; perhaps few, after all, are so amusing or so sensible as religious revivals. Aesthetic and literary revivals have often been useful and often indispensable; but they have all this peculiarity that they do not really breathe life into the dead; it is quite enough of a miracle that they breathe life into the living. A Greek revival would not revive the Greeks; we may count ourselves lucky if it revives us. All these returns from the past have really been appeals to the present. The *Renaissance* is called a return to Paganism; but it was not really in the least pagan. Michael Angelo used the power of pagan's sculpture; but if ever there was a man in a state of uncontrollable Christianity it was Michael Angelo. The art of Rossetti and Burne-Jones is called medieval. But if ever there were two men who were utterly modern and not medieval at all, they were Rossetti and Burne-Jones. They could feel the sadness of the middle ages, because they were outside them; but they missed the cheerfulness of the middle ages. You can disbelieve a creed and still see its seriousness. But you must believe a creed in order to see its happiness. There is one thing that is in Botticelli and is not in Burne-Jones; and that is the fact that the robes flutter and the feet dance. In both schools of painting there is always a kind of clearness as of pearl and pale gold round the corners of the hills. Often the actual colors are the same. But somehow in Burne-Jones we know that it is evening and in Botticelli we know that it is dawn.

Something is always left out in a revival. Something is left out in the revivals in contemporary fiction. First of all there is that great and most righteous revival which Stevenson led and which still occupies a number of our best and briskest novelists; I mean the revival of romance.



This was a revival of Dumas and Scott, and Scott was himself a revival of remoter things. That Stevensonian revival was based on an excellent and neglected truth. Realism was founded on careful observation. Romance was founded on violent decision. And real human life as it is actually lived has much more to do with violent decision than with careful observation. If a man's life is not romantic he must be either very timid or very rich. Generally he is both. Life for the average man, life for mankind, is a perpetual crisis. Any one can discover this who chooses to live where mankind lives; that is, in the slums, in Houndsditch or the Walworth Road. Therefore, any stories, however wild, which describe life as a crisis are much truer than any, however careful, which describe it as a process or a state. Our best living novelists are always at their best when they are most romantic. Mr. Anthony Hope, for instance (one of the best intelligences in modern literature), is a man with a fine romantic inspiration who occasionally condescends to mere reality; I mean to mere reality of detail. His "Prisoner of Zenda" is much more like human life than his "Dolly Dialogues."

But Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Stanley Weyman and all those who work back through Stevenson to Scott have made a mistake, for all that. They have left out something in their original model and something that is essential. They have committed the supreme mistake of leaving out the dull parts of Scott. The dull parts of Scott made us familiar with the characters and slowly built up a sense of reality. We learned to care for people at their ease before we were called upon to follow them into danger. Mr. Stanley Weyman and most of the modern romancers err by trying to be too breathlessly romantic. Mere incident without character is not merely not convincing. Mere incident without character is not even exciting. The modern romancer is

content with throwing his hero into the sea. He forgets that it is a part of his duty to make us care whether he is drowned. The modern romancer is content to make his hero win. He forgets that it is his business to make us want him to win. We shall never have this human solidity till we go back to the old slower methods. Until we are as prosaic as Scott we shall never be as poetical.

This fault which belongs to many good writers, such as Mr. Stanley Weyman, to many excellent writers such as Mr. Anthony Hope, becomes an absolute imbecility in the hands of the great mass of craftsmen who are concerned with this kind of fiction. It is true that the larger number who fall heavily into this fault are concerned with popularity rather than with art. That does not matter. Popularity is much more important than art. The literature of democracy is the main matter for the modern world, not the literature of this or that section of the educated. In the abstract the educated have, no doubt, an advantage over the uneducated; only it happens that we all have a gradual and growing conviction that those who have been educated have been educated wrong. And in the popular literature this danger has almost reached desperation. Detective stories, for instance, have simply ceased to exist, because the writers of them can not make their characters interesting enough even to be effectively charged with murder. Even a detective story depends upon human psychology. You must at least have realized a man as innocent before you can be astonished at his being guilty. Before our modern sensational novelists are able to give a vivid picture of guilt, they will have to learn to give a vivid picture of innocence.

With very few exceptions all the other modern movements are revivals also. For instance, there has been a serious attempt to revive the atmosphere of the eighteenth century. Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. G. S.

Street, Mr. Max Beerbohm, have been full of it. But here again the revival has omitted something; it has omitted the masculinity of the eighteenth century. The effeminacy of the eighteenth century was very superficial. It was a question of powder and court dress. The virility of the eighteenth century was very deep; it was a question of the Battle of Trafalgar and the guillotine. What remains of the old realistic movement has even more completely lost its original virtues. There is no eminent writer in our language alive or even recently dead who can properly be called a realist. Zolaism has ended quite abruptly like a broken stick. There are left in our language a few really original writers of fiction; but none of them come from this stock. There is left Mr. Robert Hitchens, who is like a

decadent risen from the dead. He has all the pent and painful emotions of the school; yet he is exuberant and even hopeful. He is apparently going on; I do not know whether he is read; I am sure he is worth reading. He is of that old world with an energy out of the new. He is a decadent; yet he does not decay. All the other effective and individual modern writers have this isolated position. They are so separate from each other that even to mention them together seems jumbling up incompatible things. Two names alone will sufficiently illustrate this isolation of the best modern workers. If I were asked on my conscience which two men were writing the best stories written in modern English, one of the two I should select would be W. W. Jacobs. And the other would be Henry James.

## NEAR WAKING

*By Edith M. Thomas*

"We are near waking when we dream that we dream."

I DREAMED a dream of rounded pilgrimage—  
Of a sweet place of sojourn reached at last,  
Where wise was Youth, and where unsad was Age,—  
Folly and Disillusionment were past;  
And where all pledges were in full redeemed:—  
*But I dreamed that I dreamed!*

I dreamed that, now, no more dark, circling wings  
Shadowed the meadow-nests; nor any more  
The bird that strikes pursued the bird that sings;  
Nor mortal harried mortal, as before;  
Nor, anywhere, War's evil blazon gleamed:—  
*But I dreamed that I dreamed!*

I dreamed that the bow'd mourner by the hearth  
Mourned not as once; for Heaven-Truth did yield  
To the long pleadings lifted by the Earth,  
And *Why* and *Whither* stood, at last, revealed!  
Ah, yes! I was near waking, as it seemed—  
*For I dreamed that I dreamed!*

## MEN WITHOUT PRICE

*By Richard Washburn Child*

AUTHOR OF "THE DECENT AVERAGE," ETC.

THE storm of the night had wailed through the darkness and now the brilliance of the snow dazzled into the breakfast room where the hot coffee was steaming, where glasses of water and shining salvers reflected dancing spots of light on the high ceiling, and where Miss Eleanor Langdawn sat at one end of the table listening for her father's step upon the stairs. There was the cheerful drip-drip of melting icicles outside, the complaining scrape of snow shovels on the brick sidewalks, and the clink of tradesmen's sleigh bells coming up from the alley between the city blocks and the ice-laden Charles River beyond. A half-folded newspaper lay on the white cloth which Miss Langdawn regarded for a moment with listless attention; then with a sharp little exclamation she leaned forward, holding back the loose sleeve of her morning gown from her slim wrists and drew the paper to her. It was not until her father entered the room with a hearty clap of the hands, a trick of youth to which he had tenaciously clung and with which Miss Eleanor had for twenty-seven years been familiar, that she was diverted from the printed column.

A fire burned on the andirons and to this the old gentlemen, who still could look ruddy and vigorous with the help of a cold bath, turned his back, teetering on the hearth and rolling his hands together.

"A fine storm, Eleanor—a good old-fashioned storm," said he, seating himself at last with much rubbing of the chair arms. "Not so much cream. When your mother helped me there never was enough in it, but for the last six years you have never learned not to put in too much."

Miss Langdawn smiled, then the slight perplexed scowl which never failed to in-

dicade that she was considering her duty, returned to her forehead. A soft-moving maid came and went, leaving an impression of black and white, and pink cheeks, and on her going Eleanor spoke with the incisive directness which is enough in itself to cause her acquaintances to say that she has inherited the ability of her father.

"Who is Edward P. Cole?"

Mr. Langdawn looked up searchingly then leaned back in his chair as if considering. "Well, why do you want to know?" he said leisurely; "from what point of view would you like your answer? Ed Cole has many sides. I suppose he's chiefly known as a scoundrel in politics. What point of view? That's the first thing."

She thought a moment as if doubtful whether to press the question. "Well, from all points," she began finally, "just as a man. I read of him in this morning's paper. There were headlines and the article spoke of his owning three wards and of his power, and that the Citizens' Association was putting all its chief exertion against him. You are on their committee and of course know all about him."

"Yes, yes, I do," answered her father almost impatiently. "But why do you want to know?"

"Miss Lord—Evelyn Lord—the girl who comes here to sew is much interested in him, I think. That is it. She is the very nicest sort of girl,—much too refined to throw herself away on such a man as I suppose he is. I could make her see it if I chose—she is fond of me, and is—well, otherwise rather alone and young. I just want to be sure. It seems my duty to be absolutely sure."

"I hardly think you need worry, Eleanor. Ed Cole represents the worst element

that immigration gives us. His parents brought him from some place—heaven knows where!—he's changed his name since then. He learned his ethics in the gutter. He is a great, coarse, brutal sort of fellow, more than dangerous because he has brains. He's got just enough brains to inspire tremendous confidence in the people that live in the tenements."

Eleanor got up from the table and, going to the bay window, drew down a shade. "It's very curious," said she. "Evelyn seems quite taken in by him; but of course she is fresh and innocent. She told me he was in politics."

"Oh, he's just a common rogue—they call them grafters in these days," said her father, turning toward her and making an impatient gesture with his napkin. "Has no morals, has no manners. Ed Cole will not make an ideal husband for any kind of woman." He smiled, drawing his fingers through his beard. "You may depend upon it."

"Poor girl," said she, searching with the toe of her shoe for the bell under the table. Her father tucked the morning paper under his arm. At the door he turned toward her. "Your settlement work and Week End Club are all very well, Eleanor," said he, with a trace of irritation in his voice, "but you had better leave politics alone. I wouldn't mix up in it." His step sounded through the library and hallway and to the stairs, but was lost in the opening of a door and the reappearance of the maid. Eleanor returned to the light of the bay window where the sun rested like a shawl upon the pleasing breadth and squareness of her shoulders and accentuated the few white strands scattered through the otherwise dark mass of her hair.

By a curious mental suggestion her attention was drawn to the environment in which she had been born and had lived; her glance wandered from the Diaz and the De Hoch that hung above the somber wainscoting of wood, to the shelves of books on the four walls of the reading-

room beyond where an oak table, big and black, was neatly piled with monthly periodicals and weekly reviews. For the first time in the course of her existence there occurred to her the marvel that she had been born into the best of the world and not into the worst. Previously the fact that she was a Langdawn and as such must be and do and think as a Langdawn had never seemed more than the common fact of her life. There was no snobbery in her nature, no silly conceit, no lack of democracy or sympathy, but if she chanced to look down at her hands there always arose the almost subconscious conviction that they were the hands of a Langdawn and of no other. She felt, more than thought, the superiority of her existence; it was only when she reflected that to her no common question of right and wrong ever arose, and only the most delicate decisions of morals and ethics beset her that she became mentally conscious of the burden of her place in the world of society. If this was vanity, Eleanor was not to blame for it.

At this moment, as she wondered at the difference between the surroundings of her own life and that of the wholly conscientious, deserving and lovable working girl, Miss Lord, no question as to her duty swayed in her mind. From the day that her sister had married and left Eleanor the sole companion of her father, to grow old with him, forbidding herself the instinct of motherhood, she never doubted her clearness of vision or strength of purpose in matters of duty. This morning she had asked her father about the man in whom it was her duty to be interested, and about whose character it was her duty to be sure. There was still a lurking doubt as to whether she was sure; whether there might not be something that might make her interference an irreparable injustice. She walked toward the library still perplexed, then quickly turned toward the maid.

"Alice."

"Yes, Miss Eleanor."



"WHO IS EDWARD F. COLE?" ELEANOR ASKED





"Please telephone for the carriage to be here at half past ten," she said, glancing at the tall clock which stood in the corner like a punished child with a sad, meditative face.

The air was still brisk with winter as Miss Langdawn started on her visit to Mr. Edward Cole. She had found by consulting the directory that his law office was in a large building beyond the Common, not far from the bank to which her father, too old to be in active life, was nevertheless drawn each day by the habit of a lifetime. No tremor of misgivings disturbed Eleanor: she was thoroughly businesslike when it was necessary. Not even the ugly half-drawn picture of the politician gave her the slightest dread of going straight to the most intimate of his affairs.

At the door with its panel of ground glass bearing his name she hesitated only to be sure and then walked in. A case of law books occupied one side of the room, on the other a young girl fingered the keys of a typewriter.

"You are Mr. Cole's stenographer?" asked Miss Langdawn hastily.

"Yes'm," said the girl, who was not very neat in appearance. "I'm his sister." There was a ring of pride in this last sentence which surprised the older girl so that she smiled kindly on the sister of Mr. Edward Cole and without comment handed her a card. A moment later the girl whisked briskly out of an inner office and said, "He ain't busy to-day and he'll see you. Step in."

The appearance of Cole was another surprise. Miss Langdawn was not a girl whose knowledge of modern types and characteristics was restricted to the strata of society in which she normally moved, but she had rather expected to see a man approaching middle age, over-fed and over-dressed. In point of fact Mr. Cole did not look like the conventional politician: he was a young man, very tall and pale, with muscular hands, blue eyes and an exaggerated chin. It would have been

hard to decide the nationality of his forebears. When he got up from his desk chair a pile of papers fell in confusion to the floor and he stood among them with his right arm moving in distressful uncertainty as to whether he ought to shake hands. Finally he pointed to another chair.

"Sit down, Miss Langdawn," he said, and as she accepted his invitation he gave a deep sigh of relief.

"I can tell you my errand in a few words," said Eleanor, leaning forward composedly. "I have a girl who comes to do my sewing. She has made a friend of me. She is alone. Apparently she has a great interest in you, Mr. Cole."

"She has?" he exclaimed quickly. "Say, I wasn't sure of that—if you'll pardon me," he added, feeling around inside his collar with a forefinger.

His visitor knew at once that she had made a first misstep in the interview; she had not intended to be the bearer of good tidings and hastened to correct the blunder.

"You have misunderstood me," she went on. "I have no doubt that Miss Lord has many considerations before her; I have no doubt that she will confide in me. I think she will listen to me if I tell her that you, Mr. Cole, are not honorable—that what the paper says of you this morning is true."

The other looked up quickly, his blue eyes half closed in a shrewd interrogation, the expression of his face changed into a harder set of lines.

"I asked my father," said she.

"And he knocked me," commented Cole with a grim smile. "Didn't you believe him?"

Eleanor scowled. "Why, yes, he couldn't say what is untrue, he could not be dishonorable about it. But perhaps he does not know all. I thought it fairer to come straight to you."

"A square deal?" exclaimed Cole, looking into her eyes. "Ask me. I won't lie to you now."

"Well, then—are those things true?"

He reached for a newspaper that lay on his desk and pointed to the article that she had read that morning. "This is it? Yes, as far as you need to know, those things are true. It wouldn't be fair to my friends to go into detail," he added in explanation.

Miss Langdawn sat quiet as if she expected him to go on and say something more. Cole looked out the window across the snowy tops of office buildings already besmirched with the smoke that blew from the chimneys in the brisk wind. Finally he laughed carelessly.

"I haven't quite satisfied you, have I?" he said. "Well, I'll tell you what the Citizens' Association has against me—it will save you trouble, and it comes straight enough when it comes from me, don't it? Do you know anything about city politics?"

"Why, yes," said Eleanor, speaking more like one who wishes to lend assistance than like a hostile inquisitor. "More than most women, I think."

"Well, I'm going to talk because I'm so blamed afraid that Evelyn's the sort of girl who'd listen to the sort of woman you are. I want to show you how men like me feel about things. We're not in this business for our health. Politics is my real profession, if you want it straight. Most of my law business here is getting poor devils in my ward out of trouble, who can't get anybody else to help 'em. I don't make enough out of 'em to pay for this office. I don't charge one in five a red cent."

"You do it for nothing," asked Eleanor quietly, laying her muff on the table.

"It's a part of the business—I ain't a hypocrite," explained Cole simply. "It's a part of the business. And you've heard probably that I have a good deal to do with the way the Gerry Club is run. We've got four wards that'll do as we say. So it just about amounts to their doing what I say. And the Citizens' As-

sociation don't like what I say. Well, we run on sharp politics and we aren't in it for recreation. We cut our enemies' throats when we can and stick to our friends like Portland cement—that's our policy. A traitor to the machine don't get any mercy, and who's got merit gets reward. It's near perfect—the organization, and it's not blowing when I say we can run this city cheaper and better than all the reform associations and reform mayors the wards in your locality can ever set up on end."

He looked at Eleanor and found her eyes were fastened on him, gray and cold.

"And they call us crooked, Miss Langdawn," he went on earnestly. "They say we buy votes and put grafters into office. Their ideas differ a good deal from ours. I guess they would never see it our way and it would never be worth the time for me to explain things to them, to show them we were honest enough about some things, anyway, or why it is absolutely necessary to wink at some others. We'd all like to see the world a better place, I guess. I don't know any one who wouldn't rather be straight than crooked, when he can."

Eleanor raised her head as he finished and made a slight motion of disgust with her gloved hand. "It's just as bad as I thought," said she; "you are the sort of man who compromises with his conscience. I care very little whether it is much or little. Honesty is a positive thing. There is no half-way honesty. It isn't honesty unless it hasn't got a spot on it—not a blemish. My father said you were a rascal, Mr. Cole. I thought then perhaps there was a balance to be drawn, but I see now that a crooked man, as you call him, is no more or no less than a crooked man. That is what you have admitted. You will excuse my using your own term, but that is it." She reached for her muff.

"Look here, Miss Langdawn, you haven't heard me through," said he in a sharper tone. "This means something to me." He stood up. "I haven't begun yet."



HE STOOD IN UNCERTAINTY AS TO WHETHER HE SHOULD SHAKE HANDS





"What more is there to say?" she returned coldly.

"A great deal more to say," he answered, in a strong, full voice and with the sweep of a hand that suggested the campaign spellbinder. "You don't know me yet. You don't know my life or history or surroundings or principles. You don't seem to realize that I never lied to a man who never lied to me. You don't seem to realize why the political organization I belong to has the confidence—and the affection—of our people. Go down into the tenements and ask 'em. Ask 'em who takes their law cases for them. Ask 'em who sends a doctor to their sick babies and where sterilized milk was distributed all last summer and where they went to get coal when the old man lost his job this winter. Ask 'em what they think of the Gerry Club and what they think of the reform crowd up in your district."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Cole," exclaimed Eleanor, realizing that she was now in a fight. "According to your own expression that sort of thing is all in the business."

"Yes, in the business. But what about your respected and distinguished citizens? What about Appleton Wales and hundreds of 'em like him? He bought the Carter Pond land when he knew the city had to have it for a parkway—a parkway to give the people a breathing space—and sold it to the city for six times its assessed value, after buying up the Common Council, and made two hundred thousand dollars in the trade. He's the great philanthropist, he is—the man who gave the city the Wales Hospital, a monument to a worse grafter than we ever had in the Gerry Club."

This was news to Eleanor and she showed it in her expression.

"I know a man," Cole went on, "who pretends to all kinds of virtue. He's foremost in jumping on me. And yet that man owns two blocks of tenements where I lived when I was selling newspapers on the streets, and he lets 'em out for illegal pur-

poses. He knows what they are. I've called his attention to it. He knows that it's the middle of a district where working people are trying to raise decent boys and straight girls. But that kind of people pay him fat rents and the temptation is too great. That man condemns me now. He says I'm a grafter and a rascal. But five years ago he offered me a job worth two thousand dollars a year for looking pleasant and giving him some help in the legislature. I threw it down. He asked too much. Miss Langdawn, I'm a poor man for the chances I've had. And the chances have nearly always come from the ward in which you live."

"I believe you—I suppose I must believe you," said Eleanor soberly, and then her voice rang up. "But there are good men—men who never do a dishonest thing—men without price. I am a woman, of course, but I could not be bought!"

"Miss Langdawn," said Cole, sitting once more. "You are protected—you and even the boys of the class of people to which you belong are protected from the lessons that we learn on a good deal rougher road. I will not boast, Miss Langdawn. Don't think that I am boasting, but I never received a cent of help after I was ten years old. I sold newspapers then and later I drove an express wagon and a butcher's delivery team, and I went through the high schools working as a hotel bell-boy at night and through a law school when I had to leave a job on the street department at seven o'clock in the morning with just time to get breakfast and then go to my lectures. That puts a different point of view into a man, Miss Langdawn. You learn on that road that there is no such thing as a strict code of morals. In your life up there on the avenue and the waterfront of the river, morals are a simple proposition. You can live by printed rules—up there!"

Eleanor had listened with first signs of losing her calm. Then suddenly in a single moment the slow, well-driven words of

the politician kindled her strongest emotions. As she straightened herself, gripping the arms of the chair as this sudden fire flashed into her eyes, Cole looked on her in wonder and caught his breath in admiration.

"How little you know," she cried, more beautiful in her unrestraint. "The difficulties for us are more complex. We are quite as human as you. It is possible for us to love and hate. We live in the same flesh as your people. More eyes are on us and they multiply our duties. Temptations are not coarse in my life, Mr. Cole, but they are just as alluring, such as they are. I know a girl—" Eleanor stopped. Her voice, clear, vehement and impassioned, had frightened her own ears; the sudden loss of her evenly-balanced manner made her feel that she was in a curiously unpleasant and grotesque dream. She struggled in new and unknown waters.

Cole watched the rise and fall of her breathing, shrewdly biding his time to say, "This girl you spoke of? The concrete example?"

"She was a girl with health and ambitions," responded Eleanor, and Cole, who knew that he had won a victory in compelling her to go on, leaned forward with his elbows on his knees. "She was in love with a man who loved her—a good, straightforward, honest man, a man who had no price. She was in love with that man, but she had a sister younger than she who wanted to get married, too. Oh, I suppose the story is simple and commonplace enough. You may see nothing in it."

"Oh, yes, I will," said he, quickly. "Tell me."

"Their mother was dead, but their father was an old man, and if both of them married it would leave him alone. It was the duty of one to give up all her plans so that the other could go on. And so the girl told the man she loved that she could not marry him for a long time, and perhaps then it would be too late, and

she has had to suffer and see him suffer, silently and patiently, waiting for a nearly hopeless chance that would not come until all the bloom and freshness and youth of life were gone. Mr. Cole, the girl knew that was her duty to her sister and her father, and she did not falter. It was the same thing that faces you and faces you down, Mr. Cole." Her voice rang out, steadily, unbrokenly. "But the woman had no price!"

She rose to her full height. No words came to Cole's lips; he stood silent with his eyes on the floor as she opened the door, passed out and shut it gently behind her.

Cole's sister was in the outer office leaning back against the case of law books, her hands tightened at her sides; her face bore the coarse look of class hatred.

"You thought you did him up!" said she, facing the taller girl with clenched and trembling fists.

"You listened!" exclaimed Eleanor.

"Oh, yes, I listened, if you want to know it. I heard you call my brother a crook. I ain't as smart as you are, but I knew what you meant. It's a lie!" Tears came into her big brown eyes, and the curve of her upper lip trembled with bursting emotion.

"You don't understand," insisted Miss Langdawn.

"Don't I understand, though?" cried the girl. She ran to a letter file that stood open-mouthed on the table as if it were astounded at the proceedings.

"Don't I understand? I'll show you!" Her shaking hand drew out a letter from among the others. "I'll show you. Do you know who my brother meant when he told you about the man who owned the blocks of tenements where there are pianos going all night? Do you know who it was offered him a two-thousand-a-year snap to do dirty work at the State House? I knew where this letter was to prove it. It was your own father." She burst into a torrent of tears, hiding her eyes in a wet little mop of handkerchief.

Eleanor took the letter, and, as she read it, became very white. She gave no exclamation, but little by little her face wore a tired look like the expression of one who has suffered long and with great patience. She put her hand on the younger girl's heaving shoulder and said, "There, there," and then walked back into the inner office.

The politician turned from the window as she came in and saw her face and the letter in her hand.

"Mr. Cole," said she, spacing her words like a phonograph nearly run down. "You didn't tell me this."

"Tell you, Miss Langdawn?—I'd have died first."

She smiled on him quietly, with a look of the tenderest sympathy—and he took two steps toward her.

"There's nothing to it," he began, in a miserable attempt to drag something whole out of the ruin. "You can't put much importance to little things like that; everybody falls down once in a while. It isn't any worse than the rest of the world. One man makes a slip here and another there. Just forget it. It's as I said—there ain't any regular code of morals. Everybody's got their price, and he probably honestly thinks he's all right."

As he had floundered in the mire a light had come back to Eleanor's eyes, a fresh vitality into her body, so that to Cole the path of sunlight on the floor, the vision

of his sister standing in the next room, with her childish expression of awe and fright, the desk chairs and the other little familiar objects were filmy images in comparison to the reality of Eleanor Langdawn. He gazed into her eyes with a frightened look, and yet as if he expected to learn in them some lesson vital to his existence.

Her voice came, sounding clear and strong. "It isn't true! Honesty is not honesty unless it hasn't got a spot. You have not shaken my faith in that. You have not won, Mr. Cole; you can not believe that you have won."

Cole looked at her blankly for a moment. Then suddenly he cried out: "The girl in the story—what of her?" and he reached with his hands as if expecting the answer to be a physical thing that he might grasp.

Eleanor gave a little cry of triumph, and in her victory she stood to her full height with the tears coursing down her cheeks. "That girl will be a mother," she cried. "She *must* be a mother now, and she will have boys who can not be bought—men without price."

As she went out of the office into the corridor, with its resounding floors and noisy clang of elevators, Cole's sister came to him and caught his hand up to her cheek, crying out over and over again, "What's the matter, Ed? What's the matter? What's the matter?"

## THE HAUNTING PRESENCE

*By Charlotte Wilson*

AT home I went about my household ways  
Unvexed of thee for many nights and days;  
I fared abroad—and lo, for many a mile  
Across the world beside me fled thy smile.



## THE HOUSE UNBEAUTIFUL

By Agnes Repplier



STORY is told of a would-be clever woman who, seeking to amuse herself at the expense of the public, wrote for a popular journal a column of satirical advice to young householders. In it she gave free rein to her most uncharitable humor, proposing the maddest decorations, the most impossible contrivances, the most unholy combinations of color and material—parodying, as she thought, those well-meant futilities which the “woman’s page” has made familiar to us all. The result was unexpected and disconcerting. Her words were taken in good faith. The daring and highly original nature of her suggestions pleased the popular fancy, and the editor of the journal requested her to continue her contributions. Nettled by a success which proved her failure, the woman flung her whole soul into a study of the ridiculous. She told her readers how to make furniture of tin plates and cigar boxes; how to drape their walls with cheese cloth, and cover their tables with mosquito netting; how to frame pictures with dried corn-cobs, and to weave rugs out of the children’s worn-out stockings. With each fresh instalment of absurdity her fame rose, her popularity increased. Like the Oriental who became a seer in spite of himself, she found that every random shot went home to the hearts of her readers, and that, in place of a satirist, she had become—what is far more pleasant and profitable—a household name.

There is nothing unlikely in the tale. The suggestions offered by the kindly columns of domestic journalism present, as a rule, a well-balanced combination of the impossible and the undesirable. The things they propose can not be done, and therein lies our salvation. There burns in the human heart an unbridled lust for decoration, an instinctive and inextinguishable desire to cumber life with things that add nothing to its dignity or grace. This desire can neither be chastened by wealth, nor chilled by penury. It finds expression in the padded drawing-rooms of the rich, and in the pathetic incongruities cherished by the poor. “Expensive and costly iniquities,” says the wise old author of the “Anatomy of Melancholy,” “can not be every one’s sins, but the soul may be iniquitated at a very low rate, and a man may go cheaply to perdition.”

The splendor of an American hotel is perhaps the most oppressive thing that civilization has to show. Its vistas of marble columns, its acres of gilding, the ornate character of its brass work and wood carving, its bolster-like chairs and sofas and divans—all modeled after that immortal pattern which Mrs. Haweis christened “the upholsterer’s delight,”—these things are dear to our souls. We feel soothed and gratified by the thought that not one foot of all that vast wall surface has been left undecorated, that not one colorless and tranquil space can ever meet the eye. “The boast of our age is the reverse of simplicity”; and the man who re-



fused to have his shoes blackened at the Astoria, for fear they should be gilded by mistake, showed an intelligent appreciation of his surroundings.

The same spirit has made our parlor cars and our ocean steamers models of meretricious embellishment. The close and stuffy atmosphere of the car (where the temperature is regulated by the torrid tastes of the negro porter) is made closer and stuffier by an abundance of draperies, warranted to hold the germs of every imaginable disease. The great dining-rooms and saloons of the steamer are bedizened like a music hall. Cupids wriggling over the ceiling, nymphs and dryads and "seasons" staring at us from the walls, floral wreaths blooming upon the pillars, and mirrors reflecting from every side our own sallow and dejected countenances. Do these things alleviate the miseries of an ocean voyage? A weary dweller in the houses of the rich, being asked in which "style" one of these mansions was furnished, replied that it was a mixture of "early Pullman and late German Lloyd,"—a graphic and illuminating description.

Mr. Frederick Harrison has recorded his belief that the camel will have passed through the eye of the needle before the rich man shall have found his way into the Kingdom of Beauty. The instinct for possession, combined with the assiduity of dealers, makes it impossible for him to stay his hand. His house becomes a museum, and his wearied friends might as well take a turn through the Louvre as pay him an afternoon call. A few years ago it was the dreadful fashion to concentrate half a dozen nations under the roof of one American home. There would be a Dutch room, all blue tiles and windmills and old Delft; an Italian room, where Della Robbia terra cottas, smiling and *debonnaire*, contrasted strangely with the somber art of Siena, and where examples of the earliest Byzantine period reposed side by side with the ripe perfection of the Renaissance; and perhaps a Turkish

room, with divans and sandal-wood screens and *narghiles*, and brazen pots and pans, the very purpose of which was all unknown to their possessor. Such a habitation was as remote from every grace of home as are those sad and splendid palaces of Germany, where the unhappy tourist is shown walls covered to the ceiling with Chinese plates, and shell grottos of chilling dampness and insalubrity. Private luxury, we are told, has now superseded public magnificence; and it has a lamentable tendency to be sumptuous, with scant regard to the harmony of life.

These are the "expensive and costly iniquities" which pertain to wealth. Most of us are compelled to transgress the laws of beauty in humbler fashion, and to achieve the undesirable at more modest rates. Mr. James Payn, the novelist, tells us of a sideboard which was recommended to him as having "a Chippendale feeling about it." The true article might be beyond his purse; but he could always fall back upon the false, with the dealer's jargon for consolation. The most perfect and the most pitiless picture of a middle-class house, where surpassing ugliness has been inexpensively secured, is given us by Mr. Henry James in his subtle and dreary masterpiece, "The Spoils of Poynton." He describes with dreadful minuteness the country-place of the *Brigstocks*, "smothered with trumpery ornament and scrap-book art, with strange excrescences, and bunchy draperies, with gimeracks that might have been keepsakes for maid servants, and nondescript conveniences that might have been prizes for the blind. There was in the elder visitor's room a set of comic water-colors, a family joke by a family genius; and in the younger's a souvenir from some Centennial or other exhibition, that they shudderingly alluded to. The house was perversely full of souvenirs of places even more ugly than itself, and of things it would have been a pious duty to forget. The worst horror was the acres of varnish, something adver-



tised and smelly, with which everything was smeared; and it was Fleda Vetch's conviction that the application of it, by their own hands, and hilariously shoving each other, was the amusement of the Brigstocks on rainy days."

This is cruel in its realism. The sentence about "souvenirs" strikes to the very heart. We all know people who are incapable of going *anywhere* without bringing home for themselves—and what is far worse, for their friends—those hideous objects which the assiduity of tradesmen present to their careless consideration. From mountain lakes and lonely woods, from the New England coast and the sands of New Jersey, from the suburban hotel and the far-away resorts of Nova Scotia, they come back laden with spoils. Anything that can be carved out of wood, or woven out of straw, or beaten out of brass; any bit of crockery, or stamped leather, or bead work; anything that can be stitched together, or tacked together, or glued together, suffices for a "souvenir." A brass pig with an open back of bristles, for the accommodation of inkypens, becomes a souvenir of Atlantic City,

of Niagara, of Narragansett Pier, of any place where the unfortunate creature was exposed for sale and bought. I once saw on the mantel-shelf of an artisan a large clam shell standing on end, with a smaller clam shell fastened mysteriously inside of it, and five very little shells glued inside of that. Upon the little shells reposed a diminutive china ducky, eating a slice of watermelon, while above him, under a garland of pink roses, was printed the unaccountable legend, "Souvenir of Buffalo." But why? Buffalo is not a seacoast town. It is as remote from shells as from watermelons, from the retrospective clam as from the joyous pickaninny. Moreover, the artisan lived in Buffalo. He had no need to refresh his mind with memories of his native town, even supposing that flourishing city to be associated in anybody's mind with a combination of shells, pink roses and melons. Why, then, was this curious object thrust upon a crowded world, unless to make good the words of old Robert Burton as to the "low rate" at which it is possible to sin, so that the poor man, as well as the rich, can make sure of possessing the undesirable?

## THE SILENT ONES

*By Hildegard Hawthorne*

LIFE and love and death all come  
Without sound of step or drum,  
Without herald, without word  
They come unheard.

As the morning light is spread  
In white splendor overhead;  
As the summer's glory glows  
In the red heart of a rose;  
As the mists the valleys fill  
With shadow chill.

# BALDWINVILLE

*By J. Walter Baird*

**B**ALDWIN'S double-cousin laid out the town of Baldwinville, and then the town, to show its appreciation, laid out the double-cousin. After that Baldwinville prospered until Jones got to drifting the wrong way, commercially, and in six months' time, ate his own grocery. That was an ill omen. The grocer went crazy and walked the streets daily, his clothes decorated with fruit jar labels. It did not rain for nearly a year, and when the rain did come at last, a cyclone brought it. The cyclone left deluges of rain, but took in exchange about three-fourths of Baldwinville and scattered it out over the prairie. The remaining fourth buried the dead, made room for the unhoused living and warmed them before crackling fires made from the debris of their own homesteads.

Then the hot winds came and seared the corn and drove Baldwinville within doors for days, and when the holocaust had passed the people lived on glucose molasses and fought for a drink of water from Abe Watkins' well. "Antelope meat" that looked very much like two-year-old beef was smuggled from house to house and buried away from the sight of certain suspicious "cow punchers," who scoured the town searching for some one to "string up," hinting broadly that a number of fine steers had disappeared suddenly and that there were marks of a butchering out on the prairie no great distance away.

Then Baldwin came! Baldwinville had often heard the double-cousin speak of him, but had never seen him; had never expected to see him any more than they expected to see the double-cousin come burrowing out of his grave, sunk vindictively deep in his own corner lot.

It was on this lot the bank was to have

been built—or was it the federal building? The double-cousin had told so many stories about that corner lot and its future as relating to Baldwinville, that Baldwinville never expected to get itself entirely untangled.

But here was Baldwin, riding straight into town, dressed like a "dude" and with a smile of confidence that quite took the breath of Baldwinville. He had been "sighted" for some time and, as a result, a goodly knot of citizens was gathered in front of the "hotel" as he rode up.

No greeting was given, no hand extended; in silence they waited for him to dismount. But he did not dismount. He checked his horse and looked carefully about over the heads of the people.

As for the people, they watched him in silence. The creaking of Baldwinville "Adam's apples" could almost be heard as the citizens moistened dry lips and swallowed mouthfuls of nothing.

At last Mike from Murdock, shortened to "Murdock Mike," shifted a heavy foot a trifle and asked, "Who in hell are ye?"

"Baldwin," came the answer, and the stranger looked up and down, yes, and sidewise at the good citizens. Then he laughed quietly, a snickering, jeering sort of laugh. "You 're the worst bunch of rock-candy mouths I ever saw," he said, and laughed again.

Baldwinville was inwardly thunderstruck, but there was no outward demonstration. No one knew why he lingered impassive, inactive, or why his neighbor did. They had done for the double-cousin; they had vowed to do for Baldwin if he ever came, yet here he was, and they did nothing—they could only stare.

"What are you all waiting for?" said Baldwin. "I see it's nearly noon by the

court-house clock up there." Baldwin looked up at the imaginary court-house and to the imaginary clock, and so did every citizen. Baldwin laughed again. Then he regarded them seriously and speculatively for a moment. "I can do whatever I wish to do," he said, "and just now I wish to look up there at the town clock for five minutes." Slowly he turned his eyes to the imaginary clock. "You needn't wait on me," he said; "go home whenever you like."

Baldwinville looked at the point in space where the clock was supposed to be—and waited.

After what seemed an age, Baldwin said: "Time 's up," as though to himself. Then he looked at the citizens and laughed again, the same quiet, cynical laugh. "Well, I'll be damned! Still here, are you? Why don't you go home?" There was an uneasy shuffling of feet, but aside from this no one moved. "I'll bet any one of you a hundred dollars you can't go home," he said, and waited. There were no takers.

Baldwin quickly dismounted and fold-

ed his arms. "Any of you wish to fight?" looking curiously around the mute circle.

Baldwinville gasped and stared at Baldwin, and then slowly the gaze shifted to Murdock Mike. Following their eyes, Baldwin looked at Murdock Mike. Then he leveled a forefinger at him. "Do *you* want to fight?" he asked, placing stress on the pronoun.

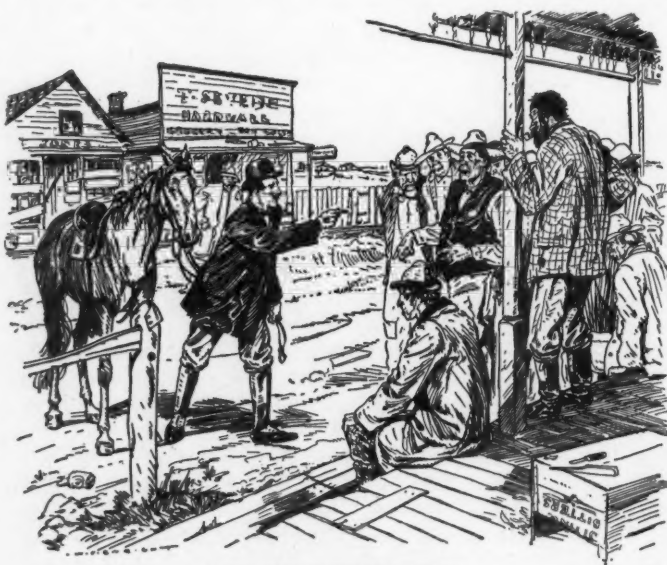
Mike gulped, looked foolish, turned fiery red and stammered, "N-n-nope, I guess not," and the citizens knew that another champion had tottered.

"All right, then, the show's over," said Baldwin, "but before I go to dinner I wish to invite each of you to come to the town hall this afternoon at two:thirty *sharp*." He said "sharp" in a voice that cut like a knife through the throbbing brains of the citizens assembled. Then he carefully hitched his horse to a post and went deliberately in to dinner.

The eyes of Baldwinville followed him; then the people looked up slowly at the imaginary town clock, then down again at their foolish selves, and in that look

lame tongues were loosened. "Well, I'll be damned," said Baldwinville in chorus.

By 2:30 the town hall held every citizen in Baldwinville. Baldwin stepped forward briskly and said: "You fellows are a joke, Baldwinville's a joke—in fact, everything in the world's a joke if you can but see it; but, laying all jokes aside, how many of you are dissatisfied with affairs in general in Baldwinville? All that are, hold up your right



"DO YOU WANT TO FIGHT?"

hands." Instantly there was a fluttering of every right hand present.

"Good," said Baldwin, "now to business. How many of you believe I can do anything I wish to do—honor bright, up with your hands—how many?"

There was the same general fluttering of hands as before, accompanied this time by a good-natured laugh.

"Thanks," said Baldwin, "you do me honor—the limit, in fact. Well, I'll tell you what I mean to do. I mean to do the best turn for Baldwinville that can be done for a poor old dilapidated town that is rapidly going off the map; I mean to boom it. If I can get the assistance of all the good citizens here assembled, I can make this the most prosperous town in the United States before six months. Will you help me?"

"We will," answered Baldwinville with a shout that was the complement of their former hopelessness and despair.

"Then we stand adjourned," said Baldwin. "When I get ready for you I will let you know."

For a week thereafter Baldwin might have been seen marshaling little squads of Baldwinites from place to place over the prairie, directing them while they dug and scraped and plowed and raked and wondered.

The result of it all was a row of mellow, well-made garden beds that presented a very businesslike appearance.

Then there was a number of mysterious and cautious conversations between Baldwin and some of the leading citizens, noticeably those citizens who owned land adjoining Baldwinville as it then existed; which land, by the way, had once been dotted by regular rows of white sign-boards, each inscribed with a lot number and an extravagant price and crossed by lordly avenues, whose imaginary lines stretched away over the limitless plain.

It was whispered and whispered that the old days were to return; the old, fair dream to be dreamed again, but without



MYSTERIOUS AND CAUTIOUS CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN BALDWIN AND SOME OF THE LEADING CITIZENS

its nightmare ending. There was to be a genuine court-house clock up there somewhere in space, where Baldwin had looked the first day he arrived. Baldwinville necks began to ache from looking.

After what seemed a needlessly long time spent in waiting the word came from Baldwin that he was ready for every able-bodied man to assemble as before in the town hall at the same hour as upon the former meeting. Baldwinville assembled. Baldwin, smiling a bland and encouraging smile, stepped to the front of the platform and held up a brown object. The sight of it fascinated the citizens.

"Gentlemen, a few weeks ago, I promised, with your assistance, to boom this town. I told you all that when I got ready for you I would call you, and I have done so. In the time that has elapsed since our first meeting I have accomplished a great deal, with the assistance of some of you, and have developed my plans to my entire satisfaction. Gentlemen, I hold in my

hand for your inspection a sample of the genus 'Tulipa,' commonly called a tulip bulb." (Baldwinville looked interested and impressed.) "There is nothing remarkable about the fact that it is a tulip bulb, but there is something remarkable about this *particular* tulip bulb." (Without knowing why, Baldwinville applauded.)

Baldwin waited for the tumult to subside—waited with the tulip bulb held a little aloft to give it dignity and distinction. "As I was saying," he continued, "there is something remarkable about this particular bulb. It is the finest bulb in the world to-day and it will produce the finest tulip flower in the world, *but*, my friends,"—here he paused while his hearers looked expectant,—"*the remarkable thing about this bulb is, it was grown right here in Baldwinville.*"

There was wild cheering and exultation and a shaking of heads and an overflow of enthusiasm. No one asked why; no one cared why; the sight of the bulb in Baldwin's hand was enough. It was truly the finest tulip bulb in the world; there was no doubt but that it would produce the finest flower in the world.

"Will you please stand up and testify, Mr. Black?" said Baldwin, and Mr. Black, who had once been the banker of Baldwinville, arose and said dutifully but emphatically:

"Citizens and friends of Baldwinville, Mr. Baldwin speaks the truth. That *is* the finest tulip bulb in the world, and it was grown right here in this city." (Baldwinville caught the word "city" and sat straighter.) "I know it was grown right here in this city; I grew it myself; grew it"—here the speaker's voice sank to a stage whisper—"I grew it right here in good, old Baldwinville soil, and bulbs and flowers that will astonish the world may be seen right now in my garden."

Mr. Black sat down and a deathlike silence reigned, while the citizens pon-

dered the wonderful intelligence which in brief was: *Baldwinville had soil that was capable of growing the finest tulips, both bulbs and flowers, in the world.*

The spell was continued when Baldwin said: "Yes, my friends, the soil upon which this city stands is the best soil in the world for tulip growing; a hundred analyses show that fact, and when you add to this that the tulip is the most beautiful and most sought-after flower that grows, and that more wealth has been added to the world's store from the culture of the tulip than from mining gold and silver combined, you see the *great* significance of this small bulb. It will prove greater than the richest mine; it will produce far—"

He got no farther, for Baldwinville, so long in the dumps, so long forlorn and parched and desolate, sprang from its seat and swung its hat and laughed and almost cried with hysterical joy, so that it required the banker, the schoolmaster and Baldwin combined to enforce order again. No one asked for Baldwin's authority; what was the use to question anything or to seek to quarrel with good fortune.

When order was at last restored Baldwin talked for an hour upon the details and plans which were to change Baldwinville from a wretched cluster of houses far out on the prairie into a splendid city, connected with the outer world by numerous railroads, all of them working overtime to their fullest capacity, freighting tulips to the world and freighting the eager, curious world into Baldwinville, so that a dull flush, such as is often seen upon the faces of winning gamblers, crept into Baldwinville faces, and when the meeting broke up the mad rush for tulip land began.

In a week Baldwinville showed an activity unheard of in its history, and at the end of a month, when the news of the industry spread a little, some men came from the outside world; big men with diamonds on their hands and in their shirt



fronts and with big, well-fed stomachs, who invested quite largely in Baldwinville land and announced their intention of growing tulips on a large scale, a very, very large scale, and hinted of railroads, shortly, and franchises and options; then indeed did Baldwinville go entirely crazy, and money was raised from seemingly impossible sources and more land was purchased and more tulip beds made and more and more tulip bulbs bought of—of Baldwin, who kindly secured them *at cost*.

Eastern friends of the citizens came in response to frantic letters written; came

When spring came the plants sprang up and the flowers bloomed out, and Baldwinville was a waving garden of such sweetness that it was a mockery to be near it, and Baldwinville, nearer heaven than it had ever felt before, grew almost angelic in expression, and the citizens walked ecstatically along between their own glowing beds, and then, intoxicated by the sight, reeled over to those of their neighbors and talked maudlinly, and Baldwin walked about like a general taking a last survey of his army and would not have a single tulip cut until he gave the word.



"IT WAS GROWN RIGHT HERE IN BALDWINVILLE!"

and caught the fever, and after purchasing land, settled down to raising tulips. Even old man Jamison hopped out of his rheumatic bed and began scratching up his back garden, greatly to the disgust of some persons who had ministered to him and pitied him for years.

Baldwin was everywhere; dispensing bulbs at this place; advising at another; dispensing bulbs at another; pausing to assist a little where needed or to sell more bulbs and always giving instructions. The instructions were free; the bulbs came *at cost*.

The word was to be given shortly. Baldwin was to go to the East the next day, to the æsthetic East, to Wall Street perhaps, if it were necessary, and just give the word that a king's ransom in tulips was ready for the market and then what a rush there would be and how prices would soar. There was but one danger: Baldwin had dinned this into the ears of the citizens. There was danger that the crop would be sold too cheap. Baldwin exhorted them all to "make a killing" at once and not to sell a flower or a bulb for any but a long price, and the night Baldwin



OLD MAN JAMISON HOPPED OUT OF HIS RHEUMATIC BED AND BEGAN SCRATCHING UP HIS BACK GARDEN

left, each citizen lay awake for hours trying to figure out how long he could hold out against constantly rising figures that spelled fortune for him.

It might be mentioned that with Baldwin went the big men with the big diamonds and big stomachs, and Baldwinville argued that this was portentous. In all probability when they returned they would bring back a railroad. They did not know the big men had quietly disposed of their entire holdings at a good figure before going.

And Baldwinville waited. At night guards were set to protect the flowers, and by day Baldwinville stalked, hawk-eyed, to see that not one flower was molested. But somehow the days dragged by and no word came from Baldwin and the flowers began to curl up and fade and many dropped off altogether and each citizen was so busy trying to preserve his own beds, he had no time to spend with his neighbors'.

Then the word came. The banker received a big envelope bearing the New

York postmark upon it and as previously instructed, immediately called the citizens together. In an hour they were all assembled and then the banker, swelling with the importance and portent of the occasion, gravely tore the envelope open and read:

"To the Citizens of Baldwinville,  
Greeting:

"I arrived safely in New York and was amazed to find the tulip no longer popular. The Canada thistle seems to have the call now, and, from what I can learn, the tulip will not have an inning again for three or four years. That is why I have not written sooner. I knew there was no hurry since there now seems to be nothing to do but to sing a funeral hymn and pronounce the last sad rites over the grave of the town of Baldwinville. Watch the clock and when the three years are up write me at any one of my several addresses, inclosing proper amount of cash, and I will



THE BANKER COLLAPSED INTO THE NEAREST CHAIR

be pleased to forward a new supply of bulbs. If this letter should awaken thoughts of a vindictive character in your ordinarily placid bosoms, go and dig my lamented double-cousin up and bury him six feet deeper. Regretfully yours,

"BALDWIN."

The banker collapsed into the nearest chair and the worthy citizens in the audience got limber all at once. The odor of the decaying tulip beds was sickening. In a trice, as they looked, the lordly avenues began racing back into the city limits and one after another the mighty structures that for so long had shimmered and towered until they were almost real, came thundering down inside the throbbing brains of the citizens. Then Murdock Mike crawled with an embarrassed shuffle to the stage and waved a small book for silence. Then slowly and painfully, with uncertain inflection and pronounciation, he read the history of the famous Tulipomania that seized upon Holland in the sixteenth century; of how the staid old

Dutchmen went daft over tulips; of how that immediate corner of Europe went daft over tulips, and how one and all went "broke" over tulips.

Mike stated that he had unearthed the book while rummaging in the remnants of the "town" library.

"Ye see, Gents, that's what w've got, Tulipomaney and an amazin' bad case of it, too. Second epedemic since the sixteenth century and right here in Baldwinville er rather where Baldwinville *wuz*; and now, Mr. Cheerman, I move the feller Baldwin's suggestion of pronouncin' the last sad rites and singin' the funeral hymn over this here burg be adopted. Time couldn't be more oppoortoon; we've got plenty of flowers, in fact plenty of the dam'dest finest flowers in the world. Do I git a second?"

"I second the motion," shouted the citizens in chorus, for Baldwinville was not without humor and had long ago learned how to accept reverses; and so it came to pass that to a man they rose and sang the funeral dirge of Baldwinville.

## A PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN

*By Sara H. Birchall*

THE trumpets scream across the field,  
The horse-hoofs thunder back the call;  
While forth my lord rides to the fight,  
And I sit spinning here in hall.

I hear the war-horns bray, and see  
The setting sun on splent and spear,  
But I must stay and light my lamps,  
And pray Our Lady for my dear.

O Mary! I have told my beads,  
And 'broidered altar-cloths for thee,  
But O to ride beside my lord,  
And feel the wet wind blowing free!

To wake and see the stars by night,  
To follow o'er the well-fought field,  
To hold the sword-point at his throat  
And bid Red Harold die or yield!

It may be sin, but didst thou know  
No more than babes within thine arm?  
Didst never feel the fever stir  
Thy sweet Italian woman-calm?

Nay, sweet, I will not vex thee. See,  
This fair white candle here shall burn  
In penance. I am still again,  
And to my maidens—see—I turn.

UOEN

MEN  
WOMEN AND  
AFFAIRS

## OUR OWN TIMES

BOOKS  
THE ARTS AND  
THE DRAMA

### CHRISTMAS?

It's nothing to you, of course. You've been assertive about your "secularization." You make no concessions to "fading faith" on one hand, nor, on the other, will you have part in that tawdry custom of "compulsory gift-giving." Nothing is to be expected of you—neither Christmas gift nor Christmas observance. The sight of a Christmas card fatigues you; a Christmas box of "indigestibles" awakens your ire. The thought of a family gathering bores you almost to extinction. Holly and mistletoe and all the other symbols of an obsolete festival seem mere puerility. As a man of sense and an economist, you rail at a custom which encourages extravagance, puts heavy labor upon certain classes of working people, and sets the greater part of Christendom a-jiggling as if they were frenzied puppets. How superior you feel! You look complacently at your bookshelves with their academic treatises on "Mariolatry" and "The Sun Myths" and know precisely how to classify all the "sacred" traditions of your race. You have watched the processions of women making their way to church, with an easy masculine tolerance for their credulity. Women, you admit, require consolatory ideas; and you admit, too, that the Christian faith has dealt better by their sex than most religions. But as for you—why, as for you, Christmas will be something of an interruption. Your assistants at the office will take a vacation at what is really a most inconvenient time. Even the elevator man may be off junketing, leaving you to climb the dizzy iron stairs of your silent skyscraper, which, on saner days, hums like a city. As for dinner, you can take that here at the club, where you will be certain to meet a few reasonable creatures like yourself. And yet, upon reflection, you hardly can be sure, even there, that you will not

be asked to sit down with some sentimental old worldling who will regale you with reminiscences of the Christmas of his youth, and call for the best port, to drink to the day.

These sentimental old fools are a horrible pest. They set up a train of thought from which it is all but impossible to escape. Men of that variant of mind ought, really, not to be admitted to clubs—blabbing old nurse's tales! That blamed holly has, somehow, crept into the place, and decorates the chimney, wreathes the pudding and festoons the wall. It's positively sickening! It's to be hoped Jenkyns won't come in. He got hold of you last year, remember—sat down at your table and gushed. Jenkyns knew too much—remembered too much. Why, he could even remember when you and he and some boys and girls of the neighborhood danced like Modocs around a lighted tree, and went wild over new sleds and home-knitted mittens, and red apples, and wonderful oranges—such delicacies as they were then, those oranges! Children of the present day would think that Christmas meager enough. But there was nothing meager about your heart-beats. You were a great believer in mysteries those days. It was astonishing how long a youth of your intelligence clung to some of that folly. Why, every year from the time you could understand anything, to—the year your mother died, a decade ago, you used to sit with your brothers and hear her read Dickens' "Carol." Yes, she began that custom, poor mother, when you and the boys were mere cubs, and she kept it up when you were men of affairs. You submitted to please her, of course, all those latter years. As long as all that lasted—all the rites that the old mother imposed—it was hard to get away from boyish recollections, of course. Do your best, you could not quite get rid of a misty charm that hung about the idea. But



that nimbus has quite disappeared now. Your mother, good woman, with her fond obsessions, is gone—she who believed in so much and was so happy in believing. In your own home there is no woman; there are no children. Somehow, you have not had the time or inclination for cluttering up your life. And women are a disappointment, and children ungrateful at the last. Besides, you have been ambitious—and what does the song say?—"He travels the fastest who travels alone."

So, after all, you have sent away the pudding, and taken nothing but strong cheese and biscuits that break your teeth. Jenkyns did not come to your table after all. Perhaps he had a recollection of last year, and how you received his maudlin reminiscences then. He is dining instead with a young lad with golden hair; and the lad—young fool—had a bunch of holly in his buttonhole. People are passing without—passing in groups, and laughing. Some are singing. There is a romance in the city, which yesterday was so matter-of-fact and which to-morrow will again be commonplace. Fragments of old ballads float through the brain, strive as you may to keep them out. Simple memories haunt you. You are a tiny boy creeping down the stairs in the chilly dawn, trembling at the mystery of Christmas morning, and vibrant with hope. Or you are sweetheating—being grown to amorous youth—and are bearing Christmas roses to a girl long since in her grave. And there are, now memory obtrudes the fact, so very, very many of those who come into the evanishing visions, who are sleeping the long sleep. And you, who do not believe in Christmas, are left!

Odd, but the club seems singularly deserted! Where can every one be? Even Jenkyns, with his yellow-haired youth, has gone. The waiters stand dully in the background, looking as if they wished you would go. Curiously, they seem not to approve of you. But why? You think about it for a time and then dismiss the question. The passersby appear to be fewer. A silence settles over the street—not like the silence of the fields, but still, a Christmas hush. Why should your subconsciousness have suggested to you the holiness of white fields, lying under the Christmas sky—the sky

that saw once the star of Bethlehem? But there! Fairy tales again! Really, for a sane modern, liberated from the old superstitions, there seems nothing on this night but to go lonely to bed, with a book and a pipe. That's comfort for you. As for joy—that belongs to adolescence. And as to service—that, undoubtedly, is cant. Eh? What's the matter? Going to look up Jenkyns—the sentimental old fool—and beg him to go Christmasing with you? Nonsense! You want to see the bright-haired boy with the holly in his coat? You are hastening into your coat to run after that gamin there under the street lamp, to help him to a little Christmasing, too? What folly! Isn't it time a purely secular, scientific, practical man of the world got rid of these notions?

Christmas?

You don't mean to say that it's something to you after all!

**I**F the exporting of cotton should cease the excess of exports over imports would be wiped out. It is our greatest single product, and likely to remain such. As of old, cotton is king. Our southern states grow more than seventy-five per cent. of the cotton of the world, and are not a bit afraid of foreign competition. Three years ago this great staple fell in price to a point below the cost of production, and great distress and excitement followed. In one Louisiana town the exasperated planters made a bonfire of the fleecy bales in an over-zealousness to decrease the visible supply. Others organized a cotton combine and agreed to cut down acreage and limit the use of fertilizers. Quite anti-social and uneconomic this, as any sociologist will tell you. But it worked—or something did. Acreage and fertilizers decreased by from fifteen to twenty per cent. The cotton magnates had in their program a "holding movement" until cotton should reach twelve cents a pound, and cotton went to that price before the crop moved. This was the crop of 1904. The next year, flushed by victory, they stuck their pin at fifteen cents and failed; but they got a good price, and planters grew plethoric of purse and bought much improved machinery and many two-hundred-dollar mules. Now, sobered by partial defeat, they are perfecting their "holding"



schemes, and agree to stand out for a minimum of eleven cents. They propose to build warehouses and issue warehouse receipts. Banks, merchants and planters co-operate. Truly the trust idea spreads. Back of the cotton combine loom possible wheat and corn and live stock trusts. The labor trust is already *in esse*. Now let the consumers organize and refuse to eat or dress until their oppressors come to time, and the circle will be complete—like a ring of snakes swallowing each other.

FOR many years there have been laws in certain states compelling the various boards of education to use a text-book on physiology which contains paragraphs scattered throughout the work describing the alleged effect of alcohol on the various organs. This is the result of the propaganda of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Physicians and scientists have questioned the accuracy of these descriptions, and a great many more persons have questioned the justice, the expediency and the right of a law compelling the public to pay for such text-books. Now comes Dr. Wiley, chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, who proposes to utilize his "poison squad," on whom he tested the effect of borax, saltpeter and other preservatives, to determine just what alcohol does to the human system. But so far from backing up the doctor's laudable intentions, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is violently opposed to the proposed experiment, and is preparing, it is said, a protest against Wiley's proposition. The basis of their opposition lies in their fear that the young men experimented on will become drunkards. But is this likely when they will see in themselves and in each other the awful effects of the demon Rum?

DR. Emil Reich has made a good many absurd comments on America—many false conclusions and shallow observations—but he has said recently one thing that is witty and possibly true. "The American man," he observes, "is simply a series of John P. Smiths. Any one who ventures to express an opinion that is not a general one is looked on as a crank or a madman." He illustrates his meaning by telling of a lynching he witnessed. Some one cried,

"Lynch him!" and the crowd took it up, full cry, till even the disinterested foreigner was swept into the mob-madness. The English, says Dr. Reich, are not composed of such sympathetic material—but they are not so monotonous. "An English crowd," he says, "is composed of individuals—a gentleman, an officer, a clerk, a workingman. Some one may cry 'Lynch him!' but there are so many different opinions that no volume of indignation sufficient for the execution of the lawless act is aroused." Now there really is something in all this, and it is a condition that has its advantages and disadvantages. It induces that monotonous quality—to speak of the disadvantages—which is so noticeable in society, and of which traveled Americans are keenly aware. It has, indeed, not a little to do with that preference for foreign men which cultivated American women are showing. But on the other hand, it promotes a unity of action which takes Americans, to speak symbolically, up San Juan Hill with an impetuosity which is irresistible. Organization is almost a fetish here. It began as a necessity and is becoming a fine art. In certain classes of society it is like the only social amalgam. Politically, it has resolved itself into a machine. It has armed the helpless, and created tyrannies, and been the source of much evolution and not a little revolutions.

It is quite true that the man who has something new to say is regarded with dislike. Although this republic is itself an experiment, yet it has produced fanatic conservatives, who regard any further social enterprises as little less than anarchical. Even the benevolent often are looked on with suspicion. In a country that rests upon individualistic efforts, it is curiously paradoxical that individuality should be regarded with distrust. Yet such is the case. Even genius is distrusted. Mediocrity alone is regarded as completely normal. Social experimentation, disinterestedness, devotion to art or science, seldom bring their meed of praise, but usually the crisp epithet "crank!" Upon that pike the heads of the mightiest and the most aspiring are thrust and left to warn the young that they must not, in this swarming world of mediocrities, venture on originality.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

CHARLES E. HUGHES, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

This photograph of Mr. Hughes and his son was taken as they arrived in New York city by the *S. S. Cozonía* from their trip through Europe this summer

CONSIDERED broadly, the growing American tendency to abandon the political caucus and adopt the law-ruled open primary in lieu thereof, is more significant than many of the matters writ in fire-works and voiced in orotund speech. Since our fathers met in a certain calk-house (called in the vernacular, a "calk-'us'"), the caucus has been the thing whereby we have been really governed or misgoverned. It has been a typical American political agency, like the New England town meeting of which it is a modification, for government within the party. It has no legal sanction. It is a party creation, ruled by party regulations. Thus it has happened that all our officers have been chosen for us by caucuses and conventions quite outside the law. This has been thought a weakness in our institutions. Painfully elaborate safeguards are

thrown about regular elections, but the real fight—the nominations—has been allowed to remain a free-for-all *mêlée*, unameliorated by legal procedure or etiquette.

Primary laws promise to become the new fashion. Oregon, Wisconsin, Minnesota and several other states have adopted them, and conditions seem to indicate a primary epidemic, analogous to the Australian ballot contagion of a generation ago. The old-fashioned caucus seems doomed. It lends itself too pliantly to the uses of skill as against numbers. The caucus is the natural habitat of the smooth worker. While parties are allowed to govern themselves by the caucus system, the smooth worker will govern the country. And always and ever the great corporations will have most of the smooth workers in their service. If in the search for the custodian of our sovereignty

the great corporations are caught with the goods on, the fault is not ours. Our contention is merely that numbers, not smooth work, ought to control.

And yet when it comes to the actual "state-wide primary" we are not quite happy



Photograph by Vander Weyde, N. Y.

MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR

Who accompanied her husband on his recent visit to the United States

in contemplating the laws most fervently contended for. Instead of the extra-legal caucus, we have a legalized institution, called a primary, by which all parties are forced into a primary election, all voting at the same time and at the same polls. This seems to threaten the very existence of parties as organizations governed by their own membership. Whether parties are good things or not may be debatable; but it is not open to question that members of one party should not participate in the government of another.

Cummins, of Iowa, and LaFollette, of Wisconsin—good and honest men—have been foremost in the advocacy of the "state-wide" primary. Both of them have been engaged in contests with the political corporations whose trained agents would in caucuses meet and vanquish the mass of voters, as regulars scatter mobs. The square deal seems to demand the "open primary," as Hearst calls it. LaFollette's law was in operation in time for the late Wisconsin nominations—and LaFollette was thoroughly beaten. This is one of life's little ironies, and is of no consequence, if the primary

really does serve to register the party will. Senator LaFollette's mouth is closed, as far as criticism of his own law is concerned; but there are rumors to the effect that as the Democrats had no contests of their own, they voted heavily on the Republican issues.

This is as bad, perhaps, as the traditional abuses of the caucus—not so tumultuous, but equally balking to the party will. The perfect primary law is not yet enacted. Will some one please bring it forward? We need it. We seem to be moulting the caucus and getting in its place a very ragged and pin-feathery set of primary laws. This thing is more vital to the prosperous voyage of the old ship of state than the Standard Oil prosecution, or the Rate Bill.

THE Department of Agriculture ought to be ashamed of itself. It has issued a bulletin reflecting on the inspiring example and great qualities of the American eagle. This incendiary document, by calling attention to the fact that he is white-headed, merely, robs the eagle of the veneration due to baldness, and finally discloses the ornithological, if romance-destroying truth, that he is not an eagle at all, but only a big hawk, prone to kill chickens and lambs, and destructive of game birds. Those of us on the inside have long dreaded such a disclosure; but we had not looked for it at the hands of Uncle Jim Wilson. Why could he not have confined himself to baring the private lives of boll-weevils and Hessian flies, and left us our illusions as to the eagle? Now, let the whole truth come out. Let it be confessed that our national bird has a low, retreating forehead and robs fish-hawks. Let us (if the Flag Society will permit) fling open the closet door and display the skeleton-fact that he is a hook-billed Bosco and eats snakes, and sometimes gorges himself on carrion. Wildly candid, let us admit that he is a coward and flees from kingbirds. Moreover, his so-called "wild scream" is a cross between a squawk and a whistle, no more impressive than the crying of a jay-bird. And then see where you come out in the matter of patriotism! True, Secretary Wilson's bulletin makes a weak attempt at compromise by suggesting that this discredited hawk may properly be protected for sentimental rea-

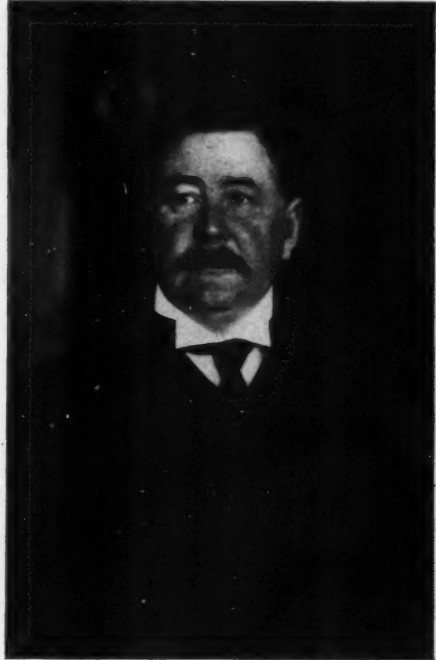
sons, much as the farmers of Exmoor wanted to preserve the Doones as a breed of robbers to which they were accustomed. But, no; there is small chance for sentiment after the iconoclastic muck-raking of the department has shown our eagle quite incapable of recognizing a thunderbolt if he met it in the air. Let us return to the rattlesnake, or, if we must have an emblem, adopt an impossible, non-existent one, like the Chinese dragon. Then we shall not catch the creature eating snakes or robbing hen-roosts. Let us have a voting contest to fill the vacancy caused by the discredited eagle. We start it by nominating the Jabberwock, as a being of unblemished character.

**A**T a time when from several sources more or less influential there comes a strenuous demand that our occupation of Cuba be made permanent and that the entire island be taken over by our government, the recommendations of General Leonard Wood, military commander of the forces in the Philippines, are significant. So far from suggesting any reduction in the military armament in the far East, General Wood recommends that the present force of twenty thousand men be retained and also that the artillery arm be increased, and that he have a squadron from each of fifteen regiments of cavalry instead of four full regiments. This, together with the ten thousand native troops under orders from him, will afford a formidable fighting army, and it would indicate that the talk about the insurgent element being completely subjugated is not founded upon facts.

Our supremacy in the Philippines eight years after their purchase from Spain is evidently to be maintained only with all the men and guns that can be spared; nor are we being compensated for this expenditure of blood and money by an adequate increase in our revenues from the archipelago. On the contrary, our tariff restrictions have deterred merchants of Manila and other places from increasing their exports to or imports from this country, while the action of the Senate has not tended to improve their opinion of our good faith toward the islanders.

It is not likely, therefore, that our assumption of control of the affairs of Cuba

is likely to arouse widespread enthusiasm in that unhappy republic that was. Undoubtedly many are glad that our intervention has put a stop to the revolution there, but the outlook for the future of the island in a commercial way is not particularly bright, judging by what has taken place in the far East.



Photograph by Vander Weyde, N. Y.

T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

Editor of "M. A. P." (Mainly About People). "T. P. O." (his own initials) and "P. T. O." (Please Turn Over)

**F**OR the first time in history Harvard this winter invited to its lecture-platform a writer of modern plays. The individual thus honored was Henry Arthur Jones, and the subject on which he spoke, "The Corner Stones of the Drama." Happily, his own excellent work exemplifies many of the virtues for which he pleaded, and his own fine character the ideal toward which playwrights may do well to strive. But the lecture was in no sense self-advertising, of course. On the contrary, there was never once an allusion, in the course of the afternoon's address, to the writing of Jones as



Jones. But there was a great deal of very straightforward and earnest pleading that America hold up the hands of self-respecting dramatists and help them to become, in



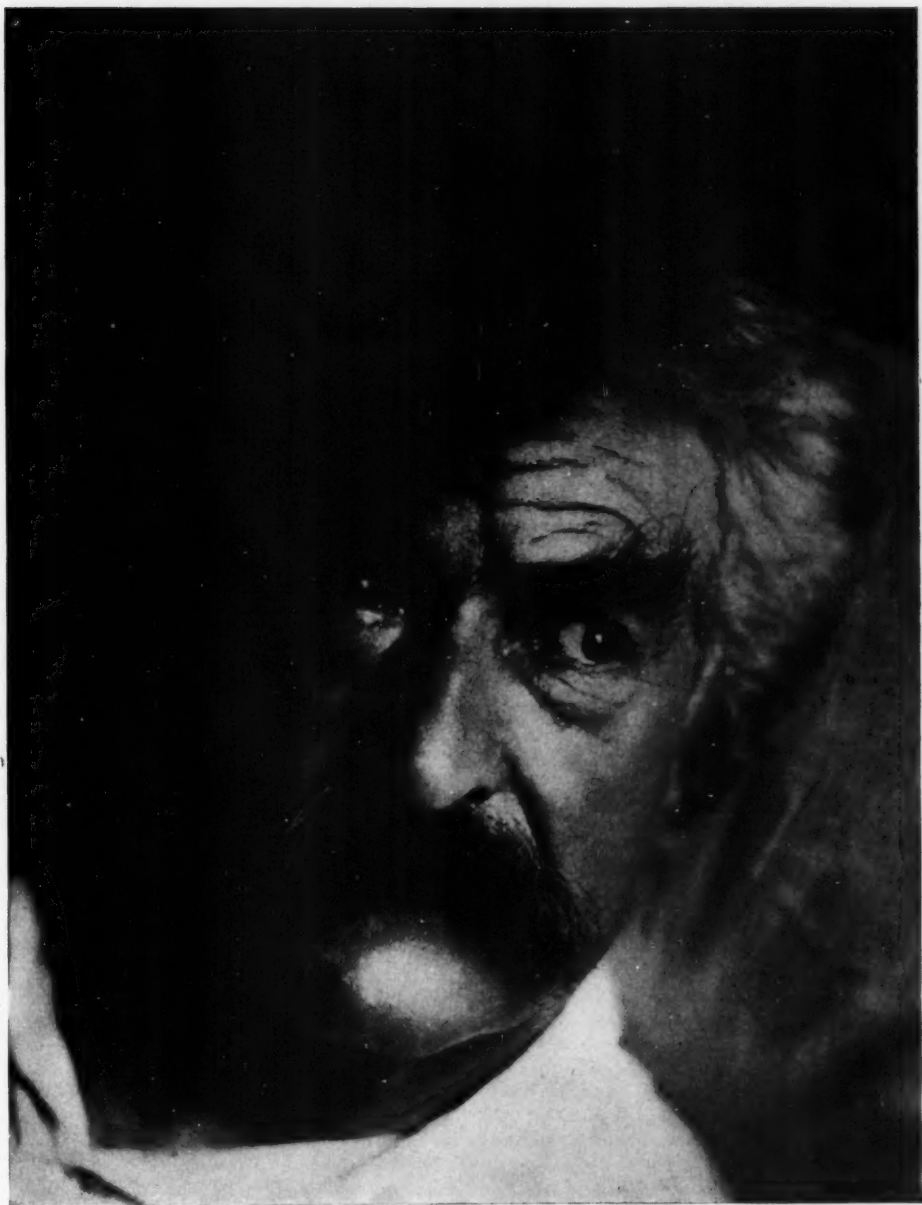
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HENRY ARTHUR JONES

some measure at least, the kind of writing men worthy to be classed with Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe and Ibsen. Of the latter Mr. Jones had naturally a good deal to say. No modern playwright who understands his craft could fail to pay homage to Ibsen's technique and to praise him because he has so splendidly, in his later prize plays, freed the European drama, "not only from the minor conventions of the stage, such as the aside and the perfunctory soliloquy, but from the deadlier bondage of sentimentality, of one-eyed optimism and sham morality." And above all is Ibsen to be praised because he has shown us "how far more poignant and startling are inward spiritual situations and the secret surprises and suspenses of the soul than outward physical situations and the traps and surprises of

mechanical ingenuity." Yet, when all is said, Ibsen, according to Mr. Jones, did not attain those sunny heights of wisdom and serenity "where Sophocles and Shakespeare and Goethe sit radiantly enthroned. For, though he has great fascination, he has little charm." Proceeding to examine the causes of the sterility of English drama, Mr. Jones—as was to be expected from a man who has long been preaching the efficacy of the published play—found the first great hindrance to power to lie in the divorce of literature and the drama. Where the French theater and French literature have been wedded to each other for the last two hundred years, England, he lamented, has only "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," and "She Stoops to Conquer" to enjoy in the quiet of the study. But a second, and scarcely less important, cause of the sterility of the English drama is the general absence from our modern plays of any consistent standard of morality. "While the inanities and indecencies of musical comedy are sniggered at and applauded, the deepest permanent passions of men and women are tabooed and the serious dramatist is bidden to keep his characters well within the compass of that system of morality which is practiced among wax dolls. Until these conditions are changed, until definite and continuous relations are established between the drama and her sister arts, and until well-marked boundaries are set up between the art of playwriting and the art of acting, there can be no great national drama." Of course, it is with the playgoers that all hope for the future lies. The great bulk of American and English playgoers are, as Mr. Jones said, "mere children, with no care or thought beyond the delight of the moment in finding themselves in a wonder-house where impossibly heroic and self-sacrificing persons make love and do prodigious deeds, and marry and live happily ever afterward; or, in a funny house, where funny people do all sorts of funny things." For these people Mr. Jones had only pity, but there was a shade of contempt—which seemed to many of his audience not undeserved—for "the many refined, cultivated people, that is, they seem to be refined in all other subjects except the drama, who drop suddenly to the mentality of children of five





MARK TWAIN

Photograph copyright by Vander Weyde, N. Y.

His latest and most striking portrait



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#### STREET IN VALPARAISO, CHILE

First photograph to reach the United States of the city destroyed in the recent South American earthquake

the moment the drama is approached." Concerning religious hostility to the drama, Mr. Jones had considerable to say, and under this head he spoke very feelingly, for, as is well known, he himself was never allowed in the theater as a lad, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he persuaded his deeply religious mother to witness his "Silver King," after he had become a famous playwright. So in England there probably remains considerable active hostility, on the part of pious people, to the practice of play-going; but there is little or nothing of such hostility in the seaboard states of America, and much less than Mr. Jones believes to be the case in the cities of the West. Accordingly his peroration, addressed to "Brother Puritans, Brother Pharisees," pointing out the lesson of the English Restoration, that "when the best and most serious classes of the nation detest and defame their theater it instantly justifies their abuse," was rather a waste of effort. Besides, now that Harvard, through Professor Baker, has introduced a course in modern English drama, and has invited a modern English dramatist

to speak on its platform, there is small danger that even the most self-righteous among us will say, as Mr. Jones declares Oxford University says to representatives of modern playwriting: "Away! You are raw! You are crude! You are vulgar! I suspect you are improper."

WHILE there has recently been much talk concerning the commercialization of literature, education and other pursuits, the commercialization of the church has not been commented on, yet it has been going on for many years and makes itself apparent in various ways at the present time. The intense rivalry, not only between the different sects, but also between congregations of the same belief, in the matter of membership, church edifices and so on, has made the choice of pastor to depend not so much on his spirituality or his ability to convert and to hold his converts in the faith, as on his power to fill the church Sunday after Sunday and to preach so that the contribution plates shall come back each time pressed down and running over;

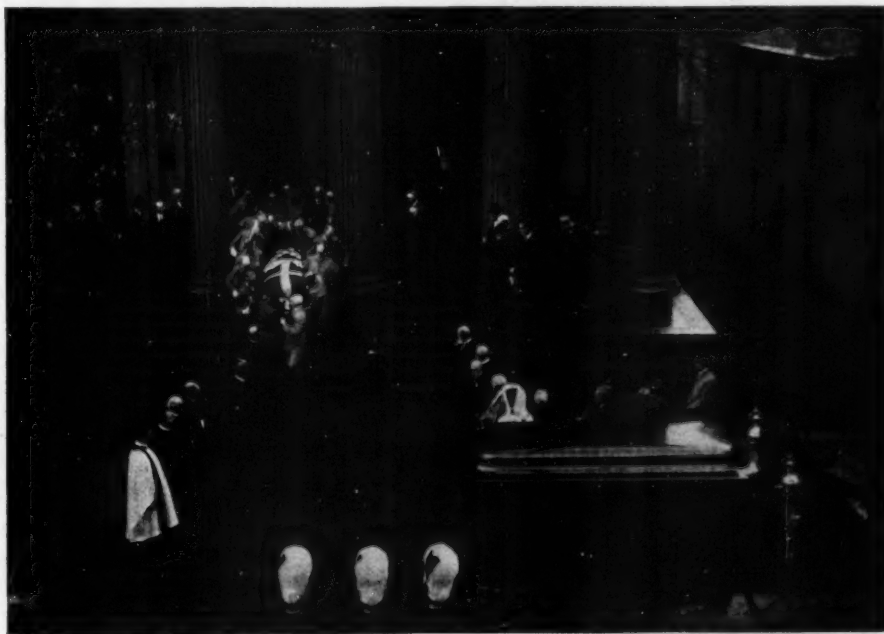
on his ability to influence donations of great amount, and to build a larger and finer edifice than any other in the neighborhood.

We are glad to say that there are many exceptions to this rule, that thousands of churchgoers are still old-fashioned enough to prefer spirituality in their pastors rather than hustling ability, but the other side of the question is paramount in many congregations, and the trustees, deacons and wardens are chosen largely and sometimes wholly for their business ability and at times from men outside the roll of membership. It is also a fact that pastors are chosen for the same reason, or are dismissed because they know more about preaching Christ crucified than they do about raising mortgages.

A distressing case of this sort was made public in the dismissal of an old pastor in a church near Chicago. He had served the congregation for five years. He had doubled the congregation of one hundred. His sermons and fatherly advice were above re-

proach. But there was the usual debt. This congregation of two hundred had a twenty-five-thousand-dollar-mortgage church. It was built on credit, and the best the pastor could do after giving to foreign missions, paying salaries, expenses and interest was to raise seven thousand five hundred dollars on the twenty-five-thousand-dollar mortgage. Therefore he goes elsewhere. Now mark the comments on his work and the popular idea of a pastor's functions:

"Mr. Chase, as a pastor," said Walter Matthews, one of the board of trustees, "has served us well. His sermons have been excellent, his advice to his parishioners has been healthy, and he is a most lovable man. He did good work in securing pledges for the building of the church. But he has not a financial turn of mind. And that is what is needed in the modern church. The pulpit must be commercialized in certain instances to meet exigencies that may arise. Again, Mr. Chase is too polite. He lacks the tenacity to stick to a man until he gets the money out of him."



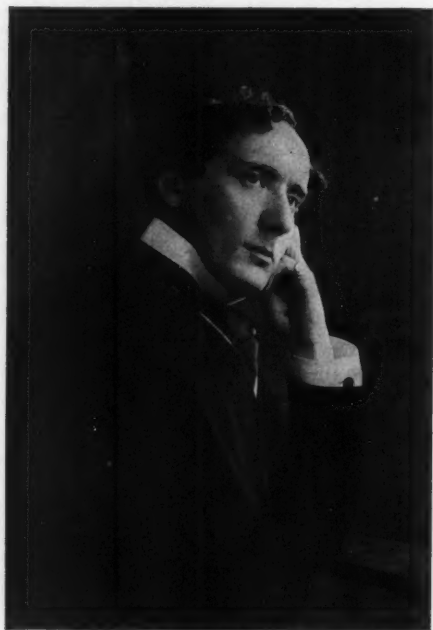
Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

FUNERAL OF MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS

St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Virginia, October 19, 1906

R. J. Linn, Jr., another member of the board of trustees, was seen. "There are certain elements entering into the service that qualify or disqualify a man for the position," he said. "Mr. Chase is one of the finest of men, but he is too old. A man of his age is all right for a farming community, where the population is not increasing and where he can pursue the even tenor of his way. In order to hold his job in the city there must be no limit to his ability. 'Can he deliver the goods?' is the question. It is to be looked at from a business standpoint."

THERE are now in this country two young men playing rôles made famous by their actor fathers: Mr. H. B. Irving is essaying the double part in "The Lyons Mail" in New York City, and Thomas Jefferson is touring the country in "Rip Van Winkle." Other sons who have followed in their fathers' footsteps are Sothorn, Boucicault and Barrymore.



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H. B. IRVING

Son of Sir Henry Irving, in "The Lyons Mail," Phillips' "Francesca da Rimini" and Stevenson's "Markheim"

It is a difficult task to win favor in another man's play, and few have succeeded in duplicating the success of their predecessors, but from the reports both Irving and Jefferson are winning more praise than was to be expected, and they bid fair to be accepted as the logical heirs to certain parts made famous by their sires.

The wisdom of a son thus trying to perpetuate such creations upon the stage is always to be doubted, but perhaps the new generation of playgoers is entitled to the performances of famous rôles by the sons of the men who created them. Young Mr. Irving is said not to copy his father's interpretation of the two chief characters in the weird melodrama, but young Jefferson does what he can to reproduce his father's *Rip*. Both are credited with considerable fire and originality, but each is said to lack the essential spark of genius which made the elder men really great.

A BRILLIANT musical season is promised for New York. Mr. Conried's list of singers, which has excited the envy of European operatic managers, does indeed include an astonishing number of first-rate artists, while the *répertoire* shows several novelties besides a number of old favorites. Puccini, the composer, will come over to manage his "Madame Butterfly" and "Manon Lescaut." He will also hear his "La Tosca" and "La Bohème." One of the chief novelties of the Conried season will be Strauss' "Salome," which created such a sensation on its production abroad. Another work never heard in operatic form here will be Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust." Gunsbourg, the adapter, will be in New York to supervise the production, as he did in Monte Carlo and Paris, where it made a tremendous hit with the music lovers. The Metropolitan Company will also revive "L'Africaine," "Lakme," "The Flying Dutchman," "I Puritani" and "Fra Diavolo." At Hammerstein's new Manhattan Opera House the Puccini operas will be given with Edouard de Reszke and Bonci, and also "La Damnation de Faust," with Renaud, whose release from the Madrid Opera House Mr. Hammerstein secured. The season of the Philharmonic Society will be conducted by Wassily Safonoff, who was permanently engaged after his successful

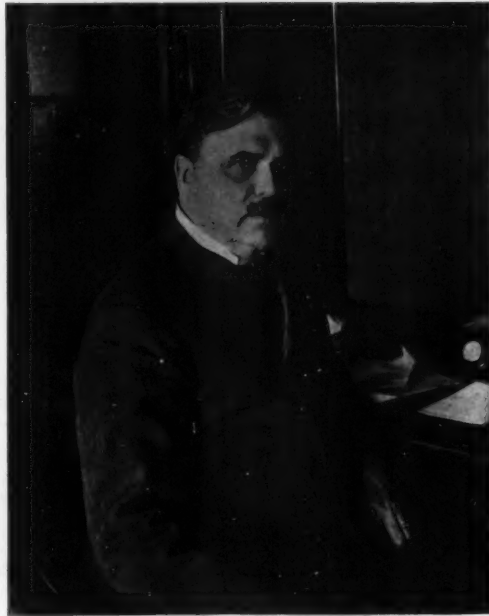
conducting of the orchestra some time ago when European conductors were being tried out. The list of soloists includes Maude Powell, Burgstaller, Josef Lherinne, Ossip Gabrilowich and Hugo Heermann.

The New York Symphony Orchestra has Camille Saint-Saens for two concerts, besides Gadski, Rosenthal and other artists.

The Russian Symphony Orchestra will perform, among other works, Tschaikovsky's opera, "Eugene Onyegin."

**A**FTER a lapse of more than half a year since the San Francisco earthquake and fire, but a small proportion of the insurance losses caused by those calamities has been paid. Some insurance companies took advantage of the situation to go into the hands of receivers. Others have tried to evade payment by asserting that the "act of God" clause justified their refusal. Some companies, including a few foreign corporations, have repudiated all their obligations in San Francisco, forfeited their deposits with the state government and withdrawn from business. Still others have offered to compromise. Those who could afford to do so and who hope honestly to continue in business have paid in full. It is true that there is no sentiment in business, but there should be enough foresight to make up for the lack, and it is indeed a short-sighted company which can not see that repudiation or compromise in this instance means corporate suicide. In the meanwhile the litigation of the insured is dragging its slow and costly way through the courts. And, also in the meanwhile, San Francisco has not the means to rebuild. There is need for a national insurance law, or a uniformity of the laws of the various states, drawn with strict justice to both parties to the policy.

**N**OW, really, what would you do if some one were to leave you a million dollars? This curiosity is prompted by the information, printed in the daily papers, that a New York spinster in moderate circumstances, has, by a mere caprice of the law, unex-



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CHARLES E. MAGOON

Former Governor of the Panama canal zone and recently appointed Provisional Governor of Cuba

pectedly fallen heir to a million dollars. The spinster is sixty-two, and her actual needs are few, it is to be assumed. She has no one, it is probable, depending on her. Put yourself in her place, imagine yourself as free to act, and what would you do with your money? She will not care to make more money, and no investments will tempt her. If she is not a devotee, as probably she is not, the church will not claim a good part of it. She is as free as air to go where she pleases, act the benefactor in any way that suits her fancy; or, showing some degree of "intelligent selfishness," to possess herself of those articles of beauty which she may desire.

If it chances to be a chilly night when you read this, and if the fire is burning on your hearth, you might settle yourself down before it and cogitate a bit. What, if you had a million dollars, would it give you the most pleasure to do? To begin with, are you so fortunate as to have a desire so imperative as to impel you, had you that



money, to clap your hat upon your head and rush out on a definite errand—such as marrying the girl who has waited too long for you, or rescuing the friend who is in straits, or giving your son the deferred chance of an education or a start in business? But, having performed these obligations of affection, plenty would be left you for pure fantasy—and that is where the “real fun” would come in. Now, sir or madam, to what port will you sail? What far land calls you—what seas, what forests, what hills? And who shall companion you? Come, come, out of all the millions, whom will you take, for choice? And where, at last, will you anchor yourself? Is it a villa you desire—*insouciant* and looking over vineyards and olive groves? Or do you wish a castle on a dark river? Or just a home—a mere home with a quiet board at which your friends may sit? Or will you be pleased to go always up and down the roads in your touring car to look on “other men’s lands”? Or might you invest the sum, and then, in the sense of perfect affluence, turn tramp, and go gypsying for a season? Or will you wall yourself up with books? Or buy a field and grow things in it? Or get you to the desert, catch the sparse waters in the season, and for pure love of constructive things, make fruitful the acres that were waste?

Of course, there are a thousand acts of unselfishness for you to perform. To begin a catalogue of them would exhaust the columns of this magazine. One is supposing for you a gentle selfishness, a care-free heart, a pensive loneliness, a convenient irresponsibility. Take the supposition, and the fortune (though it be but a figment) and see where your fancy leads you! It’s a pleasanter game of solitaire than some others that you may be playing to pass the time.

“THE New Theater,” as the endowed theater of Chicago is called, opened early in October, with a good company of young, interested, well-trained actors, fifteen in number; a patient, if not an enthusiastic *clientèle*; a charming little house, which, though not built for the purpose, is quite as good as new; and plenty of plays from which to make their choice. Not only are the American writers of literary dramas feeling that some opportunity is offered,

but Englishmen are interested in the artistic enterprise, realizing that it is of the most disinterested character. Henry Arthur Jones has offered his plays, free of royalty, to assist the theater, and the first night cabled a congratulatory message, and other persons, having the vision of a liberated theater before them, have expressed their good will.

The first night found every seat in the little house taken, and there was little impatience shown with the badly selected program, which consisted of the frivolous little sketch, “Sainara,” Gilbert’s long-drawn-out and acrid farce, “Engaged,” and George Ade’s touching and well-nigh perfect little dramatic sketch, “Marse Covington.” But for Ade’s bit of comedy, the evening had been rather an empty one, but it was understood that Mr. Victor Mapes, the dramatic director, wished to pay his company the compliment of introducing every member by means of the program to what may be looked upon in the light of a permanent audience. It was better, too, it was felt, to begin with trifles, and to proceed to more serious dramatic matters slowly. To strike a light note, so to speak, and preserve it consistently, is far from being the actor’s easiest undertaking. The appreciation of Mr. Ade’s suggestive sketch was, however, universal, and remained so throughout its fortnight’s presentation.

It is worthy of comment that Mr. Ade has two plays in process of construction which he hopes to complete within the next few months. One is to be called “Sister Laura,” and is the story of a young woman of charitable disposition and considerable wealth, on whose marriage depends the division of a large estate among highly interested brothers. *Sister Laura* is supposed to be non-sentimental and matrimony-proof until the right fellow comes along; he gains her affection by fighting her battles merely as a hired lawyer, but he does it in such a way that *Sister Laura* finds herself with a love affair on hand, and under its warming influence she blossoms into a very desirable creature. There are many side issues to the story, but the central figure will be the serious-minded young woman and her transformation. The other play, “Artie,” will utilize a character very much like the original *Artie* of Ade’s sketches, but the story will



ETHEL FRANKLIN BETTS

Miss Betts is the illustrator of Riley's "When the Heart Beats Young" and has contributed the frontispiece to each of the last six numbers of *THE READER*

be entirely new. *Artie* will be a young fellow employed at a small salary in a big real estate office who falls in love with a nice girl working in a department store, and who, after meeting with much knock-down opposition both in his love affair and in his desire to win a money stake, wins out in all departments. Both plays are in a nebulous state at present, but Mr. Ade's work does not remain long in a condition of nebulousity. It is his clearness, his abounding humor and good will, so to speak, as well as

his original way of looking at things, that has won him the admiration and friendly interest of the public. And it is for such plays as these, as well as more literary ones, that the New Theater will furnish means of presentation.

There are now numerous subscribers to the New Theater, but as each programme is presented for a fortnight, the list may be quite a long one, and as yet the casual purchaser is not barred out. The subscribers expect, and are prepared to exercise some

patience. They are aware that the experiment is something in the nature of a school, and that they can afford to await developments. It is a constructive effort and the day may not be far distant when plays of the finest quality will be presented with taste and judgment by the stock company which has been secured by Mr. Mapes.



Photograph by O. Sarony, N. Y.

MARGARET ANGLIN

In William Vaughn Moody's play, "The Great Divide"

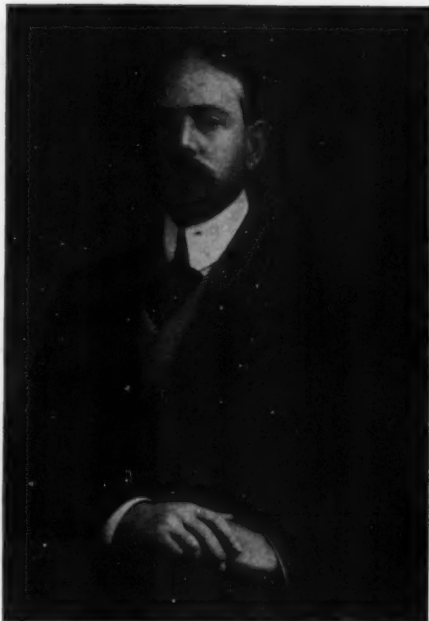
THE tendency toward the drama or opera of Biblical motive appears to be increasing. Mr. Earle's "The Light Eternal," Richard Burton's "Rahab," and Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Mizpah" bear witness to this. Mrs. Wilcox has attempted her first play in this story of *Esther*, who rose from obscurity to be the bride of *Ahasuerus*, king of Persia. The music incidental to the play has been written by Mr. Luscombe Searelle. Elizabeth Kennedy is to take the part of *Esther*, and Charles Dalton will play the *King*. Tyrone Power will appear in a dramatization of Marie Corelli's "Barabbas," Miss Corelli having made her own dramatization. Mr. Power will be remembered as the creator of a striking *Judas* in Mrs. Fiske's "Mary of Magdala." "Pil-

grim's Progress" is to be played by Henrietta Crossman, who will take the part of *Christian*; and "Ben-Hur" is to have its part in the season's dramatic activities. Meantime, as all the world now knows, Oscar Wilde's "Salome," fashioned into an opera by Richard Strauss, has caused comment extraordinary abroad. Oscar Hammerstein is to present this opera in America during the coming winter, and it is inevitable that the conflict which has raged in Europe over its grewsome libretto and decadent music will excite both moralists and musicians here as elsewhere. The libretto does not attain to dramatic interest, it is said, save at the point where *Salome* performs the wild and ancient dance over the head of the Baptist—a scene which is described as revolting in the extreme. Strauss has produced some music of great lyric beauty, it is averred, which also reaches its climax when *Salome*, looking at the head on the charger, cries: "I know thou wouldst have loved me. And the mystery of love is greater than the mystery of death." *Herod*, amazed at this paradox of demeanor—for up to this moment she has exhibited only hate for *John*—commands the extinction of the torches, and at his word the soldiers fall upon *Salome* and bury her beneath their shields. A single note from a horn announces the tragedy, and the curtain falls upon a scene in which beauty and horror have been curiously commingled. Have they been evilly commingled, too? That is a question which many liberal critics have decided in the affirmative. They say that never has Strauss shown himself to be so completely an anarchy of music; that never has the tantalizing sophistry of Wilde been more emphasized.

It may be mentioned, also, that the Book of Job has been dramatized. The author is Marcus La Blanche, a young English actor who played with Irving and other English actors of distinction. La Blanche served his country in the Boer war, and, lying in a South African hospital, heard the stirring music of "Job" from the lips of a Red Cross nurse. He began to write the play while still in the hospital, and has been several years completing the work. The play has received the respectful attention of a number of actor-managers, and it is likely that it will be presented on an imposing scale.

INDIANAPOLIS is the first city to erect a monument to the memory of the heroic soldier, Henry W. Lawton. General Lawton was born in Lucas County, Ohio, but passed his boyhood in Indiana, and began his military career by enlisting, in 1861, in an Indiana regiment. In paying this tribute to a justly admired personality, the commission having the erection of the monument in charge has kept fully in view the æsthetic opportunity offered the city. Daniel C. French and Andrew O'Connor were the sculptors selected, the result of whose collaboration is a work of art that will take rank as one of the most notable examples of American outdoor sculpture. The work is completed and will shortly be set up in a prominent location. In order to place it to the best advantage the commission experimented with a model of the same size at different sites under consideration and carefully studied the effect of environment. The monument is a bronze figure of General Lawton eight and one-half feet in height surmounting a pedestal of oolitic limestone six feet in height. The figure was cast in Paris in the *cire perdue* method and was exhibited in the Salon of 1906. French critical comment on the work has been most enthusiastic, and it received at the hands of the Salon jury the highest award possible to a foreign work of sculpture, a medal of the second class. M. Paul Leroi, in the October number of *L'Art*, declares that the statue of General Lawton merits the medal of honor. And he further says that it is high time for the juries to practice French courtesy in declaring that all awards should be open to exhibitors without distinction of nationality, and that the juries should occupy themselves with only the talent of the individual. The Lawton statue will be a valued addition to recent sculpture in Indianapolis.

BOTH interesting of their kind, but neither the best of which these dramatists are capable. That this general verdict of Henry Arthur Jones's "The Hypocrites" and Pinero's "His House in Order" is discriminating is evident to those who have seen other plays by the same authors. Jones is the most interesting of English playwrights; his great fault is lack of original-

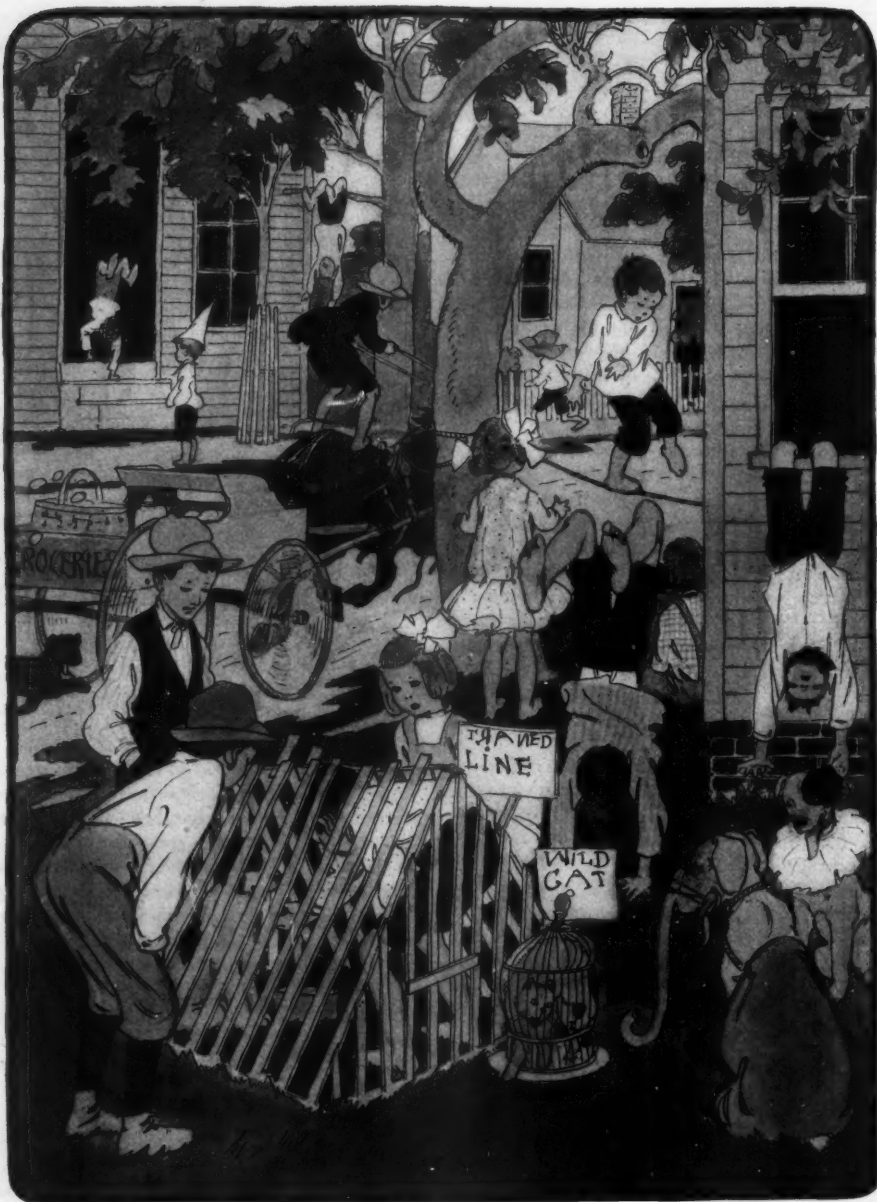


Photograph by O. Sarony, N. Y.

#### WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

Whose play, "The Great Divide," hailed as the great American drama, has received more serious attention from the critics than any drama that has been produced in the last decade.

ity. "The Hypocrites" is reminiscent of his previous work. Where Jones and Pinero have always differed has been in theatrical invention. Pinero is a stage craftsman; he is, a fact easily established, a novelist who takes the dialogue form to tell his story. "His House in Order" would read well; it acts well also, but on leaving the theater one does not pronounce it a great play, because, while the situation is unique, the characterization is lacking in strength. Pinero is happiest when he is either pursuing the development of a dominant figure, as in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Iris," or photographing a part of English life, as in "The Gay Lord Quex." The new play is an episode. It is not a convincing drama, but while it lasts it is absorbing in its story quality. After we leave the theater, however, we still question: did the home really get in order?

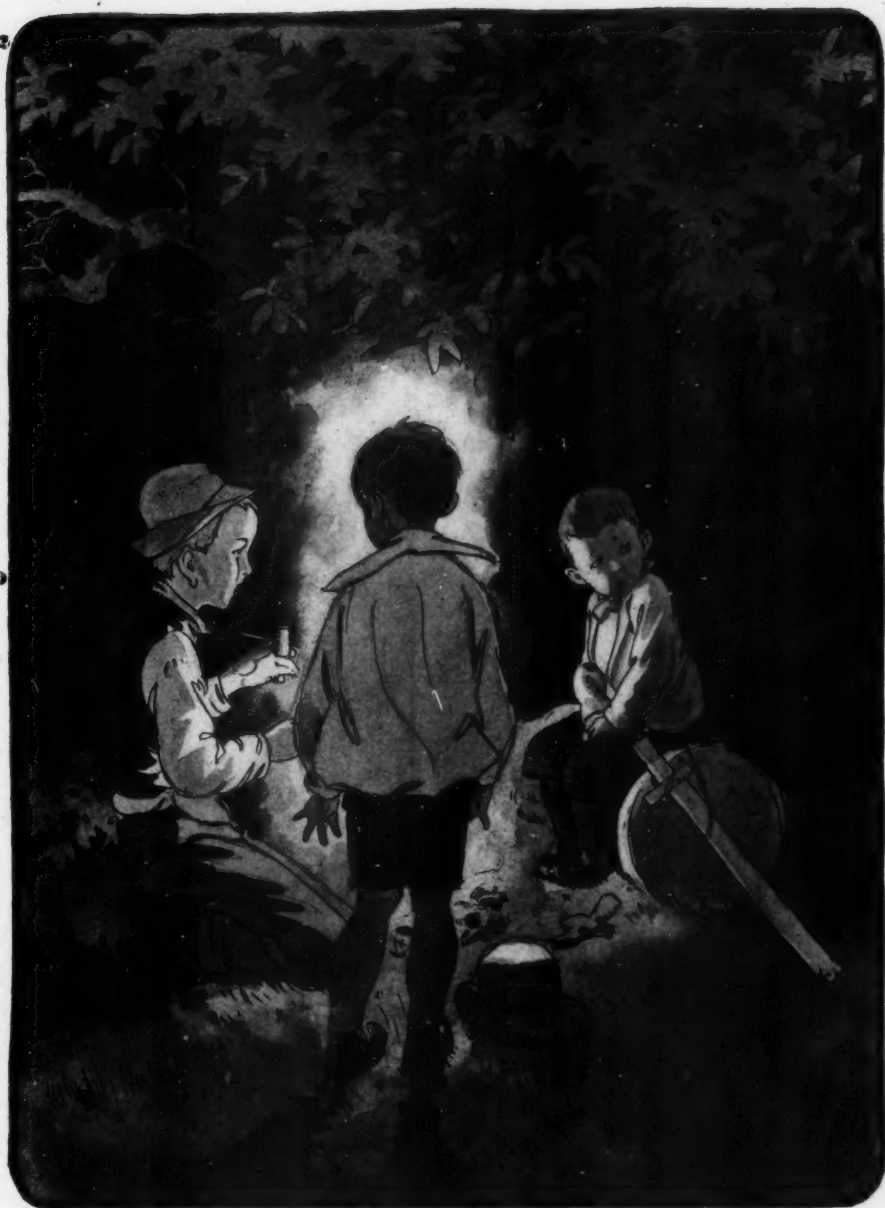


Drawing by Will Vawter

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THE DAY AFTER THE CIRCUS





Drawing by Will Vawter

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"I DON'T WANT TO BE NÔ ROBBER"

## L'I'L LINCOLN

*By Maurice Smiley*

W'EN de pinewood's brightly buhnin'  
An' de hoeecake's jess a-tuhnin';  
W'en Mandy's kind o' ressin' dere an' Ah's a-sittin by huh;  
An' de coffee pot's a-steamin',  
Ah loves to fall a-dreamin'  
An' to watch a pickaninny Ah sees playin' in de fiah.

W'en Ah reaches out to tech him  
He think Ah wants to ketch him,  
An' he run behin' de cohnah of de bigges' piece o' flame,  
Like anothah li'l niggah,  
Dat—hahdly any biggah—  
Use' to play aroun' de cabin, an' Ah knows dey is de same.

Den Mandy staht a-grumblin'  
Say Ah scaid huh wid mah mumblin'  
An' ef Ah wasn't hoodooed, Ah sholy were a liah.  
Well, mebbe Ah were dozin',  
But don't yo'-all supposin'  
Ah knows dat li'l niggah Ah sees playin' in de fiah?

Kase onct w'en we was sittin'  
In de dahk an' Mandy knittin'  
Ah woke up all a-sudden fum a sho' enough nap.  
An' dere she were a-rockin'  
An' a-talkin' to de stockin'  
Jess like ouah li'l Lincoln were a-layin' in huh lap.

An' w'en she stop a-weepin'  
She say he come a-creepin'  
Out fum de glowin' embahs an' stood a-smilin' by huh;  
An' now she nevah doubt it,  
An' we often talks about it  
While we watches li'l Lincoln a-playin in de fiah.

## THE COWARDLY FAUCET

*By Frank H. Williams*

THE Faucet is a coward, child—  
I mind me when the Broomstick, wild,  
The Faucet hit—but just in fun—  
The latter, though, began to run!  
It ran that day and through the night,  
It ran with all its main and might,  
Possessed it was by coward's will—  
For aught I know, it's running still!

## IMMUTABLE

Theodore Burt Sayre, who reads plays for Charles Frohman, tells of a very amateur playwright to whom he made a suggestion for changing his play.

"It's a fine idea, Mr. Sayre, but I can't use it," said the dramatist.

"Why not, if you see that it would strengthen the play?"

"I couldn't change my manuscript now; it's all typewritten."

